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NEW ENGLISH THEATRE
VOL. V.

*Gay of the World, Committee?
Every Man in his Humour;
Learner, Stratagem, Love for Love.*



W. H. H. H.

W. H. H. H.

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M^r PITT as LADY WISHFORL. With: *Come fill fill —*

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.

A
COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY
MR. CONGREVE.

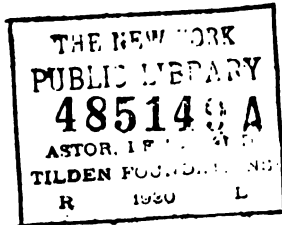
Marked with the Variations in the
MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Covent Garden.

L O N D O N:
Printed for W. LOWNDES; J. NICHOLLS; W.
NICOLL; S. BLADON, and J. BARKER.

MDCCLXXXVII.

1. Drama (original)



*** The Reader is desired to observe, that the
pages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre
are here preserved, and marked with inverted
mas ; as from Line 13 to 17, in Page 7.

P R O L O G U E.

*OF those few fools who with ill stars are curst,
 Sure scribbling fools, call'd poets, fare the worst :
 For they're a set of fools which Fortune makes,
 And after she has made 'em fools, forsakes.
 With Nature's oafs 'tis quite a different case,
 For Fortune favours all her idiot-race :
 In her own nest the cuckow-eggs we find,
 O'er which she broods to hatch the changling-kind.
 No portion for her own she has to spare,
 So much she dotes on her adopted care.*

*Poets are bubbles, by the town drawn in,
 Suffer'd at first some trifling stakes to win :
 But what unequal hazards do they run !
 Each time they write, they venture all they've won :
 The 'squire that's butter'd still, is sure to be undone.
 This author, heretofore, has found your favour ;
 But pleads no merit from his past behaviour.
 To build on that might prove a vain presumption,
 Should grants, to poets made, admit resumption :
 And in Parnassus he must lose his seat,
 If that he found a forfeited estate.*

*He owns with toil he wrote the following scenes ;
 But, if they're naught, ne'er spare him for his pains :
 Damn him the more ; have no commiseration
 For dulness on mature deliberation.*

*He swears he'll not resent one hiss'd-off scene,
 Nor, like those peevish wits, his play maintain,
 Wh, to assert their sense, your taste arraign.
 Some plot we think he has, and some new thought :
 Some humour too, no farce ; but that's a fault.
 Satire, he thinks, you ought not to expect ;
 For so reform'd a town, who dares correct ?
 To please, this time, has been his sole pretence,
 He'll not instruct, lest it should give offence.
 Should he by chance a knave or fool expose,
 That hurts none here, sure here are none of those.
 In short, our play shall (with your leave to shew it)
 Give you one instance of a passive poet,
 Who to your judgments yields all resignation,
 To save or damn, after your own discretion.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Fainall, *in love with Mrs. Marwood,*
 Mirabell, *in love with Mrs. Millamant,*
 Witwoud, } *Falleners of Mrs. Millamant,*
 Petulant, }
 Sir Willful Witwoud, *Half-Brother to Witwoud,*
 Waitwell, *Servant to Mirabell,*

W O M E N.

Lady Wishfort, Enemy to Mirabell.
 Mrs. Millamant, *a fine Lady, Niece to Lady Wish-*
fort, and loves Mirabell,
 Mrs. Marwood, *Friend to Mr. Fainall, and likes Mirabell.*
 Mrs. Fainall, *Daughter to Lady Wishfort,*
 Foible, *Woman to Lady Wishfort,*
 Mincing, *Woman to Mrs. Millamant,*

AT DRURY-LANE.

Mr. BENSLEY.
 Mr. SMITH.
 { Mr. KING.
 { Mr. BADDELEY.
 Mr. MOODY,
 Mr. PARSONS.

Mrs. HOPKINS.

Mrs. FARREN.
 { Miss FARREN.
 { Mrs. WARD.
 Mrs. WILSON.
 Miss POPE.
 Miss PLATT.

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. FARREN.
 Mr. WROUGHTON.
 { Mr. LEWIS.
 { Mr. BONNOR.
 Mr. WILSON.
 Mr. QUICK.

Mrs. PITT.

Mrs. ABINGTON.
 Mrs. BATES.
 Mrs. INCHBALD.
 Mrs. MORTON.
 Mrs. POUSSIN.

Footmen, and Attendants. S C E N E, L O N D O N.

The Time equal to that of the Representation.

THE
WAY OF THE WORLD.

A C T I

S C E N E, *a Chocolate House.*

Mirabell and Fainall. [*Rising from Cards.*] Betty waiting.

Mira. **Y**OU are a fortunate man, Mr. Fainall.

Fain. Have we done?

Mira. What you please. I'll play on to entertain you.

Fain. No, I'll give you your revenge another time, when you are not so indifferent, you are thinking of something else now, and play too negligently; the coldness of a losing gamester, lessens the pleasure of the winner. I'd no more play with a man that slighted his ill fortune, than I'd make love to a woman who undervalued the loss of her reputation.

Mira. You have a taste extremely delicate, and are for refining on your pleasures.

Fain. Pr'ythee, why so reserved? something has put you out of humour.

Mira. Not at all: I happen to be grave to day; and you are gay; that's all.

Fain. Confess, *Millamant* and you quarrell'd last night, after I left you; my fair cousin has some humours that would tempt the patience of a Stoick. What, some coxcomb came in, and was well received by her, while you were by?

Mira. *Witwould* and *Petulant*! and what was worse, her aunt, your wife's mother, my evil genius; or to

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sum up all in her own name; my old Lady *Wishfort* came in——

Fain. O there it is then——She has a lasting passion for you, and with reason——What, then my wife was there?

Mira. Yes, and Mrs. *Marwood* and three or four more, whom I never saw before; seeing me, they all put on their grave faces, whisper'd one another.; then complain'd aloud of the vapours, and after fell into a profound silence.

Fain. They had a mind to be rid of you.

Mira. For which reason I resolv'd not to stir. At last the good old lady broke through her painful taciturnity, with an invective against long visits. I would not have understood her, but *Millamant* joining in the argument, I rose, and with a constrain'd smile told her, I thought nothing was so easy as to know when a visit began to be troublesome; she redd'n'd and withdrew, without expecting her reply.

Fain. You were to blame to resent what she spoke only in compliance with her aunt.

Mira. She is more mistress of herself than to be under the necessity of such resignation.

Fain. What! tho' half her fortune depends upon her marrying with my lady's approbation?

Mira. I was then in such a humour, that I should have been better pleased if she had been less discreet.

Fain. Now I remember, I wonder not they were weary of you; last night was one of their cabal nights; they liave 'em three times a week, and meet by turns, at one another's apartments, where they come together like the coroner's inquest, to sit upon the murder'd reputations of the week. You and I are excluded; and it was once propos'd that all the male sex should be excepted; but somebody mov'd, that to avoid scandal there might be one man of the community; upon which motion *Witwoud* and *Petulant* were enrolled members.

Mira. And who may have been the Foundress of this sect? My Lady *Wishfort*, I warrant, who publishes her detestation

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detestation of mankind; and full of the vigour of fifty-five, declares for a friend and *Ratasia*; and let posterity shift for itself, 'she'll breed no more.'

Fain. The discovery of your sham addresses to her to conceal your love to her niece, has provoked this separation: had you dissembled better, things might have continued in the state of nature.

Mira. I did as much as man could, with any reasonable conscience; I proceeded to the very last act of flattery with her, and was guilty of a long in her commendation. Nay, I got a friend to put her into a lampoon, and compliment her with the addresses of 'an affair with' a young fellow, 'which I carried so far, that I told her the malicious town took notice that she was grown fat of a sudden; and when she lay in of a dropsy, persuaded her she was reported to be in labour.' The devil's in't if an old woman is to be flatter'd farther, 'unless a man should endeavour downright personally to debauch her; and that my virtue forbad me.' But for the discovery of this amour, I am indebted to your friend, or your wife's friend, *Mrs. Marwood*.

Fain. What should provoke her to be your enemy, unless she has made you advances which you have slighted? Women do not easily forgive omissions of that nature.

Mira. She was always civil to me, till of late; I confess I am not one of those coxcombs who are apt to interpret a woman's good manners to her prejudice; and think that she who does not refuse 'em every thing, can refuse 'em nothing.

Fain. You are a gallant man, *Mirabell*; and tho' you may have cruelty enough, not to answer a lady's advances, you have too much generosity, not to be tender of her honour. Yet you speak with an indifference which seems to be affected; and confesses you are conscious of a negligence.

Mira. You pursue the argument with a distrust that seems to be unaffected, and confesses you are conscious of a concern for which the lady is more indebted to you, than is your wife.

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Fain. Fy, fy, friend, if you grow censorious, I must leave you ;—I'll look upon the gamesters in the next room.

Mira. Who are they ?

Fain. *Petulant* and *Witwoud*—Bring me some chocolate. [Exit.

Mira. *Betty*, what says your clock ?

Bet. Turn'd of the last canonical hour, fir.

Mira. How pertinently the jade answers me! ha! almost one o'clock! [*Looking on his watch.*] O, y'are come——

Enter Footman.

Well; is the grand affair over? You have been something tedious.

Foot. Sir, there's such coupl'g at *Pancras*, that they stand behind one another, as 'twere in a country dance. Ours was the last couple to lead up; and no hopes appearing of dispatch, besides, the parson growing hoarse, we were afraid his lungs would have fail'd before it came to our turn; so we drove round to *Duke's Place*; and there they were rivetted in a trice.

Mira. So, so, you are sure they are married.

Foot. Incontestably, fir: I am witness.

Mira. Have you the certificate?

Foot. Here it is, fir.

Mira. Has the taylor brought *Waitwell's* clothes home, and the new liveries?

Foot. Yes, fir.

Mira. That's well. Do you go home again, d'ye hear, 'and adjourn the consummation till farther 'order;' bid *Waitwell* shake his ears, and dame *Partlet* ruffle up her feathers, and meet me at one o'clock by *Rosamond's* pond; that I may see her before she returns to her lady; and as you tender your ears be secret. [Exit Footman.

Enter Fainall.

Fain. Joy of your success, *Mirabell*; you look pleased.

Mira. Ay; I have been engaged in a matter of some sort of mirth, which is not yet ripe for discovery. I am glad this is not a cabal-night. I wonder, *Fainall*, that

that you who are married, and of consequence should be discreet, will suffer your wife to be of such a party.

Fain. Faith, I am not jealous. Besides, most who are engaged, are women and relations; and for the men, they are of a kind too contemptible to give scandal.

Mira. I am of another opinion. The greater the coxcomb, always the more the scandal: for a woman who is not a fool, can have but one reason for associating with a man who is one.

Fain. Are you jealous as often as you see *Wit* would entertain'd by *Millamant*?

Mira. Of her understanding I am, if not of her person.

Fain. You do her wrong; for, to give her her due, she has wit.

Mira. She has beauty enough to make any man think so; and complaisance enough not to contradict him who shall tell her so.

Fain. For a passionate lover, methinks you are a man somewhat too discerning in the failings of your mistress.

Mira. And for a discerning man, somewhat too passionate a lover; for I like her with all her faults; nay like her for her faults. Her follies are so natural, or so artful, that they become her; and those affectations which in another woman would be odious, serve but to make her more agreeable. I'll tell thee, *Fainall*, she once used me with that insolence, that in revenge I took her to pieces; tired her, and separated her failings; I studied 'em and got 'em by rote. The catalogue was so large, that I was not without hopes, one day or other, to hate her heartily: to which end I so used myself to think of 'em, that at length, contrary to my design and expectation, they gave me every hour less disturbance; till in a few days it became habitual to me, to remember 'em without being displeased. They are now grown as familiar to me as my own frailties, and in all probability in a little time longer I shall like 'em as well.

Fain. Marry her, marry her; be half as well acquainted

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quainted with her charms, as you are with her defects; and my life on't you are your own man again.

Mira. Say you so?

Fain. I, I, I, have experience: I have a wife, and so forth.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. Is one 'Squire *Witwould* here?

Bet. Yes; what's your business?

Mess. I have a letter for him, from his brother Sir *Wilful*, which I am charg'd to deliver into his own hands.

Bet. He's in the next room, friend——That way.

[Exit Messenger.]

Mira. What is the chief of that noble family in town, Sir *Wilful Witwould*?

Fain. He is expected to day. Do you know him?

Mira. I have seen him, he promises to be an extraordinary person; I think you have the honour to be related to him.

Fain. Yes; he is half-brother to this *Witwould* by a former wife, who was sister to my Lady *Wishfort*, my wife's mother. If you marry *Millamant*, you must call cousins too.

Mira. I would rather be his relation than his acquaintance.

Fain. He comes to town in order to equip himself for travel.

Mira. For travel! Why the man that I mean is above forty.

Fain. No matter for that; 'tis for the honour of *England*, that all *Europe* should know we have block-heads of all ages.

Mira. I wonder there is not an act of parliament to save the credit of the nation, and prohibit the exportation of fools.

Fain. By no means, 'tis better as 'tis; 'tis better to trade with a little loss, than to be quite eaten up with being overstock'd.

Mira. Pray are the follies of this knight-errant, and those of the 'Squire his brother, any thing related?

Fain. Not at all; *Witwould* grows by the knight,
like

like a medlar grafted on a crab. One will melt in your mouth, and t'other set your teeth on edge; one is all pulp, and the other all core.

Mira. So one will be rotten before he be ripe, and the other will be rotten without ever being ripe at all.

Fain. Sir *Wilful* is an odd mixture of bashfulness and obstinacy.—But when he's drunk, he's as loving as the monster in the *Tempest*; and much after the same manner. To give t'other his due, he has something of good-nature, and does not always want wit.

Mira. Not always: but as often as his memory fails him, and his common-place of comparisons. He is a fool with a good memory, and some few scraps of other folks wit. He is one whose conversation can never be approved, yet it is now and then to be endured. He has indeed one good quality, he is not exceptionous; for he so passionately affects the reputation of understanding raillery, that he will construe an affront into a jest; and call downright rudeness and ill language, satire and fire.

Fain. If you have a mind to finish his picture, you have an opportunity to do it at full length. Behold the original.

Enter Witwould.

Wit. Afford me your compassion, my dears; pity me, *Fainall*; *Mirabell*, pity me.

Mira. I do from my soul.

Fain. Why, what's the matter?

Wit. No letters for me, *Betty*?

Bet. Did not a messenger bring you one but now, sir?

Wit. Ay, but no other?

Bet. No, sir.

Wit. That's hard, that's very hard;—a messenger, a mule, a beast of burden; he has brought me a letter from the fool my brother, as heavy as a panegyrick in a funeral sermon, or a copy of commendatory verses from one poet to another. And what's worse, 'tis as sure a forerunner of the author, as an epistle dedicatory.

Mira. A fool, and your brother, *Witwould*!

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Wit. Ay, ay, my half brother. My half brother he is, no nearer upon honour.

Mira. Then 'tis possible he may be but half a fool.

Wit. Good, good, *Mirabell, le Drole!* Good, good; hang him, don't let's talk of him:—*Fainall*, how does your lady? gad, I say any thing in the world to get this fellow out of my head. I beg pardon that I should ask a man of pleasure, and the town, a question at once so foreign and domestic. But I talk like an old maid at a marriage; I don't know what I say: but she's the best woman in the world.

Fain. 'Tis well you don't know what you say, or else your commendation would go near to make me either vain or jealous.

Wit. No man in town lives well with a wife but

Fainall. Your judgment, *Mirabell*?

Mira. You had better step and ask his wife, if you would be credibly informed.

Wit. *Mirabell.*

Mira. Ay.

Wit. My dear, I ask ten thousand pardons;—gad, I have forgot what I was going to say to you.

Mira. I thank you heartily, heartily.

Wit. No, but prythee excuse me—my memory is such a memory.

Mira. Have a care of such apologies, *Witwould*;—for I never knew a fool but he affected to complain, either of the spleen or his memory.

Fain. What have you done with *Petulant*?

Wit. He's reckoning his money,—my money it was—I have had no luck to day.

Fain. You may allow him to win of you at play;—for you are sure to be too hard for him at repartee: Since you monopolize the wit that is between you, the fortune must be his of course.

Mira. I don't find that *Petulant* confesses the superiority of wit to be your talent, *Witwould*.

Wit. Come, come, you are malicious now, and would breed debates—*Petulant's* my friend, and a very pretty fellow, and a very honest fellow, and has a smattering—faith and troth a pretty deal of an odd sort of a small wit: nay, I do him justice, I'm his friend,

friend, I won't wrong him.—And if he had any judgment in the world,—he would not be altogether contemptible. Come, come, don't detract from the merits of my friend.

Fain. You don't take your friend to be over-nicely bred.

Wit. No, no, hang him, the rogue has no manners at all, that I must own—No more breeding than a bum-bailly, that I grant you—'Tis pity; the fellow has fire and life.

Mira. What, courage?

Wit. Hum, faith I don't know as to that,—I can't say as to that.—Yes, faith, in controversy, he'll contradict any body.

Mira. Tho' 'twere a man whom he feared, or a woman whom he loved.

Wit. Well, well, he does not always think before he speaks;—we have all our failings: you are too hard upon him, you are faith. Let me excuse him,—I can defend most of his faults, except one or two; one he has, that's the truth on't; if he were my brother, I could not acquit him—that indeed I could wish were otherwise.

Mira. Ay marry, what's that, *Wit* would?

Wit. O pardon me—expose the infirmities of my friend!—No, my dear, excuse me there.

Fain. What, I warrant he's insincere, or 'tis some such trifle.

Wit. No, no; what if he be? 'tis no matter for that, his wit will excuse that: a wit should no more be sincere, than a woman constant; one argues a decay of parts, as t'other of beauty.

Mira. May be you think him too positive?

Wit. No, no, his being positive is an incentive to argument, and keeps up conversation.

Fain. Too illiterate.

Wit. That! that's his happiness—his want of learning gives him the more opportunity to shew his natural parts.

Mira. He wants words.

Wit. Ay; but I like him for that now; for his want

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want of words gives me the pleasure very often to explain his meaning.

Fain. He's impudent,

Wit. No, that's not it.

Mira. Vain.

Wit. No.

Mira. What, he speaks unseasonable truths sometimes, because he has not wit enough to invent an evasion.

Wit. Truth! ha, ha, ha! No, no; since you will have it—I mean, he never speaks truth at all,—that's all. He will lie like a chambermaid, or a woman of quality's porter. Now that is a fault:

Enter Coachman.

Coach. Is master *Petulant* here, mistress?

Bet. Yes.

Coach. Three gentlewomen in a coach would speak with him.

Fain. O brave *Petulant*! three!

Bet. I'll tell him.

Coach. You must bring two dishes of chocolate and a glass of cinnamon-water.

[Exeunt Coachman and Betty.]

Wit. That should be for two fasting *bona robas*, and a procare's troubled with wind. Now you may know what the three are.

Mira. You are very free with your friend's acquaintance.

Wit. Ay, ay, friendship without freedom is as dull as love without enjoyment, or wine without toasting; but, to tell you a secret, these are trulls whom he allows coach-hire, and something more, by the week, to call on him once a day at public places.

Mira. How!

Wit. You shall see he won't go to 'em, because there's no more company here to take notice of him.—Why this is nothing to what he used to do:—before he found out this way, I have known him call for himself—

Fain. Call for himself! what dost thou mean?

Wit. Mean, why he would slip you out of this chocolate—

colate-house, just when you had been talking to him—As soon as your back was turn'd—whip he was gone;—then trip to his lodging, clap on a hood and scarf, and a mask, slap into a hackney-coach, and drive hither to the door again in a trice; where he would send in for himself, that is, I mean, call for himself, wait for himself, nay, and what's more, not finding himself, sometimes leave a letter for himself.

Mira. I confess this is something extraordinary—I believe he waits for himself now, he is so long a coming: O I ask his pardon.

Enter Petulant and Betty.

Bet. Sir, the coach stays.

Pet. Well, well; I come;—'Sbud a man had as good be a profess'd midwife, as a profess'd gallant, at this rate; to be knock'd up, and raised at all hours, and in all places. Duce on 'em, I won't come—D'ye hear, tell 'em I won't come——Let 'em snivel and cry their hearts out. *[Exit Betty.]*

Fain. You are very cruel, *Petulant*.

Pet. All's one, let it pass——I have a humour to be cruel.

Mira. I hope they are not persons of condition that you use at this rate.

Pet. Condition! condition's a dried fig, if I am not in humour——By this hand, if they were your——a—a—your what-d'ye-call-'ems themselves, they must wait or rub off, if I am not in the vein.

Mira. What-d'ye-call-'ems! what are they, *Witwould*?

Wit. Empresses, my dear——By your what-d'ye-call-'ems he means Sultana queens.

Pet. Ay, *Roxolanas*.

Mira. Cry you mercy.

Fain. *Witwould* says they are——

Pet. What does he say th'are?

Wit. I? fine ladies I say.

Pet. Pass on, *Witwould*——Harkce, by this light his relations——Two co-heiresses his cousins, and an old aunt, who loves intriguing better than a conventicle.

Wit. Ha, ha, ha! I had a mind to see how the rogue would come off—Ha, ha, ha! gad I can't be angry with him, if he had said they were my mother and my sisters.

Mira. No!

Wit. No; the rogue's wit and readiness of invention charm me, dear *Petulant*.

Enter Betty.

Bet. They are gone, sir, in great anger.

Pet. Enough, let 'em trundle. Anger helps complexion, saves paint.

Fain. This continence is all dissembled; this is in order to have something to brag of the next time he makes court to *Millamant*; and swear he has abandon'd the whole sex for her sake.

Mira. Have you not left off your impudent pretensions there yet? I shall cut your throat, some time or other, *Petulant*, about that business.

Pet. Ay, ay, let that pass——There are other throats to be cut——

Mira. Meaning mine, sir?

Pet. Not I—I mean no body—I know nothing——But there are uncles and nephews in the world—And they may be rivals——What then, ain't one for that—

Mira. Now, hark'ee, *Petulant*, come hither—Explain, or I shall call your interpreter.

Pet. Explain; I know nothing——Why you have an uncle, have you not, lately come to town, and lodges by my Lady *Wickfort's*?

Mira. True.

Pet. Why that's enough—You and he are not friends: and if he should marry and have a child, you may be disinherited, ha!

Mira. Where hast thou stumbled upon all this truth?

Pet. All's one for that; why then say I know something.

Mira. Come, thou art an honest fellow, *Petulant*, and shalt make love to my mistress, thou shalt faith. What hast thou heard of my uncle?

Pet. I! nothing; I! If throats are to be cut, let swords clash; snug's the word, I thrug and am silent

Mira.

Mira. O raillery, raillery. Come, I know thou art in the women's secrets—What, you're a cabalist; I know you staid at *Millamant's* last night, after I went. Was there any mention made of my uncle or me? tell me. If thou hadst but good-nature equal to thy wit, *Petulant*, *Tony Witwoud*, who is now thy competitor in fame, would shew as dim by thee as a dead whiting's eye by a pearl of orient; he would no more be seen by thee, than *Mercury* is by the sun. Come, I'm sure thou wo't tell me.

Pet. If I do, will you grant me common sense then, for the future?

Mira. Faith I'll do what I can for thee, and I'll pray that it may be granted thee in the mean time.

Pet. Well, harkee.

[they talk apart.]

Fain. *Petulant* and you both will find *Mirabell* as warm a rival as a lover.

Wit. 'Pshaw, 'psaw! that she laughs at *Petulant* is plain. And for my part—But that it is almost a fashion to admire her, I should—Harkee—To tell you a secret, but let it go no farther—Between friends, I shall never break my heart for her.

Fain. How!

Wit. She's handsome; but she's a sort of an uncertain woman.

Fain. I thought you had died for her.

Wit. Umph—No—

Fain. She has wit.

Wit. 'Tis what she will hardly allow any body else—Now, I should hate that, if she were as handsome as *Cleopatra*. *Mirabell* is not so sure of her as he thinks for.

Fain. Why do you think so?

Wit. We staid pretty late there last night; and heard something of an uncle to *Mirabel's*, who is lately come to town,—and is between him and the best part of his estate; *Mirabell* and he are at some distance, as my lady *Wishfort* has been told; and you know she hates *Mirabell* worse than a quaker hates a parrot, or than a fishmonger hates a hard frost. Whether this uncle has seen Mrs. *Millamant* or not, I cannot say; but there were items of such a treaty being in embryo; and if
it

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it should come to life, poor *Mirabell* would be in some sort unfortunately fobb'd i' faith.

Fain. 'Tis impossible *Millamant* should hearken to it.

Wit. Faith, my dear, I can't tell; she's a woman, and a kind of a humourist.

Mira. And this is the sum of what you could collect last night?

Pet. The quintessence. May be *Wit* would knows more, he staid longer——Besides, they never mind him; they say any thing before him.

Mira. I thought you had been the greatest favourite.

Pet. Ay, *tête à tête*; but not in public, because I make remarks.

Mira. You do?

Pet. Ay, ay; I'm malicious, man. Now he's soft, you know; they are not in awe of him——The fellow's well bred; he's what you call a——What-d'ye-call'em, a fine gentleman: but he's silly withal.

Mira. I thank you, I know as much as my curiosity requires. *Fainall*, are you for the *Mall*?

Fain. Ay, I'll take a turn before dinner.

Wit. Ay, we'll all walk in the Park; the ladies talk of being there.

Mira. I thought you were obliged to watch for your brother sir *Wifull's* arrival.

Wit. No, no; he comes to his aunt's my lady *Wishfort*: plague on him, I shall be troubled with him too; what shall I do with the fool?

Pet. Beg him for his estate, that I may beg you afterwards; and so have but one trouble with you both.

Wit. O rare *Petulant*; thou art as quick as fire in a frosty morning; thou shalt to the *Mall* with us, and we'll be very severe.

Pet. Enough, I'm in a humour to be severe.

Mira. Are you? Pray then walk by yourselves—Let not us be necessary to your putting the ladies out of countenance with your senseless ribaldry, which you roar out aloud as often as they pass by you; and when you have made a handsome woman blush, then you think you have been severe.

Pet. What, what? Then let'em either shew their innocence by not understanding what they hear, or else shew

shew their discretion by not hearing what they would not be thought to understand.

Mira. But hast not thou then sense enough to know that thou ought'st to be most ashamed thyself, when thou hast put another out of countenance?

Pet. Not I, by this hand—I always take blushing either for a sign of guilt or ill-breeding.

Mira. I confess you ought to think so. You are in the right, that you may plead the error of your judgment in defence of your practice.

*Where modesty's ill-manners, 'tis but fit
That impudence and malice pass for wit.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T II.

S C E N E, *St. James's Park.*

Enter Mrs. Fainall and Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. Fain. **A**Y, ay, dear *Marwood*, if we will be happy, we must find the means in ourselves, and among ourselves. Men are ever in extremes; either doating or averse. While they are lovers, if they have fire and sense, their jealousies are insupportable: and when they cease to love (we ought to think at least) they loathe: they look upon us with horror and distaste; they meet us like the ghosts of what we were, and as from such, fly from us.

Mrs. Mar. True, 'tis an unhappy circumstance of life, that love should ever die before us; and that the man so often should outlive the lover. But say what you will, 'tis better to be left than never to have been loved. To pass our youth in dull indifference, to refuse the sweets of life because they once must leave us, is as preposterous, as to wish to have been born old, because we one day must be old. For my part, my youth may wear and waste, but it shall never rust in my possession.

Mrs. Fain. Then it seems you dissemble an aversion to mankind, only in compliance to my mother's humour.

Mrs. Mar. Certainly. To be free; I have no taste of those insipid dry discourses, with which our sex of force must entertain themselves apart from men. We
may

may affect endearments to each other, profess eternal friendships, and seem to dote like lovers ; but 'tis not in our natures long to persevere. Love will resume his empire in our breasts, and every heart, or soon or late, receive and re-admit him as its lawful tyrant.

Mrs. *Fain*. Bless me, how have I been deceived ? Why you're a professed libertine.

Mrs. *Mar*. You see my friendship by my freedom. Come, be as sincere, acknowledge that your sentiments agree with mine.

Mrs. *Fain*. Never.

Mrs. *Mar*. You hate mankind ?

Mrs. *Fain*. Heartily, inveterately.

Mrs. *Mar*. Your husband ?

Mrs. *Fain*. Most transcendently ; ay, tho' I say it, meritoriously.

Mrs. *Mar*. Give me your hand upon it.

Mrs. *Fain*. There.

Mrs. *Mar*. I join with you ; what I have said has been to try you.

Mrs. *Fain*. Is it possible ? dost thou hate those vipers men ?

Mrs. *Mar*. I have done hating 'em, and am now come to despise 'em ; the next thing I have to do, is eternally to forget 'em.

Mrs. *Fain*. There spoke the spirit of an *Amazon*, a *Penthesilea*.

Mrs. *Mar*. And yet I am thinking sometimes to carry my aversion farther.

Mrs. *Fain*. How ?

Mrs. *Mar*. By marrying ; if I could but find one that loved me very well, and would be thoroughly sensible of ill usage, I think I should do myself the violence of undergoing the ceremony.

Mrs. *Fain*. You would not dishonour him.

Mrs. *Mar*. No ; but I'd make him believe I did, and that's as bad.

Mrs. *Fain*. Why had you not as good do it ?

Mrs. *Mar*. O if he should ever discover it, he would then know the worst, and be out of his pain ; but I would have him ever to continue upon the rack of fear and jealousy.

Mrs. *Fain*. Ingenious mischief! would thou wert married to *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *Mar*. Would I were.

Mrs. *Fain*. You change colour.

Mrs. *Mar*. Because I hate him.

Mrs. *Fain*. So do I; but I can hear him named. But what reason have you to hate him in particular?

Mrs. *Mar*. I never loved him; he is, and always was insufferably proud.

Mrs. *Fain*. By the reason you give for your aversion, one would think it dissembled; for you have laid a fault to his charge, of which his enemies must acquit him.

Mrs. *Mar*. O then it seems you are one of his favourable enemies. Methinks you look a little pale, and now you flush again.

Mrs. *Fain*. Do I? I think I am a little sick o' the sudden.

Mrs. *Mar*. What ails you?

Mrs. *Fain*. My husband. Don't you see him? He turn'd short upon me unawares, and has almost overcome me.

Enter Fainall and Mirabell.

Mrs. *Mar*. Ha, ha, ha! he comes opportunely for you.

Mrs. *Fain*. For you, for he has brought *Mirabell* with him.

Fain. My dear.

Mrs. *Fain*. My soul.

Fain. You don't look well to day, child.

Mrs. *Fain*. D'ye think so?

Mira. He's the only man that does, madam.

Mrs. *Fain*. The only man that would tell me so at least; and the only man from whom I could hear it without mortification.

Fain. O my dear, I am satisfied of your tenderness; I know you cannot resent any thing from me; especially what is an effect of my concern.

Mrs. *Fain*. Mr. *Mirabell*, my mother interrupted you in a pleasant relation last night; I could fain hear it out.

Mira. The persons concern'd in that affair, have yet

yet a tolerable reputation.—I am afraid Mr. *Fainall* will be censorious.

Mrs. *Fain*. He has a humour more prevailing than his curiosity, and will willingly dispense with the hearing of one scandalous story, to avoid giving an occasion to make another, by being seen to walk with his wife. This way, Mr. *Mirabell*, and I dare promise you will oblige us both.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Mirabell.*]

Fain. Excellent creature! well, sure, if I should live to be rid of my wife, I should be a miserable man.

Mrs. *Mar*. Ay?

Fain. For having only that one hope, the accomplishment of it, of consequence, must put an end to all my hopes; and what a wretch is he who must survive his hopes! nothing remains when that day comes, but to sit down and weep like *Alexander*, when he wanted other worlds to conquer

Mrs. *Mar*. Will you not follow 'em?

Fain. No! I think not.

Mrs. *Mar*. Pray let us; I have a reason.

Fain. You are not jealous?

Mrs. *Mar*. Of whom?

Fain. Of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. *Mar*. If I am, is it inconsistent with my love to you, that I am tender of your honour?

Fain. You would intimate then, as if there were a particular understanding between my wife and him?

Mrs. *Mar*. I think she does not hate him to that degree she would be thought.

Fain. But he, I fear, is too insensible.

Mrs. *Mar*. It may be you are deceived.

Fain. It may be so. I do not now begin to apprehend it.

Mrs. *Mar*. What?

Fain. That I have been deceived, madam, and you are false.

Mrs. *Mar*. That I am false! What mean you?

Fain. To let you know, I see through all your little arts—Come, you both love him; and both have equally dissimulated your aversion. Your mutual jealousies of one another, have made you clash till you have both struck

struck thro. I have seen the warm confession, reddening on your cheeks, and sparkling from your eyes.

Mrs. Mar. You do me wrong.

Fain. I do not——'Twas for my ease to oversee and wilfully neglect the gross advances made him by my wife; that by permitting her to be engaged, I might continue unsuspected in my pleasures; and take you oftener to my arms in full security. But could you think, because the nodding husband would not wake, that e'er the watchful lover slept?

Mrs. Mar. And wherewithal can you reproach me?

Fain. With infidelity, with loving another, with love of *Mirabell*.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false. I challenge you to shew an instance that can confirm your groundless accusation. I hate him.

Fain. And wherefore do you hate him? He is insensible, and your resentment follows his neglect. An instance! The injuries you have done him are a proof: your interposing in his love. What cause had you to make discoveries of his pretended passion? to undeceive the credulous aunt, and be the officious obstacle of his match with *Millamant*?

Mrs. Mar. My obligations to my lady urged me: I had profess'd a friendship to her; and could not see her easy nature so abused by that dissembler.

Fain. What, was it conscience then? Profess'd a friendship! O the pious friendships of the female sex!

Mrs. Mar. More tender, more sincere, and more enduring, than all the vain and empty vows of men, whether professing love to us, or mutual faith to one another.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! you are my wife's friend too.

Mrs. Mar. Shame and ingratitude! Do you reproach me? You, you upbraid me! Have I been false to her thro' strict fidelity to you, and sacrificed my friendship to keep my love inviolate? and have you the baseness to charge me with the guilt, unmindful of the merit! To you it should be meritorious, that I have been vicious, and do you reflect that guilt upon me, which should lie buried in your bosom?

Fain. You misinterpret my reproof. I meant but

to remind you of the slight account you once could make of strictest ties, when set in competition with your love to me.

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis false, you urged it with deliberate malice—"Twas spoke in scorn, and I never will forgive it.

Fain. Your guilt, not your resentment, begets your rage. If yet you loved, you could forgive a jealousy : but you are stung to find you are discover'd.

Mrs. Mar. It shall be all discover'd. You too shall be discover'd ; be sure you shall. I can but be exposed—If I do it myself I shall prevent your baseness.

Fain. Why, what will you do ?

Mrs. Mar. Disclose it to your wife ; own what has past between us.

Fain. Frenzy !

Mrs. Mar. By all my wrongs I'll do't—I'll publish to the world the injuries you have done me, both in my fame and fortune : with both I trusted you, you bankrupt in honour, as indigent of wealth.

Fain. Your fame I have preserved. Your fortune has been bestow'd as the prodigality of your love would have it, in pleasures which we both have shared. Yet, had not you been false, I had ere this repaid it—"Tis true—had you permitted *Mirabell* with *Millamant* to have stolen their marriage, my lady had been incensed beyond all means of reconciliation : *Millamant* had forfeited the moiety of her fortune, which then would have descended to my wife—And wherefore did I marry, but to make lawful prize of a rich widow's wealth, and squander it on love and you :

Mrs. Mar. Deceit and frivolous pretence.

Fain. Death, am I not married ? what's pretence ? Am I, not imprison'd, fetter'd ? have I not a wife ? nay, a wife that was a widow, a young widow, a handsome widow ; and would be again a widow, but that I have a heart of proof, and something of a constitution to baffle thro' the ways of wedlock and this world. Will you be reconciled to truth and me ?

Mrs. Mar. Impossible. Truth and you are inconsistent——I hate you, and shall for ever.

Fain. For loving you ?

Mrs. Mar.

Mar. I loath the name of love after such usage ;
ext to the guilt with which you would asperse
scorn you most. Farewell.

n. Nay, we must not part thus.

Mar. Let me go.

n. Come, I'm sorry.

Mar. I care not——Let me go.——Break my
do——I'd leave 'em to get loose.

n. I would not hurt you for the world. Have I
er hold to keep you here ?

Mar. Well, I have deserved it all.

n. You know I love you.

Mar. Poor dissembling ! O that——Well, it
yet——

n. What ? what is it not ? what is not yet ? is
yet too late——

Mar. No, it is not yet too late——I have
comfort.

n. It is, to love another.

Mar. But not to loath, detest, abhor man-
myself, and the whole treacherous world.

n. Nay, this is extravagance——Come, I ask your
on——No tears——I was to blame, I could not
you and be easy in my doubts——Pray forbear——
lieve you ; I'm convinced I've done you wrong ;
any way, every way will make amends ;——I'll
my wife yet more, damn her, I'll part with her,
er of all she's worth, and we'll retire somewhere,
where, to another world, I'll marry thee——Be pa-
l——'Sdeath ! they come, hide your face, your tears
You have a mask, wear it a moment. This way,
way, be persuaded. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter Mirabell and Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. They are here yet.

Mrs. Fain. They are turning into the other walk.

Mrs. Fain. While I only hated my husband, I could
to see him ; but since I have despised him, he's
offensive.

Mrs. Fain. O you should hate with prudence.

Mrs. Fain. Yes, for I have loved with indiscretion.

Mrs. Fain. You should have just so much disgust for
your

your husband, as may be sufficient to make you relish your lover.

Mrs. Fain. You have been the cause that I have loved without bounds; and would you set limits to that aversion, of which you have been the occasion? why did you make me marry this man?

Mira. Why do we daily commit disagreeable and dangerous actions? To save that idol reputation. If the familiarities of our loves had produced that consequence, of which you were apprehensive, where could you have fixed a father's name with credit, but on a husband? I knew *Fainall* to be a man lavish of his morals, an interested and professing friend, a false and a designing lover; yet one whose wit and outward fair behaviour have gain'd a reputation with the town, enough to make that woman stand excused, who has suffered herself to be won by his addresses. A better man ought not to have been sacrificed to the occasion; a worse had not answer'd to the purpose. When you are weary of him, you know your remedy.

Mrs. Fain. I ought to stand in some degree of credit with you, *Mirabell*.

Mira. In justice to you, I have made you privy to my whole design, and put it in your power to ruin or advance my fortune.

Mrs. Fain. Whom have you instructed to represent your pretended uncle?

Mira. *Waltwell*, my servant.

Mrs. Fain. He is an humble servant to *Foible* my mother's woman, and may win her to your interest.

Mira. Care is taken for that—'she is won and worn' by this time.' They were married this morning.

Mrs. Fain. Who?

Mira. *Waltwell* and *Foible*. I would not tempt my servant to betray me by trusting him too far. If your mother, in hopes to ruin me, should consent to marry my pretended uncle, he might, like *Mosca* in the *Fox*, stand upon terms; so I made him sure before-hand.

Mrs. Fain. So, if my poor mother is caught in a contract, you will discover the imposture betimes; and release her, by producing a certificate of her gallant's former marriage.

Mira.

Mira. Yes, upon condition that she consent to my marriage with her niece, and surrender the moiety of her fortune in her possession.

Mrs. Fain. She talked last night of endeavouring at a match between *Millamant* and your uncle.

Mira. That was by *Foible's* direction, and my instruction, that she might seem to carry it more privately.

Mrs. Fain. Well, I have an opinion of your success; for I believe my lady will do any thing to get an husband; and when she has this, which you have provided for her, I suppose she will submit to any thing to get rid of him.

Mira. Yes, I think the good lady would marry any thing that resembled a man, though 'twere no more than what a butler could pinch out of a napkin.

Mrs. Fain. Female frailty! we must all come to it, if we live to be old, and feel the craving of a false appetite when the true is decay'd.

Mira. An old woman's appetite is depraved like that of a girl—'tis the green-sickness of a second childhood; and like the faint offer of a latter spring, serves but to usher in the fall; and withers in an affected bloom.

Mrs. Fain. Here's your mistress.

Enter Mrs. Millamant, Witwould, Mincing.

Mira. Here she comes faith full sail, with her fan spread and streamers out, and a shoal of fools for tenders—ha, no; I cry her mercy.

Mrs. Fain. I see but one poor empty sculler; and he tows her woman after him.

Mira. You seem to be unattended, madam.—You used to have the *beau-monde* throng after you; and a flock of gay fine perukes hovering round you.

Witw. Like moths about a candle—I had like to have lost my comparison for want of breath.

Mill. O I have denied myself airs to-day. I have walk'd as fast through the crowd—

Witw. As a favourite just disgraced; and with as few followers.

Mill. Dear Mr. *Witwould*, truce with your similitudes: for I am as sick of 'em—

Witw. As a physician of a good air—I cannot help it, madam, though 'tis against myself.

Mill. Yet again! *Mincing*, stand between me and his wit.

Witw. Do, Mrs. *Mincing*, like a screen before a great fire. I confess I do blaze to-day, I am too bright.

Mrs. Fain. But, dear *Millamant*, why were you so long?

Mill. Long! lud! have I not made violent haste? I have ask'd every living thing I met for you; I have inquired after you, as after a new fashion.

Witw. Madam, truce with your similitudes—no, you met her husband, and did not ask him for her.

Mira. By your leave, *Witwould*, that were like inquiring after an old fashion, to ask a husband for his wife.

Witw. Hum, a hit, a hit, a palpable hit, I confess it.

Minc. You were dress'd before I came abroad.

Mill. Ay, that's true—O but then I had—*Mincing*, what had I? why was I so long?

Minc. O mem, your laship staid to peruse a packet of letters.

Mill. O ay, letters—I had letters—I am persecuted with letters—I hate letters—nobody knows how to write letters; and yet one has 'em, one does not know why—they serve one to pin up one's hair.

Witw. Is that the way? Pray, madam, do you pin up your hair with all your letters? I find I must keep copies.

Mill. Only with those in verse, Mr. *Witwould*. I never pin up my hair with prose. I think, I tried once, *Mincing*.

Minc. O mem, I shall never forget it.

Mill. Ay, poor *Mincing* tift and tift all the morning.

Minc. Till I had the cramp in my fingers, I'll vow, mem, and all to no purpose. But when your laship pins it up with poetry, it sits so pleasant the next day as any thing, and is so pure and so crips.

Witw. Indeed, so crips?

Minc. You're such a critic, Mr. *Witwould*.

Mill. *Mirabell*, did you take exceptions last night? O ay, and went away——Now I think on't I'm ahgry——No, now I think on't I'm pleased——For I believe I gave you some pain.

Mira.

Mira. Does that please you?

Mill. Infinitely; I love to give pain.

Mira. You would affect a cruelty which is not in your nature; your true vanity is in the power of pleasing.

Mill. O, I ask your pardon for that—One's cruelty is one's power, and when one parts with one's cruelty one parts with one's power; and when one has parted with that, I fancy one's old and ugly.

Mira. Ay, ay, suffer your cruelty to ruin the object of your power, to destroy your lover—And then how vain, how lost a thing you'll be! Nay, 'tis true: you are no longer handsome when you have lost your lover; your beauty dies upon the instant: for beauty is the lover's gift; 'tis he bestows your charms—Your glass is all a cheat. The ugly and the old, whom the looking-glass mortifies, yet after commendation can be flatter'd by it, and discover beauties in it; for that reflects our praises, rather than your face.

Mill. O the vanity of these men! *Fainall*, d'ye hear him? If they did not commend us, we were not handsome! Now you must know they could not commend one, if one was not handsome. Beauty the lover's gift!—Dear me, what is a lover, that it can give? Why, one makes lovers as fast as one pleases, and they live as long as one pleases, and they die as soon as one pleases; and then if one pleases, one makes more.

Witw. Very pretty. Why you make no more of making of lovers, madam, than of making so many card-matches.

Mill. One no more owes one's beauty to a lover, than one's wit to an echo: they can but reflect what we look and say; vain, empty things if we are silent or unseen, and want a being.

Mira. Yet, to those two vain empty things, you owe two of the greatest pleasures of your life.

Mill. How so?

Mira. To your lover you owe the pleasure of hearing yourselves praised; and to an echo the pleasure of hearing yourselves talk.

Witw. But I know a lady that loves talking so incessantly,

santly, she won't give an echo fair play; she has that everlasting rotation of tongue, that an echo must wait till she dies, before it can catch her last words.

Mill. O fiction! *Fainall*, let us leave these men.

Mira. Draw off *Witwoud*. [*Aside to Mrs. Fainall.*]

Mrs. Fair. Immediately: I have a word or two for *Mr. Witwoud*. [*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Witwoud.*]

Mira. I would beg a little private audience too — You had the tyranny to deny me last night; tho' you knew I came to impart a secret to you that concern'd my love

Mill. You saw I was engaged.

Mira. Unkind. You had the leisure to entertain a herd of fools; things who visit you from their excessive idleness; bestowing on your easiness that time, which is the incumbrance of their lives. How can you find delight in such society? It is impossible they should admire you, they are not capable; or if they were, it should be to you as a mortification; for sure to please a fool is some degree of folly.

Mill. I please myself — Besides, sometimes to converse with fools is for my health.

Mira. Your health! Is there a worse disease than the conversation of fools?

Mill. Yes, the vapours; fools are physic for it, next to *Affa-fatida*.

Mira. You are not in a course of fools?

Mill. *Mirabell*, if you persist in this offensive freedom — you'll displease me — I think I must resolve, after all, not to have you — We shan't agree.

Mira. Not in our physic, it may be.

Mill. And yet our distemper, in all likelihood, will be the same; for we shall be sick of one another. I shan't endure to be reprimanded, nor instructed; 'tis so dull to act always by advice, and so tedious to be told of one's faults — I can't bear it. Well, I won't have you, *Mirabell* — I'm resolved — I think — You may go — Ha, ha, ha! What would you give that you could help loving me?

Mira. I would give something that you did not know I could not help it.

Mill.

Mill. Come, don't look grave then. Well, what do you say to me?

Mira. I say that a man may as soon make a friend by his wit, or a fortune by his honesty, as win a woman with plain-dealing and sincerity.

Mill. Sententious *Mirabell*! Prithee don't look with that violent and inflexible wife face, like *Solomon* at the dividing of the child in an old tapestry hanging.

Mira. You are merry, madam; but I would persuade you for a moment to be serious.

Mill. What, with that face? No, if you keep your countenance, 'tis impossible I should hold mine. Well, after all, there is something very moving in a love-sick face. Ha, ha, ha!—Well, I won't laugh, don't be peevish—Heigho! Now I'll be melancholy, as melancholy as a watch-light. Well, *Mirabell*, if ever you will win me woo me now—Nay, if you are so tedious, fare you well: I see they are walking away.

Mira. Can you not find in the variety of your disposition one moment—

Mill. To hear you tell me *Foible's* married, and your plot like to speed—No.

Mira. But how you came to know it—

Mill. Without the help of conjuration, you can't imagine; unless she should tell me herself. Which of the two it may have been, I will leave you to consider; and when you have done thinking of that, think of me. [*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*]

Mira. I have something more—Gone—Think of you! to think of a whirlwind, tho' 'twere in a whirlwind, were a case of more steady contemplation; a very tranquillity of mind and mansion. A fellow that lives in a windmill, has not a more whimsical dwelling than the heart of a man that is lodg'd in a woman. There is no point of the compass to which they cannot turn, and by which they are not turn'd; and by one as well as another; for motion, not method, is their occupation. To know this, and yet continue to be in love, is to be made wise from the dictates of reason, and yet persevere to play the fool by the force of instinct—O here come my pair of turtles—What, billing so sweetly! is not *Valentine's*

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day over with you yet? [*Enter Waitwell and Foible.*] Sirrah, *Waitwell*, why sure you think you were married for your own recreation, and not for my convenience.

Wait. Your pardon, sir. With submission, we have indeed been billing; but still with an eye to business, sir. I have instructed her as well as I could. If she can take your directions as readily as my instructions, sir, your affairs are in a prosperous way.

Mira. Give you joy, Mrs. *Foible*.

Foi. O-las, sir, I'm so ashamed—I'm afraid my lady has been in a thousand inquietudes for me. But I protest, sir, I made as much haste as I could.

Wait. That she did indeed, sir. 'It was my fault' that she did not make more.'

'*Mira.* That I believe.'

Foi. I told my lady as you instructed me, sir: that I had a prospect of seeing Sir *Rowland* your uncle; and that I would put her ladyship's picture in my pocket to shew him; which I'll be sure to say has made him so enamour'd of her beauty, that he burns with impatience to lie at her ladyship's feet, and worship the original.

Mira. Excellent *Foible*! Matrimony has made you eloquent in love.

Wait. I think she has profited, sir, I think so.

Foi. You have seen Madam *Millamant*, sir?

Mira. Yes.

Foi. I told her, sir, because I did not know that you might find an opportunity; she had so much company last night.

Mira. Your diligence will merit more—in the mean time—— [*Gives money.*]

Foi. O dear sir, your humble servant.

Wait. Spouse.

Mira. Stand off, sir, not a penny—Go on and prosper, *Foible*—The lease shall be made good, and the farm stock'd, if we succeed.

Foi. I don't question your generosity, sir: and you need not doubt of success. If you have no more commands, sir, I'll be gone; I'm sure my lady is at her toilet, and can't dress till I come.—O dear, I'm

I'm sure that [*looking out*] was Mrs. *Marwood* that went by in a mask; if she has seen me with you I'm sure she'll tell my lady. I'll make haste home and prevent her. Your servant, sir. B'w'ye, *Waitwell*. [*Exit*.

Wait. Sir *Rowland*, if you please. The jade's so pert upon her preferment, she forgets herself.

Mira. Come, sir, will you endeavour to forget yourself—and transform into Sir *Rowland*?

Wait. Why, sir, it will be impossible I should remember myself.—[*Exit Mirabell*] Married, knighted, and attended all in one day! 'tis enough to make any man forget himself. The difficulty will be how to recover my acquaintance and familiarity with my former self; and fall from my transformation to a reformation into *Waitwell*. Nay, I shan't be quite the same *Waitwell* neither—for now I remember, I'm married, and can't be my own again.

*As, there's my grief; that's the sad change of life;
To lose my title, and yet keep my wife.*

A C T III.

SCENE, *A Room in Lady Wishfort's House.*

Lady Wishfort at her Toilet, Peg waiting.

L. Wish. **M**erciful, no news of *Foible* yet?
Peg. No, madam.

L. Wish. I have no more patience—If I have not fretted myself till I am pale again, there's no veracity in me. Fetch me the red—the red, do you hear, sweet-heart? an arrant ash-colour, as I'm a person. Look you how this wench stirs! why dost thou not fetch me a little red? didst thou not hear me, mopus?

Peg. The red *ratafia*, does your ladyship mean, or the cherry-brandy?

L. Wish. *Ratafia*, fool! no, fool, not the *ratafia*, fool.—Grant me patience! I mean the *spanish* paper, ideot; complexion. Darling paint, paint, paint; dost thou understand that, changeling; dangling thy hands like hobbins before thee? why dost thou not stir, puppet? thou wooden thing upon wires.

Peg. Lord, madam, your ladyship is so impatient—

I cannot come at the paint, madam ; Mrs. *Foible* has lock'd it up, and carried the key with her.

L. Wifb. Plague take you both——Fetch me the cherry-brandy then. [*Exit Peg.*] I'm as pale and a faint, I look like Mrs. *Qualmsick*, the curate's wife that's always breeding——Wench, come, come wench, what art thou doing, sipping? tasting? sav thee, dost thou not know the bottle?

Enter Peg with a Bottle and China Cup.

Peg. Madam, I was looking for a cup.

L. Wifb. A cup, save thee ; and what a cup hast thou brought! dost thou take me for a *Fairy*, to drink out of an *acorn*? why didst thou not bring thy thimble hast thou ne'er a brass thimble clinking in thy pocket with a bit of nutmeg? I warrant thee. Come, fill fill——So——again. See who that is—[*One knocks* Set down the bottle first.—Here, here, under the table—What, would'st thou go with the bottle in the hand, like a tapster? [*Exit Peg*] As I'm a person, the wench has lived in an inn upon the road, before she came to me, 'like *Maritornes* the *Assurian* in *De Quixote*.' [*Enter Peg.*] No *Foible* yet?

Peg. No madam, Mrs. *Marwood*.

L. Wifb. O *Marwood*, let her come in. Come in good *Marwood*.

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Mrs. Mar. I'm surprised to find your ladyship is *dishabillé* at this time of day.

L. Wifb. *Foible's* a lost thing ; has been abroad since morning, and never heard of since.

Mrs. Mar. I saw her but now, as I came mask'd thro' the park, in conference with *Mirabell*.

L. Wifb. With *Mirabell*! you call my blood into my face, with mentioning that traitor. She dur not have the confidence. I sent her to negotiate a affair, in which, if I'm detected, I'm undone. If the wheedling villain has wrought upon *Foible* to detect me, I'm ruin'd. Oh my dear friend, I'm a wretch and wretches if I'm detected.

Mrs. Mar. O Madam, you cannot suspect Mr *Foible's* integrity.

L. Wifb. O, he carries poison in his tongue that would

would corrupt integrity itself. If she has given him an opportunity, she has as good as put her integrity into his hands. Ah! dear *Marwood*, what's integrity to an opportunity?—Hark! I hear her—Dear friend, retire into my closet, that I may examine her with more freedom—You'll pardon me, dear friend, I can make bold with you—There are books over the chimney—*Quarles* and *Pryn*, and the *Short View of the Stage*, with *Bunyan's* works, to entertain you—

[*Exit Mrs. Marwood.*]

Go you thing, and send her in.

[*Exit Peg.*]

Enter Foible.

L. Wsb. O *Foible*, where hast thou been? what hast thou been doing?

Foi. Madam, I have seen the party.

L. Wsb. But what hast thou done?

Foi. Nay, 'tis your ladyship has done, 'and are to 'do;' I have only promised. But a man so enamour'd—so transported! well, if worshipping of pictures be a sin—Poor Sir *Rowland*, I say.

L. Wsb. The miniature has been counted like—But hast thou not betray'd me, *Foible*? hast thou not detected me to that faithless *Mirabell*?—What hadst thou to do with him in the park? answer me, has he got nothing out of thee?

Foi. So, mischief has been before-hand with me; what shall I say? [*aside*].—Alas, madam, could I help it, if I met that confident thing? was I in fault? If you had heard how he used me, and all upon your ladyship's account, I'm sure you would not suspect my fidelity. Nay, if that had been the worst, I could have borne: but he had a sting at your ladyship too; and then I could not hold: but i'faith I gave him his own.

L. Wsb. Me! what did the filthy fellow say?

Foi. O madam; 'tis a shame to say what he said—With his taunts and his sneers, toiling up his nose. *Humph* (says he) what you are a hatching some plot (says he) you are so early abroad, or catering (says he) ferreting for some disbanded officer, I warrant—Half-pay is but thin subsistence (says he)—Well, what pension does your lady propose? Let me see;

(says he) what, she must come down pretty deep now; she's superannuated (says he) and—

L. *Wish.* Odds my life, I'll have him—I'll have him murder'd. I'll have him poison'd. Where does he eat? I'll marry a drawer to have him poison'd in his wine. 'I'll send for *Robin* from *Locket's* immediately.'

Foi. Poison him! poisoning's too good for him. Starve him, madam, starve him; marry Sir *Rowland*, and get him disinherited. O you would bless yourself, to hear what he said.

L. *Wish.* A villain! superannuated!

Foi. Humph (says he) I hear you are laying designs against me too (says he), and Mrs. *Millamant* is to marry my uncle (he does not suspect a word of your ladyship); but (says he) I'll fit you for that; I warrant you (says he) I'll hamper you for that (says he) you and your old frippery too (says he), I'll handle you—

L. *Wish.* Audacious villain! handle me! would he durst?—Frippery! old frippery! Was there ever such a foul-mouth'd fellow? I'll be married to-morrow, I'll be contracted to-night.

Foi. The sooner the better, madam.

L. *Wish.* Will Sir *Rowland* be here, say'st thou? when, *Poible*?

Foi. Incontinently, madam. No new Sheriff's wife expects the return of her husband after knighthood; with that impatience in which Sir *Roseland* burns for the dear hour of kissing your ladyship's hand after dinner.

L. *Wish.* Frippery! superannuated frippery! I'll frippery the villain; I'll reduce him to frippery and rags: A tatterdemallion—I hope to see him hung with tatters. like a *Long-Lane* pent-house, or a gibbet thief. A slander-mouth'd railer: I warrant the spend-thrift prodigal is in debt as much as the million lottery, or the whole court upon a birth-day. I'll spoil his credit with his taylor. Yes, he shall have my niece with her fortune, he shall.

Foi. He! I hope to see him lodge in *Ludgate* first, and angle into *Black Fryars* for brass farthings, with an old mitten.

L. Wifb. Ay, dear *Foible*; thank thee for that, dear *Foible*. He has put me out of all patience. I shall never recompose my features, to receive Sir *Rowland* with any œconomy of face. The wretch has fretted me, that I am absolutely decay'd. Look, *Foible*.

Foi. Your ladyship has frown'd a little too rashly, indeed, madam. There are some cracks discernible in the white varnish.

L. Wifb. Let me see the glass—Cracks, say'st thou? why I am arrantly flay'd—I look like an old peel'd wall. Thou must repair me, *Foible*, before Sir *Rowland* comes; or I shall never keep up to my picture.

Foi. I warrant you, madam; a little art once made your picture like you; and now a little of the same art must make you like your picture. Your picture must fit for you, madam.

L. Wifb. But art thou sure Sir *Rowland* will not fail to come? or will he not fail when he does come? will he be importunate, *Foible*, 'and push?' for if he should not be importunate—I shall never break decorums—I shall die with confusion, if I am forced to advance—Oh no, I can never advance—I shall swoon if he should expect advances. No, I hope Sir *Rowland* is better bred, than to put a lady to the necessity of breaking her forms. I won't be too coy neither. — I won't give him despair—But a little disdain is not amiss; a little scorn is alluring.

Foi. A little scorn becomes your ladyship.

L. Wifb. Yes, but tenderness becomes me best—
'A sort of a dyingness'—You see that picture has a—sort of a—Ha, *Foible*? a swimmingness in the eyes—Yes, I'll look so—My niece affects it; but she wants features. Is Sir *Rowland* handsome? let my toilet be removed—I'll dress above. I'll receive Sir *Rowland* here. Is he handsome? don't answer me. I won't know: I'll be surpris'd; I'll be taken by surpris'e.

Foi. By storm, madam, Sir *Rowland*'s a brisk man.

L. Wifb. Is he? O then he'll importune, if he's a brisk man. 'I shall save decorums if Sir *Rowland* importunes. I have a mortal terror at the apprehension
'sion

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'sion of offending against decorums. O I'm glad he
'is a brisk man.' Let my things be removed, good
Foible. [Exit.

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. O *Foible*, I have been in a fright, lest
I should come too late, That devil, *Marwood*, saw
you in the park with *Mirabell*, and I'm afraid will
discover it to my lady.

Foi. Discover what, madam?

Mrs. Fain. Nay, nay, put not on that strange face.
I am privy to the whole design, and know that *Wait-
well*, to whom thou wert this morning married, is to
personate *Mirabell*'s uncle, and as such, winning my
lady, to involve her in those difficulties from which
Mirabell only must release her, by his making his
conditions to have my cousin and her fortune left to
her own disposal.

Foi. O dear madam, I beg you pardon. It was
not my confidence in your ladyship that was deficient;
but I thought the former good correspondence be-
tween your ladyship and Mr. *Mirabell* might have
hinder'd his communicating this secret.

Mrs. Fain. Dear *Foible*, forget that.

Foi. O dear madam, Mr. *Mirabell* is such a sweet
winning gentleman--But your ladyship is the pat-
tern of generosity.--Sweet lady, to be so good! Mr.
Mirabell cannot chuse but be grateful. I find your
ladyship has his heart still. Now, madam, I can
safely tell your ladyship our success. Mrs. *Marwood*
had told my lady; but I warrant I managed myself.
I turn'd it all for the better. I told my lady that Mr.
Mirabell rail'd at her. I laid horrid things to his
charge, I'll vow; and my lady is so incensed, that
she'll be contracted to Sir *Rowland* to-night, she says;
--I warrant I work'd her up, that he may have her for
asking for, as they say of a *Welch* maidenhead.

Mrs. Fain. O rare *Foible*!

Foi. Madam, I beg your ladyship to acquaint Mr.
Mirabell of his success. I would be seen as little as
possible to speak to him--besides, I believe Madam
Marwood watches me--She has a penchant; but I
know Mr. *Mirabell* can't abide her.--[Calls] *John*--
remove

remove my lady's toilet. Madam, your servant. My lady is so impatient, I fear she'll come for me, if I stay.

Mrs. Fain. I'll go with you up the back-stairs, lest I should meet her. [Exit.

Enter Mrs. Marwood.

Indeed, Mrs. *Engine*, is it thus with you? Are you become a go-between of this importance? Yes, I shall watch you. Why this wench is the *passe-partout*, a very matter-key to every body's strong box. My friend *Fainall*, have you carried it so swimmingly? I thought there was something in it; but it seems 'tis over with you. Your loathing is not from a want of appetite then, but from a surfeit: else you could never be so cool to fall from a principal to be an assistant: to procure for him! a pattern of generosity, that I confess. Well, Mr. *Fainall*, you have met with your match.---O man, man! Woman, woman! The devil's an ass: if I were a painter, I would draw him like an ideot, a driveller with a bib and bells. Man should have his head and horns, and woman the rest of him. Poor simple fiend! madam *Marwood* has a penchant, but he can't abide her---'Twere better for him you had not been his confessor in that affair; without you could have kept his counsel closer. I shall not prove another pattern of generosity---he has not obliged me to that with those excesses of himself; and now I'll have none of him. Here comes the good lady, panting ripe; with a heart full of hope, and a head full of care, like any chemist upon the day of projection.

Enter Lady Wishfort.

L. *Wish*. O dear *Marwood*, what shall I say for this rude forgetfulness?---But my dear friend is all goodness.

Mrs. *Mar*. No apologies, dear madam. I have been very well entertained.

L. *Wish*. As I'm a person I am in a very chaos to think I should so forget myself.---But I have such an olio of affairs, really I know not what to do.---[Calls]---*Foible*---I expect my nephew Sir *Wilfull* every moment too;---Why *Foible*--- He means to travel for improvement.

Mrs. *Mar*. Methinks Sir *Wilfull* should rather think of

of marrying than travelling at his years. I hear he is turned of forty.

L. Wish. O he's in less danger of being spoil'd by his travels—I am against my nephew's marrying too young. It will be time enough when he comes back and has acquired discretion to chuse for himself.

Mrs. Mar. Methinks *Mrs. Millamant* and he would make a very fit match. He may travel afterwards 'Tis a thing very usual with young gentlemen.

L. Wish. I promise you I have thought on't—And since 'tis your judgment, I'll think on't again. I assure you I will; I value your judgment extremely. On my word I'll propose it. [*Enter Foible.*] Come come *Foible*—I had forgot my nephew will be here before dinner—I must make haste.

Foi. *Mr. Witwoud* and *Mr. Petulant* are come to dine with your ladyship.

L. Wish. O dear, I can't appear till I am dress'd. Dear *Marwood*, shall I be free with you again, and beg you to entertain 'em? I'll make all imaginable haste. Dear friend, excuse me.

[*Exeunt Lady Wishfort and Foible.*]

Enter Mrs. Millamant and Mincing.

Mill. Sure never any thing was so unbred as that odious man---*Marwood*, your servant.

Mrs. Mar. You have a colour, what's the matter?

Mill. That horrid fellow, *Petulant*, has provok'd me into a flame---I have broke my fan---*Mincing*, lend me yours---is not all the powder out of my hair?

Mrs. Mar. No. What has he done?

Mill. Nay, he has done nothing; he has only talk'd---Nay, he has said nothing neither; but he has contradicted every thing that has been said. For my part, I thought *Witwoud* and he would have quarrell'd.

Minc. I vow, mem, I thought once they would have fit.

Mill. Well, 'tis a lamentable thing, I swear, that one has not the liberty of chusing one's acquaintance as one does one's clothes.

Mrs. Mar. If we had that liberty, we should be as weary of one set of acquaintance, tho' never so good, as we are of one suit, tho' never so fine. A fool

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and a *Doily* stuff would now and then find days of
it, and be worn for variety.

Will. I could consent to wear 'em, if they would
be alike; but fools never wear out—They are such
de-berry things! without one could give 'em to
a chambermaid after a day or two.

Mrs. Mar. 'Twere better so indeed. Or what
do you of the play-house? A fine gay glossy fool
should be given there, like a new masking-habit after
masquerade is over, and we have done with the
use. For a fool's visit is always a disguise; and
is not admitted by a woman of wit, but to blind her
with a lover of sense. If you would but appear
faced now, and own *Mirabell*; you might as
well put off *Petulant* and *Witwoud*, as your hood
and scarf. And indeed 'tis time, for the town has
found it; the secret is grown too big for the pre-
sents: 'tis like Mrs. *Primly's* great belly; she may
hide it down before, but it burnishes on her hips. In-
deed, *Millamant*, you can no more conceal it, than my
Strammel can her face, that goodly face, which,
in defiance of her Rhenish-wine tea, will not be com-
mended in a mask.

Will. I'll take my death, *Marwood*, you are more
valuable than a decay'd beauty, or a discarded toast.
I'll tell the men they may come up. My aunt
is dressing here; their folly is less provoking than
malice. [*Exit Mincing.*] The town has found
what has it found? That *Mirabell* loves me is no
more a secret, than it is a secret that you discover'd it
of my aunt, or than the reason why you discovered it
is a secret.

Mrs. Mar. You are nettled.

Will. You're mistaken. Ridiculous!

Mrs. Mar. Indeed, my dear, you'll tear another
if you don't mitigate those violent airs.

Will. Oh silly! Ha, ha, ha! I could laugh immo-
tely. Poor *Mirabell*! His constancy to me has
destroyed his complaisance for all the world
beside. I swear, I never enjoined it him, to be so
obedient—If I had the vanity to think he would obey me,
I could command him to shew more gallantry.---'Tis
hardly

hardly well-bred to be so particular on one hand, and so insensible on the other. But I despair to prevail, and so let him follow his own way. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, dear creature, I must laugh, ha, ha, ha! tho' I grant you 'tis a little barbarous, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. What pity 'tis, so much fine raillery, and deliver'd with so significant gesture, should be so unhappily directed to miscarry!

Mill. Ha? Dear creature, I ask your pardon—I swear I did not mind you.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. Mirabell and you both may think a thing impossible, when I shall tell him by telling you—

Mill. O dear, what? for 'tis the same thing, if I hear it—Ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Mar. That I detest him, hate him, madam.

Mill. O madam, why so do I—And yet the creature loves me; ha, ha, ha! How can one forbear laughing to think of it?—I am a Sybil if I am not amazed to think what he can see in me. I'll take my death, I think you are handsomer—and within a year or two as young—If you could but stay for me, I should overtake you—But that cannot be—Well, that thought makes me melancholic—Now I'll be sad.

Mrs. Mar. Your merry note may be changed sooner than you think.

Mill. D'ye say so? Then I'm resolved I'll have a song to keep up my spirits.

Enter Mincing.

Min. The gentlemen stay but to comb, madam; and will wait on you.

Mill. Desire Mrs. —, that is in the next room to sing the song I would have learnt yesterday. You shall hear it, madam—Not that there's any great matter in it—But 'tis agreeable to my humour.

' S O N G.

I.

' *LOVE's but the frailty of the mind,
' When 'tis not with ambition join'd;
' A sickly flame, which if not fed expires;
' And feeding, wastes in self-consuming fires.*

II.

II.

- 'Tis not to wound a wanton boy
- Or am'rous youth, that gives the joy;
- But 'tis the glory to have pierc'd a swain,
- For whom inferior beauties sigh'd in vain.

III.

- Then I alone the conquest prize,
- When I insult a rival's eyes:
- If there's delight in love, 'tis when I see
- That heart which others bleed for, bleed for me.'

Enter Petulant and Witwould.

Mill. Is your animosity compos'd, gentlemen?

Witw. Raillery, raillery, madam, we have no animosity—We hit off a little wit now and then, but no animosity—The falling-out of wits is like the falling-out of lovers—We agree in the main, like treble and base. Ha, *Petulant!*

Pet. Ay, in the main—But when I have a humour to contradict—

Witw. Ay, when he has a humour to contradict, then I contradict too. What, I know my cue. Then we contradict one another like two battledores; for contradictions beget one another like *Jews*.

Pet. If he says black's black—If I have a humour to say 'tis blue—Let that pass—All's one for that. If I have a humour to prove it, it must be granted.

Witw. Not positively must—But it may—it may.

Pet. Yes, it positively must, upon proof positive.

Witw. Ay, upon proof positive it must; but upon proof presumptive it only may. That's a logical distinction now, madam.

Mr. Mar. I perceive your debates are of importance, and very learnedly handled.

Pet. Importance is one thing, and learning's another; but a debate's a debate, that I assert.

Witw. *Petulant's* an enemy to learning; he relies altogether on his parts.

Pet. No, I'm no enemy to learning; it hurts not me.

Mrs. Mar. That's a sign indeed 'tis no enemy to you.

Pet. No, no, 'tis no enemy to any body, but them that have it.

Mill.

Mill. Well, an illiterate man's my aversion. I wonder at the impudence of an illiterate man, to offer to make love.

Waste. That I confess I wonder at too.

Mill. Ah! to marry an ignorant! that can hardly read or write.

Pet. Why should a man be any further from being married tho' he can't read, than he is from being hang'd. The ordinary's paid for setting the *Psalm*, and the parish priest for reading the ceremony. And for the rest which is to follow in both cases, a man may do it without book—So all's one for that.

Mill. D'ye hear the creature? Lord, here's company, I'll be gone. [*Exeunt Millamant and Mincing.*]

Enter Sir Wilfull Wutwoud in a riding dress, and Footman.

Wutw. In the name of *Bartholomew* and his fair, what have we here?

Mrs. Mar. 'Tis your brother, I fancy. Don't you know him?

Wutw. Not I—Yes, I think it is he—I've almost forgot him; I have not seen him since the Revolution.

Foot. Sir, my lady's dressing. Here's company; if you please to walk in, in the mean time.

Sir W. Dressing! What, 'tis but morning here I warrant with you in *London*; we should count it towards afternoon in our parts, down in *Shropshire*—Why then belike my aunt han't din'd yet—Ha, friend?

Foot. Your aunt, sir?

Sir W. My aunt, sir? yes my aunt, sir, and your lady, sir; your lady is my aunt, sir—Why, what, dost thou not know me, friend? Why then send some body hither that does. How long hast thou lived with thy lady, fellow, ha?

Foot. A week, sir; longer than any in the house, except my lady's woman.

Sir W. Why then belike thou dost not know thy lady, if thou feed her; ha, friend!

Foot. Why truly, sir, I cannot safely swear to her face in a morning, before she is dress'd. 'Tis like I may give a fluewd guess at her by this time.

Sir W.

Sir Wil. Well, pr'ythee try what thou canst do; if thou canst not guess, inquire her out; dost hear, fellow? and tell her, her nephew, *Sir Wilful Witwould*, is in the house.

Foot. I shall, sir.

Sir Wil. Hold ye, hear me, friend; a word with you in your ear: Pr'ythee who are these gallants?

Foot. Really, sir, I can't tell; here come so many here, 'tis hard to know 'em all. [Exit.

Sir Wil. Oons, this fellow knows less than a starling; I don't think a'knows his own name.

Mrs. Mar. Mr. *Witwould*, your brother is not behind-hand in forgetfulness---I fancy he has forgot you too.

Witw. I hope so---The duce take him that remembers first, I say.

Sir Wil. Save you, gentlemen and lady.

Mrs. Mar. For shame, Mr. *Witwould*; why won't you speak to him?---And you, sir.

Witw. Petulant, speak.

Pet. And you, sir.

Sir Wil. No offence, I hope. [Salutes *Marwood*.

Mrs. Mar. No sure, sir.

Witw. This is a vile dog, I see that already. No offence! Ha, ha, ha! to him; to him, *Petulant*, smoke him.

Pet. It seems as if you had come a journey, sir; hem, hem. [Surveying him round.

Sir Wil. Very likely, sir, that it may seem so.

Pet. No offence, I hope, sir.

Sir Wil. May be not, sir; thereafter as 'tis meant, sir.

Witw. Smoke the boots, the boots; *Petulant*, the boots; ha, ha, ha!

Pet. Sir, I presume upon the information of your boots.

Sir Wil. Why, 'tis like you may, sir: if you are not satisfied with the information of my boots, sir, if you will step to the stable, you may inquire further of my horse, sir.

Pet. Your horse, sir! your horse is an ass, sir!

Sir Wil. Do you speak by way of offence, sir?

Mrs. Mar. The gentleman's merry, that's all, sir
---S'life,

—S'tife, we shall have a quarrel betwixt an horse and ass, before they find one another out.—You must not take any thing amiss from your friends, sir. You are among your friends, here, tho' it may be you don't know it—If I am not mistaken, you are Sir *Wilfull Witwould*.

Sir *Wil.* Right, lady; I am Sir *Wilfull Witwould*, so I write myself; no offence to any body, I hope; and nephew to the Lady *Willfort* of this mansion.

Mrs. *Mar.* Don't you know this gentleman, sir?

Sir *Wil.* Hum! What, sure 'tis not—Yea by'r lady but 'tis,—'sheart I know not whether 'tis or no—Yea but 'tis, by the Wrekin. Brother *Anthony*! what *Tony*, i'faith! what dost thou not know me? By'r lady nor I thee, thou art so beliced, and so beperiwigg'd—'Sheart why dost not speak? art thou o'erjoyed?

Wite. 'Odso brother, is it you? your servant, brother.

Sir *Wil.* Your servant! why yours, sir. Your servant again—'sheart, and your friend and servant to that—And a—(puff) and a flap-dragon for your service, sir; 'and a hare's foot, and a hare's scut for 'your service, sir;' an you be so cold and so courtly!

Wite. No offence, I hope, brother.

Sir *Wil.* 'Sheart, sir, but there is, and much offence—A plague! is this your Inns o'Court breeding, not to know your friends and your relations, your elders, and your betters?

Wite. Why, brother *Wilfull* of *Salop*, you may be as short as a *Shrewsbury* cake, if you please. But I tell you 'tis not modish to know relations in town. You think you're in the country, where great lubberly brothers flabber and kiss one another when they meet, like a call of serjeants—"Tis not the fashion here; 'tis not indeed, dear brother.

Sir *Wil.* The fashion's a fool; and you're a fop, dear brother. 'Sheart, I've suspected this—By'r lady I conjectured you were a fop, since you began to change the style of your letters, and write in a scrap of paper gilt round the edges, no bigger than a subpoena. I might expect this when you left off honour'd brother; and hoping you are in good health, and so forth—To begin with a *Rat me, knight, I'm so sick of*
a last

a last night's debauch—Ods heart, and then tell a familiar tale of a cock and a bull, and a wench and a bottle, and so conclude—You could write news before you were out of you time, when you lived with honest *Pimple-Nose*, the attorney of *Furnival's Inn*—You could intreat to be remembered then to your friends round the Wrekin. ‘We could have gazettes then, and *Darvks's* letter, and the weekly bill, till of late ‘days.’

Pet. ‘Slife, *Witwould*, were you ever an attorney’s clerk? of the family of the *Furnivals*, Ha, ha, ha!

Witw. Ay, ay, but that was but for a while. Not long, not long; pshaw, I was not in my own power then. An orphan, and this fellow was my guardian; ay, ay, I was glad to consent to that, man, to come to *London*. He had the disposal of me then. If I had not agreed to that, I might have been bound ‘prentice to a felt-maker in *Shrewsbury*; this fellow would have bound me to a maker of felts.

Sir Wil. ‘Sheart, and better than be bound to a maker of fops; where, I suppose, you have served your time; and now you may set up for yourself.

Mrs. Mar. You intend to travel, sir, as I’m informed.

Sir Wil. Belike I may, madam. I may chance to sail upon the salt seas, if my mind hold.

Pet. And the wind serve.

Sir Wil. Serve or not serve, I shan’t ask licence of you, sir; nor the weather-cock your companion. I direct my discourse to the lady, sir; ‘Tis like my aunt may have told you, madam—Yes, I have settled my concerns, I may say now, and am minded to see foreign parts. If an how that the peace hold, whereby that is taxes abate.

Mrs. Mar. I thought you had designed for *France* at all adventures.

Sir Wil. I can’t tell that; ‘tis like I may, and ‘tis like I may not. I am somewhat dainty in making a resolution,—because when I make it I keep it. I don’t stand still I, shall I, then; if I say’t, I’ll do’t: but I have thoughts to tarry a small matter in town, to learn somewhat of your lingo first, before I cross the seas.

seas. I'd gladly have a spice of your *French* as they say, whereby to hold discourse in foreign countries.

Mrs. Mar. Here's an academy in town for that and dancing, and curious accomplishments, calculated purely for the use of grown gentlemen.

Sir Wil. Is there? 'tis like there may.

Mrs. Mar. No doubt you will return very much improved.

Witw. Yes, refin'd like a *Dutch* skipper from a whale-fishing.

Enter Lady Withfort and Fainall.

L. With. Nephew, you are welcome.

Sir Wil. Aunt, your servant.

Fain. Sir Wilfull, your most faithful servant.

Sir Wil. Cousin Fainall, give me your hand.

L. With. Cousin Witwould, your servant; Mr. Petulant, your servant—Nephew, you are welcome again. Will you drink any thing after your journey, nephew, before you eat? dinner's almost ready.

Sir Wil. I'm very well, I thank you, aunt—However, I thank you for your courteous offer. 'Sheart, I was afraid you would have been in the fashion too, and have remember'd to have forgot your relations. Here's your cousin Tony; belike I mayn't call him brother for fear of offence.

L. With. O he's a rallier, nephew—My cousin's a wit: and your great wits always rally their best friends to chuse. When you have been abroad, nephew, you'll understand raillery better.

[Fainall and Mrs. Marwood talk apart.]

Sir Wil. Why then let him hold his tongue in the mean time; and rail when that day comes.

Enter Mincing.

Minc. Mem, I am come to acquaint your laship that dinner is impatient.

Sir Wil. Impatient? why then belike it won't stay till I pull off my boots. Sweet-heart, can you help me to a pair of slippers?—My man's with his horses, I warrant.

L. With. Fy, fy, nephew, you would not pull off your boots here—Go down into the hall—Dinner shall stay for you—

[Exeunt Mincing and Sir Wilfull.]

My

My nephew's a little unbred, you'll pardon him, madam.—Gentlemen, will you walk? *Marwood?*

Mrs. Mar. I'll follow you, madam,—before Sir *Willfall* is ready. [*Exeunt Lady Wishful, Petul. and Witwoud.*]

Fain. Why then *Foible's* a procuress; an errant, 'rank,' match-making procuress. And I it seems am a husband, a rank husband; and my wife a very errant, rank wife,—all in the way of the world. 'Sdeath! to be a cuckold by anticipation, a cuckold in embryo! Sure I was born with budding anslers like a young satyr, or a citizen's child.' 'Sdeath! to be out-witted, out-jilted—out-matrimony'd—' If I had kept my speed like a stag, 'twere somewhat—but to crawl after, with my horns like a snail, and be out-stripp'd by my wife—'tis scurvy wedlock.

Mrs. Mar. Then shake it off; you have often wish'd for an opportunity to part;—and now you have it. But first prevent their plot,—the half of *Millamant's* fortune is too considerable to be parted with, to a foe, to *Mirabell*.

Fain. Ay, that had been mine—had you not made that fond discovery—That had been forfeited, had they been married. My wife had added lustre to my dishonour by that increase of fortune. I could have worn 'em-tipt with gold, tho' my forehead had been furnish'd like a deputy-lieutenant's hall.

Mrs. Mar. They may prove a cap of maintenance to you still, if you can away with your wife. And she's no worse than when you had her—I dare swear she had given up her game before she was married.

Fain. Hum! That may be—

Mrs. Mar. You married her to keep you; and if you can contrive to have her keep you better than you expected, why should you not keep her longer than you intended?

Fain. The means, the means.

Mrs. Mar. Discover to my lady your wife's conduct; threaten to part with her—My lady loves her, and will come to any composition to save her reputation. Take the opportunity of breaking it, just upon the discovery of this imposture. My lady will be enraged beyond
C bounds,

bounds, and sacrifice niece, and fortune, and all at that conjuncture. And let me alone to keep her warm ; if she should flag in her part, I will not fail to prompt her.

Fain. This has an appearance.

Mrs. Mar. I'm sorry I hinted to my lady to endeavour a match between *Millamant* and Sir *Willfull*, that may be an obstacle.

Fain. O, for that matter leave me to manage him ; I'll disable him for that, he will drink like a *Dane* : after dinner, I'll set his hand in.

Mrs. Mar. Well, how do you stand affected towards your lady ?

Fain. Why faith I'm thinking of it.—Let me see—I am married already ; so that's over—My wife has play'd the jade with me—Well, that's over too—I never loved her, or if I had, why that would have been over too by this time—Jealous of her I cannot be, for I am certain ; so there's an end of jealousy. Weary of her, I am and shall be—No, there's no end of that ; no, no, that were too much to hope. Thus far concerning my repose. Now for my reputation,—As to my own, I married not for it ; so that's out of the question.—And as to my part in my wife's—Why she had parted with hers before ; so bringing none to me, she can take none from me ; 'tis against all rule of play, that I should lose to one, who has not wherewithal to stake.

Mrs. Mar. Besides you forget, marriage is honourable.

Fain. Hum ! faith and that's well thought on ; marriage is honourable, as you say ; and if so, wherefore should cuckoldom be a discredit, being derived from so honourable a root ?

Mrs. Mar. Nay, I know not ; if the root be honourable, why not the branches ?

Fain. So, so, why this point's clear—Well, how do we proceed ?

Mrs. Mar. I will contrive a letter which shall be deliver'd to my lady at the time when that rascal who is to act Sir *Rowland* is with her. It shall come as from an unknown hand—for the less I appear to know of the truth, the better I can play the incendiary. Besides, I would not have *Faible* provoked if I could help it,—because
you

you know she knows some passages—Nay, I expect all will come out—But let the mine be sprung first, and then I care not if I am discover'd.

Fain. If the worst come to the worst—I'll turn my wife to grass—I have already a deed of settlement of the best part of her estate, which I wheedled out of her; and that you shall partake at least.

Mrs. Mar. I hope you are convinced that I hate *Mirabell* now: you'll be no more jealous.

Fain. Jealous! no—by this kiss—let husbands be jealous; but let the lover still believe: or if he doubt, let it be only to endear his pleasure, and prepare the joy that follows, when he proves his mistress true. But let husbands' doubts convert to endless jealousy; or if they have belief, let it corrupt to superstition, and blind credulity. I am single, and will herd no more with 'em. True, I wear the badge, but I'll disown the order. And since I take my leave of 'em, I care not if I leave 'em a common motto to their common crest.

*All husbands must, or pain, or shame endure;
The wise too jealous are, fools too secure.* [Exit.

ACT IV. SCENE continues.

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

L. Wish. **I**S Sir Rowland coming, say'st thou, *Foible*? and are things in order?

Foi. Yes, madam. I have put wax-lights in the sconces, and placed the footmen in a row in the hall, in their best liveries, with the coachman and postilion to fill up the equipage.

L. Wish. Have you pulvill'd the coachman and postilion, that they may not stink of the stable, when Sir Rowland comes by?

Foi. Yes, madam.

L. Wish. And are the dancers and the music ready, that he may be entertain'd in all points with correspondence to his passion?

Foi. All is ready, madam.

L. Wish. And—well—and how do I look, *Foible*?

Foi. Most killing well, madam.

L. Wish. Well, and how shall I receive him? in what figure shall I give his heart the first impression? There is a great deal in the first impression. Shall I sit?—No, I won't sit—I'll walk—ay, I'll walk from the door upon his entrance; and then turn full upon him—No, that will be too sudden. I'll lie—ay, I'll lie down—I'll receive him in my little dressing-room. There's a couch—Yes, yes, I'll give the first impression on a couch—I won't lie neither, but loll and lean upon one elbow, with one foot a little dangling off, jogging in a thoughtful way—Yes—and then as soon as he appears, start, ay, start and be surprised, and rise to meet him in a pretty disorder—Yes—O, nothing is more alluring than a levee from a couch in some confusion—It shews the foot to advantage, and furnishes with blushes, and re-composing airs beyond comparison. Hark! there's a couch.

Foi. 'Tis he, madam.

L. Wish. O dear, has my nephew made his addresses to *Millamant*? I order'd him.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is set in to drinking, madam, in the parlour.

L. Wish. Odds my life, I'll send him to her. Call her down, *Foible*; bring her hither. I'll send him as I go—When they are together, then come to me, *Foible*, that I may not be too long alone with Sir *Roxland*. [Exit.

Enter Millamant and Mrs. Fainall.

Foi. Madam, I staid here, to tell your ladyship that Mr. *Mirabell* has waited this half hour for an opportunity to talk with you. Though my lady's orders were to leave you and Sir *Wilfull* together. Shall I tell Mr. *Mirabell* that you are at leisure?

Mill. No---what would the dear man have? I am thoughtful, and would amuse myself.—Bid him come another time.

*There never yet was woman made,
Nor shall, but to be curs'd.*

[Repeating and walking about.
That's

That's hard!

Mrs. Fain. You are very fond of Sir John Suckling to-day, *Millamant*, and the poets.

Mill. He? ay, and filthy verses—So I am.

Foi. Sir *Wilfull* is coming, madam. Shall I send Mr. *Mirabell* away?

Mill. Ay, if you please, *Foible*, send him away,—or send him hither,—just as you will, dear *Foible*.—I think I'll see him—Shall I? ay, let the wretch come.

Thyrsis, a youth of the inspired train.

[*Repeating.*

Dear *Fainall*, entertain Sir *Wilfull*—Thou hast philosophy to undergo a fool, thou art married and hast patience—I would confer with my own thoughts.

Mrs. Fain. I am obliged to you, that you would make me your proxy in this affair; but I have business of my own.

Enter Sir Wilfull.

Mrs. Fain. O Sir *Wilfull*, you are come at the critical instant. There's your mistress up to the ears in love and contemplation; pursue your point, now or never.

Sir *Wil*. Yes; my aunt will have it so,—I would gladly have been encouraged with a bottle or two, because I'm somewhat wary at first, before I am acquainted;—but I hope, after a time, I shall break my mind—that is upon further acquaintance—[*This while Milla. walks about repeating to herself.*] So for the present, cousin, I'll take my leave—If so be you'll be so kind to make my excuse, I'll return to my company—

Mrs. Fain. O fy, Sir *Wilfull*! what, you must not be daunted.

Sir *Wil*. Daunted, no, that's not it, it is not so much for that—for if so be that I set on't, I'll do't. But only for the present, 'tis sufficient till further acquaintance, that's all—your servant.

Mrs. Fain. Nay, I'll swear you shall never lose so favourable an opportunity, if I can help it. I'll leave you together, and lock the door.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Fainall and Foible.*

Sir *Wil*. Nay, nay, cousin,—I have forgot my gloves.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

that d'ye do? 'shant a'nus lock'd the door indeed, think—Nay, cousin *Fairall*, open the door—Pshaw, what a vain trick is this!—Nay, now a'has seen me too—Cousin, I made bold to pass thro' as it were—I think this door's enchanted——

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

*I promise I have me, gentle boy,
And I am no more for that flight toy.*

Sir Wil. Anon? Cousin, your servant.

Mill.—*That foolish trifle of a heart*
—*Sir Wil.*

Sir Wil. Yes—your servant. No offence I hope, cousin.

Mill. [*Repeating.*]

*I swear it will not do its part,
Tho' thou dost thine, employ'st thy power and art.*
Natural, easy *Suckling*!

Sir Wil. Anon? *Suckling*? No such suckling neither cousin, nor stripling: I thank Heaven, I'm no minor.

Mill. Ah rustick, ruder than *Gothick*.

Sir Wil. Well, well, I shall understand your *lingo* o' these days, cousin, in the mean while I must answer plain *English*.

Mill. Have you any business with me, *Sir Wilfull*?

Sir Wil. Not at present, cousin.—Yes, I made bold to see, to come and know if that how you were disposed to fetch a walk this evening, if so be that I might not troublesome, I would have sought a walk with you.

Mill. A walk? what then?

Sir Wil. Nay, nothing—Only for the walk's sake, tell all—

Mill. I nauseate walking; 'tis a country diver I loath the country, and every thing that relates to

Sir Wil. Indeed! hah! look ye, look ye, you nay, 'tis like you may—Here are choice of pastimes here in town, as plays and the like, that must be fcs'd indeed.——

Mill. *Ab l'ctourdie!* I hate the town too.

Sir Wil. Dear heart, that's much—'Hah!' they should hate 'em both! hah! 'tis like you may; but some can't relish the town, and others can't

with the country,—'tis like you may be one of those cousin.

Mill. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, 'tis like I may.—You have nothing further to say to me?

Sir Wil. Not at present, cousin.—'Tis like when I have an opportunity to be more private—I may break my mind in some measure—I conjecture you partly guess—However, that's as time shall try,—but spare to speak and spare to speed, as they say.

Mill. If it is of no great importance, *Sir Wilfull*, you will oblige me by leaving me. I have just now a little business—

Sir Wil. Enough, enough, cousin: yes, yes, all a case—When you're disposed. Now's as well as another time; and another time as well as now. All's one for that,—Yes, yes, if your concerns call you, there's no haste; it will keep cold, as they say—Cousin, your servant.—I think this door's lock'd.

Mill. You may go this way, sir.

Sir Wil. Your servant, then with your leave I'll return to my company. [Exit.

Mill. Ay, ay; ha, ha, ha!

Like-Phœbus sung the no less am'rous boy.

Enter Mirabell.

Mir. *Like Daphne she, as lovely and as coy.*

Do you lock yourself up from me, to make my search more curious? Or is this pretty artifice contrived, to signify that here the chace must end, and my pursuit be crown'd, for you can fly no further?

Mill. Vanity! No—I'll fly and be follow'd to the last moment; tho' I am upon the very verge of matrimony, I expect you should solicit me as much as if I were wavering at the grate of a monastery, with one foot over the threshold. I'll be solicited to the very last, nay, and afterwards.

Mir. What, after the last?

Mill. O, I should think I was poor, and had nothing to bestow, if I were reduced to an inglorious ease; and freed from the agreeable fatigues of solicitation.

Mir. But do not you know, that when favours are conferr'd upon instant and tedious solicitation, that they di-

minish in their value, and that both the giver loses grace, and the receiver lessens his pleasure?

Mill. It may be in things of common application but never sure in love. O, I hate a lover, that can do to think he draws a moment's air, independent on the bounty of his mistress. There is not so impudent a thing in nature, as the saucy look of an assured man, confident of success. The pedantick arrogance of a very husband has not so pragmatical an air. Ah! I'll never marry unless I am first made sure of my will and pleasure.

Mir. Would you have 'em both before marriage? (Will you be contented with only the first now, 'and fit for the other till after grace?')

Mill. Ah, don't be impertinent—My dear liberty, shall I leave thee? My faithful solitude, my darling contemplation, must I bid you then adieu? Ay, adieu—My morning thoughts, agreeable wakings, indolent slumbers, ye *bonheurs*, ye *sommeils du matin*, adieu—I can't do 'tis more than impossible—Positively, *Mirabell*, I'll lie a-bed in a morning as long as I please.

Mir. Then I'll get up in a morning as early as I please.

Mill. Ah! idle creature, get up when you will—And d'ye hear, I won't be call'd names after I'm married positively I won't be call'd names.

Mir. Names!

Mill. Ay, as wife, spouse, my dear, joy, jewel, love, sweet-heart, and the rest of that nauseous cant, in which men and their wives are so fulsomely familiar---I shall never bear that---Good *Mirabell*, don't let us be familiar or fond, nor kiss before folks, like my lady Fidler and Sir Francis: Nor go in public together the first Sunday in a new chariot, to provoke eyes and whispers; and then never be seen there together again; as if we were proud of one another the first week, and ashamed of one another ever after. Let us never visit together, nor go to play together, but let us be very strange and well bred. Let us be as strange as if we had been married a great while; and as well bred as if we were not married at all.

Mir. Have you any more conditions to offer? hitherto your demands are pretty reasonable.

Mill

Mill. Trifles,---as liberty to pay and receive visits to and from whom I please; to write and receive letters, without interrogatories or wry faces on your part; to wear what I please; and choose conversation with regard only to my own taste; to have no obligation upon me to converse with wits that I don't like, because they are your acquaintance; or to be intimate with fools, because they may be your relations. Come to dinner when I please, dine in my dressing-room when I'm out of humour, without giving a reason. To have my closet inviolate; to be sole empress of my tea-table, which you must never presume to approach without first asking leave. And lastly, wherever I am, you shall always knock at the door before you come in. These articles subscribed, if I continue to endure you a little longer, I may by degrees dwindle into a wife..

Mir. Your bill of fare is something advanced in this latter account. Well, have I liberty to offer conditions---That when you are dwindled into a wife, I may not be beyond measure enlarged into a husband?

Mill. You have free leave, propose your utmost; speak and spare not.

Mir. I thank you. *Imprimis* then, I covenant that your acquaintance be general; that you admit no sworn confidant, or intimate of your own sex: No the friend to screen her affairs under your countenance, and tempt you to make trial of a mutual secrecy. No decoy-duck to wheedle your a *Fop-scrumbling* to the play in a mask---Then bring you home in a pretended fright, when you think you shall be found out---And rail at me for missing the play, and disappointing the frolick which you had to pick me up and prove my constancy.

Mill. Detestable *Imprimis*! I go to the play in a mask!

Mir. *Item*, I article that you continue to like your own face, as long as I shall: and while it passes current with me, that you endeavour not to new coin it. To which end, together with all vizards for the day, I prohibit all masks for the night made of oil'd-skins, and I know not what---'Hog's-bones, hare's-gall, pig-water, and the marrow of a roasted cat.' In short, I forbid

all commerce with the gentlewoman in *What-d'ye-call-it* court. *Item*, I shut my doors against all procreants with baskets, and pennyworths of *Muslin, China, Fans, &c.*—*Item*, when you shall be breeding—

Mill. Ah! name it not.

‘*Mir.* Which may be presumed, with a blessing on our
• endeavours—

‘*Mill.* Odious endeavours!’

Mir. I denounce against all strait-lacing, squeezing for a shape, till you mould my boy's head like a sugar-loaf? and instead of a man-child, make me father to a crooked-billet. Lastly, to the dominion of the *Tea-table* I submit.—But with *Proviso*, that you exceed not in your province; but restrain yourself to native and simple *Tea-table* drinks, as *Tea, Chocolate, and Coffee*. As likewise to genuine and authorized *Tea-table* talk—Such as mending of fashions, spoiling reputations, railing at absent friends, and so forth.—But that on no account you encroach upon the men's prerogative, and presume to drink healths, or toast fellows; for prevention of which I banish all *foreign forces*, all auxiliaries to the *Tea-table*, as *Orange-brandy, all Annised, Cinnamon, Citron, and Barbadoes-waters*, together with *Ratafia*, and the most noble spirit of *Clary*.—But for *Cowslip-wine, Poppy-water*, and all *Dormitives*, those I allow.—These *Provisos* admitted, in other things I may prove a tractable and complying husband.

Mill. O horrid *Provisos*! filthy strong waters! I toast fellows, odious men! I hate your odious *Provisos*.

Mir. Then we're agreed. Shall I kiss your hand upon the contract? and here comes one to be a witness to the sealing of the deed.

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mill. *Fainall*, what shall I do? shall I have him? I think I must have him.

Mrs. Fain. Ay, ay, take him, take him; what should you do?

Mill. Well then—I'll take my death I'm in a horrid fright—*Fainall*, I shall never lay it—well—I think—I'll endure you.

Mrs.

Mrs. Fain. Fy, fy, have him, have him, and tell him so in plain terms : for I am sure you have a mind to him.

Mill. Are you ? I think I have—and the horrid man looks as if he thought so too—well, you ridiculous thing you, I'll have you—I won't be kiss'd, nor I won't be thank'd—here kiss my hand tho'—so hold your tongue now, don't say a word.

Mrs. Fain. *Mirabell*, there's a necessity for your obedience ;—you have neither time to talk nor stay. My mother is coming ; and in my conscience if she should see you, would fall into fits, and may be not recover time enough to return to *Sir Rowland*, who, as *Foible* tells me, is in a fair way to succeed. Therefore spare your ecstasies for another occasion, and slip down the back-stairs, where *Foible* waits to consult you.

Mill. Ay, go, go. In the mean time I'll suppose you have said something to please me.

Mira. I am all obedience.

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fain. Yonder's *Sir Wilfull* drunk ! and so noisy, that my mother has been forced to leave *Sir Rowland* to appease him ; but he answers her only with singing and drinking—what they may have done by this time I know not ; but *Petulant* and he were upon quarrelling as I came by.

Mill. Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good husband, I am a lost thing ; for I find I love him violently.

Mrs. Fain. So it seems ; for you mind not what's said to you.—If you doubt him, you had better take up with *Sir Wilfull*.

Mill. How can you name that superannuated lubber ? foh !

Enter Witwould from drinking.

Mrs. Fain. So, is the fray made up, that you have left 'em ?

Witw. Left 'em ? I could stay no longer—I have laugh'd like ten christenings—I am tipsy with laughing--- If I had staid any longer I should have burst,—I must have been let out and pierced in the sides like an unfixed camelot—yes, yes, the fray is composed ; my lady came in like a *noli prosequi*, and stopt the proceedings.

Mill. What was the dispute?

Witw. That's the jest; there was no dispute. They could neither of 'em speak for rage; and so fell a sputtering at one another, like two roasting apples.

Enter Petulant drunk.

Now *Petulant*? all's over, all's well? gad, my head begins to whirr it about—why dost thou not speak? thou art both as drunk and as mute as a fish.

Pet. Look you, *Mrs. Millamant*—if you can love me, dear nymph—say it—and that's the conclusion—pats on, or pats off,—that's all.

Witw. Thou hast utter'd *volumet, folios*, in less than *decimo sexto*, my dear *Lacedemonian*. Sirrah, *Petulant*, thou art an epitomizer of words.

Pet. Witwoud!—You are an annihilator of sense.

Witw. Thou art a retailer of phrases; and dost deal in remnants of remnants, like a maker of pincushions—thou art in truth (metaphorically speaking) a speaker of short-hand.

Pet. Thou art (without a figure) just one half of an ass, and *Baldwin* yonder, thy half-brother, is the rest—a gemin of asses split, would make just four of you.

Witw. Thou dost bite, my dear mustard-seed; kiss me for that.

Pet. Stand off—I'll kiss no more males.—I have kiss'd your *ravin* yonder in a humour of reconciliation, till he (*huckup*) rises upon my stomach like a radish.

Mill. Eh! filthy creature—what was the quarrel?

Pet. There was no quarrel—there might have been a quarrel.

Witw. If there had been words enow between 'em to have express'd provocation, they had gone together by the ears like a pair of castanets.

Pet. You were the quarrel.

Mill. Me?

Pet. If I have the humour to quarrel, I can make less matters conclude premisses,—if you are not handsome, what then; if I have a humour to prove it?—if I shall have my reward, say so; if not, fight for your face the next time yourself—I'll go sleep.

Witw. Do, wrap thyself up like a woodlouse, and dream
revenge

revenge—and hear me, if thou canst learn to write by to-morrow morning, pen me a challenge—I'll carry it for thee.

Pet. Carry your mistress's *monkey* a *spider*,—go flea dogs, and read romances—I'll go to bed 'to my maid.'

[*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fain. He's horridly drunk—how came you all in this pickle?

Witw. A plot, a plot, to get rid of the knight.—Your husband's advice; but he sneak'd off.

Enter Sir Wilfull drunk, and Lady Wishfort.

L. Wish. Out upon't, out upon't! at years of discretion, and comport yourself at this rantipole rate!

Sir Wil. No offence, aunt.

L. Wish. Offence? as I'm a person, I'm ashamed of you—fogh! how you stink of wine! d'ye think my niece will ever endure such a *borachio*? you're an absolute *borachio*.

Sir Wil. Borachio!

L. Wish. At a time when you should commence an amour, and put your best foot foremost—

Sir Wil. 'Sheart, an you grutch me your liquor, make a bill—give me more drink, and take my purse.

Sings. *Pr'ythee fill me the glass*

'Till it laugh in my face,

With ale that is potent and mellow;

He that whines for a lass

Is an ignorant ass,

For a bumper has not its fellow.

But if you would have me marry my cousin—say the word, and I'll do't—*Wilfull* will do't, that's the word,—*Wilfull* will do't, that's my crest—my motto, I have forgot.

L. Wish. My nephew's a little overtaken, cousin—but 'tis with drinking your health—O' my word, you are obliged to him—

Sir Wil. *In vino veritas*, aunt: if I drunk your health to-day, cousin,—I am a *borachio*. But if you have a mind to be married, say the word, and send for the piper; *Wilfull* will do't. If not, dust it away, and let's have t'other round—*Tony*, ods-heart, where's *Tony*?—*Tony's* an honest fellow, but he spits after a bumper, and that's a fault.

Sings.

poison'd. My nephew will get an inkling of my designs and poison me,—and I would willingly starve him before I die—I would gladly go out of the world with that satisfaction.—That would be some comfort to me, if I could but live so long as to be revenged on that unnatural viper.

L. Wsb. Is he so unnatural, say you? truly I would contribute much both to the saving of your life, and the accomplishment of your revenge.—Not that I respect myself; tho' he has been a perfidious wretch to me.

Wait. Perfidious to you?

L. Wsb. O Sir Rowland, the hours that he has died away at my feet, the tears that he has shed, the oaths that he has sworn, the palpitations that he has felt, the trances and tremblings, the ardours and the ecstasies, the kneelings and the risings, the heart-heavings and the hand-gripings, the pangs and the pathetic regards of his protesting eyes! Oh no memory can register.

Wait. What, my rival? is the rebel my rival? a'dies.

L. Wsb. No, don't kill him at once, Sir Rowland, starve him gradually, inch by inch.

Wait. I'll do't. In three weeks he shall be barefoot; in a month out at knees with begging an alms—he shall starve upward and upward, till he has nothing living but his head, and then go out in a stink like a candle's end upon a tave-all.

L. Wsb. Well, Sir Rowland, you have the way—You are no novice in the labyrinth of love—You have the clue—But as I am a person, Sir Rowland, you must not attribute my yielding to any sinister appetite, or indigestion of widowhood; nor impute my complacency to any lethargy of continence—I hope you do not think me prone to any iteration of nuptials.—

Wait. Far be it from me—

L. Wsb. If you do, I protest I must recede—or think that I have made a prostitution of decorums; but in the vehemence of compassion, and to save the life of a person of so much importance—

Wait. I esteem it so—

L. Wsb. Or else you wrong my condescension—

Wait. I do not, I do not—

L. Wsb. Indeed you do.

Wait.

Wait. I do not, fair shrine of virtue.

L. Wifb. If you think the least scruple of carnality was an ingredient—

Wait. Dear madam, no. You are all *campfire* and *frankincense*, all *chastity* and *odour*.

L. Wifb. Or that—

Enter Foible.

Foi. Madam, the dancers are ready, and there's one with a letter, who must deliver it into your own hands.

L. Wifb. Sir *Rowland*, will you give me leave? think favourably, judge candidly, and conclude you have found a person who would suffer racks in honour's cause, dear Sir *Rowland*, and will wait on you incessantly. [*Exit.*

Wait. Fy, fy!—What a slavery have I undergone! Spouse, hast thou any *cordial*? I want *spirits*.

Foi. What a washy rogue art thou, to pant thus for a quarter of an hour's lying and swearing to a fine lady!

Wait. O, she is the antidote to desire. 'Spouse, thou wilt fare the worse for't—I shall have no appetite to 'iteration of nuptials—this eight and forty hours.' By this hand, I'd rather be a chairman in the dog-days—than sit Sir *Rowland* till this time to-morrow.

Enter Lady Wishfort with a letter.

L. Wifb. Call in the dancers;—Sir *Rowland*, we'll sit, if you please, and see the entertainment. [*Dance.* Now with your permission, Sir *Rowland*, I will peruse my letter—I would open it in your presence, because I would not make you uneasy. If it should make you uneasy I would burn it—speak if it does—but you may see, the superscription is like a woman's hand.

Foi. By heaven! Mrs. *Marwood*'s. I know it.—My heart akes—get it from her— [*To him.*

Wait. A woman's hand? No, madam, that's no woman's hand, I see that already. That somebody whose throat must be cut.

L. Wifb. Nay, Sir *Rowland*, since you give me a proof of your passion by your jealousy, I promise you I'll make a return, by a frank communication—You shall see it—we'll open it together—look you here.

Reads—Madam, tho' unknown to you [Look you there, 'tis from nobody that I know.] *I have that honour for*
your

your character, that I think myself obliged to let you know you are abused. He who pretends to be Sir Rowland is a cheat and a rascal—

O heavens ! what's this ?

Foi. Unfortunate, all's ruin'd !

Wait. How, how ! let me see, let me see---reading, *A rascal and disguised, and suborn'd for that imposture—*
O villainy ! O villainy !---*By the contrivance of—*

L. Wilsb. I shall faint, I shall die, ho !

Foi. Say 'tis your nephew's hand.---Quickly, his plot, swear it, swear it.---

Wait. Here's a villain ! madam ; don't you perceive it, don't you see it ?

L. Wilsb. Trowell, too well. I have seen too much.

Wait. I told you at first I knew the hand—A woman's hand ? The rascal writes a sort of a large hand ; your *Roman* hand—I saw there was a throat to be cut presently. If he were my son, as he is my nephew, I'd pistol him---

Foi. O treachery ! But are you sure, Sir *Rowland*, it is his writing ?

Wait. Sure ? Am I here ? Do I live ? Do I love this pearl of *India* ? I have twenty letters in my pocket from him, in the same character..

L. Wilsb. How !

Foi. O what luck it is, Sir *Rowland*, that you were present at this juncture ! this was the business that brought Mr. *Mirabell* disguised to madam *Millamant* this afternoon. I thought something was contriving, when he stole by me and would have hid his face.

L. Wilsb. How, how !---I heard the villain was in the house indeed ; and now I remember, my niece went away abruptly, when sir *Wilfull* was to have made his addresses.

Foi. Then, then, madam, Mr. *Mirabell* waited for her in her chamber ; but I would not tell your ladyship to discompose you when you were to receive Sir *Rowland*.

Wait. Enough, his date is short.

Foi. No, good Sir *Rowland*, don't incur the law.

Wait. Law ! I care not for law. I can but die, and 'tis in a good cause---My lady shall be satisfied of my truth and innocence, tho' it cost me my life.

L. Wilsb

L. Wish. No, dear Sir *Rowland*, don't fight; if you should be killed I must never shew my face; or hang'd, —O consider my reputation, Sir *Rowland*---No, you shan't fight,---I'll go in and examine my niece; I'll make her confess. I conjure you, Sir *Rowland*, by 'all your love, not to fight.

Wait. I am charm'd, madam; I obey. But some proof you must let me give you;---I'll go for a black box, which contains the writings of my whole estate, and deliver that into your hands.

L. Wish. Ay, dear Sir *Rowland*, that will be some comfort; bring the black box.

Wait. And may I presume to bring a contract to be sign'd this night? May I hope so far?

L. Wish. Bring what you will; but come alive, pray come alive. O this is a happy discovery.

Wait. Dead or alive I'll come---and married we will be in spite of treachery; 'ay, and get an heir that shall 'defeat the last remaining glimpse of hope in my abah-' don'd nephew.' Come, my buxom widow:

Ere long you shall substantial proof receive

That I'm an arrant knight---

Foi.---Or arrant knave.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE continues.

Lady Wishfort and Foible.

L. Wish. **O**UT of my house, out of my house, thou viper, thou serpent, that I have foster'd; thou holson traitress, that I raised from nothing---Be-gone, begone, begone, go, go---That I took from washing of old gauze and weaving of dead hair, with a bleak blue nose, over a chaffing-dish of starved embers, and dining behind a traverse-rag, in a shop no bigger than a birdcage,—go, go, starve again, do, do.

Foi. Dear madam, I'll beg pardon on my knees.

L. Wish. Away, out, out, go set up for yourself again—do, drive a trade, do, with your three-pennyworth of small ware, flaunting upon a pack-thread, under a brandy-

brandy-seller's bulk, or against a dead wall by a ballad-monger. Go, hang out an old *frisoner-gorget*, with a yard of yellow *Colberteen* again; do; an old gnaw'd musk, two rows of pins, and a child's fiddle; a glass necklace, with the beads broken, and a quilted night-cap with one ear. Go, go, drive a trade.---These were your commodities, you treacherous trull, this was the merchandize you dealt in, when I took you into my house, placed you next myself, and made you governante of my whole family. You have forgot this, have you, now you have feathered your nest?

Fo. No, no, dear madam. Do but hear me, have but a moment's patience---I'll confess all. Mr. *Mirabell* seduced me; I am not the first that he has wheedled with his dissimbling tongue; your ladyship's own wisdom has been deluded by him, then how should I, a poor ignorant, defend myself? O madam, if you knew but what he promised me, and how he assured me your ladyship should come to no damage---Or else the wealth of the *Indies* should not have bribed me to conspire against so good, so sweet, so kind a lady as you have been to me.

L. Wjth. No damage! What, to betray me, and marry me to a cast serving-man; 'to make me a receptacle, 'an hospital for a decay'd pimp?' No damage! O thou frontless impudence, more than a big-bellied actress.

Fo. Pray do but hear me, madam; he could not marry your ladyship, madam---No, indeed, his marriage was to have been void in law; for he was married to me first, to secure your ladyship. 'He could not have bedded your ladyship; for if he had consummated with 'your ladyship, he must have run the risque of the law, 'and been put upon his clergy'---Yes, indeed, I inquired of the law in that case before I would meddle or make.

L. Wjth. What, then I have been your property, have I? I have been convenient to you, it seems,---while you were catering for *Mirabell*, I have been broker for you? 'What, have you made a pulive bawd of me?'---This exceeds all precedent; I am brought to fine uses, to become a botcher of second-hand marriages between *Abigail* and *Andrews*! I'll couple you. Yes, I'll baste you together, you and your *Philander*. I'll *Duke's-Place* you

I'm a person. Your turtle is in custody already : all coo in the same cage, if there be a constable or it in the parish. [Exit.

O that ever I was born ! O that I was ever married—a bride, ay I shall be a *Bridewell* bride, oh !

Enter Mrs. Fainall.

Mrs. Fain. Poor *Foible*, what's the matter ?

O madam, my lady's gone for a constable ; I've had to a justice, and put to *Bridewell* to beat ; poor *Waitwell*'s gone to prison already.

Mrs. Fain. Have a good heart, *Foible* ; *Mirabell*'s to give security for him. This is all *Marwood*'s and my husband's doing.

Yes, yes, I know it, madam ; she was in my closet, and overheard all that you said to me before. She sent the letter to my lady ; and that in effect, Mr. *Fainall* laid this plot to arrest *Waitwell* when he pretended to go for the papers ; and in the time Mrs. *Marwood* declared all to my lady.

Mrs. Fain. Was there no mention made of me in the letter ?—My mother does not suspect my being in the conspiracy ; I fancy *Marwood* has not told her, tho' she told my husband.

Yes, madam ; but my lady did not see that part : she led the letter before she read so far. Has that mischievous devil told Mr. *Fainall* of your ladyship then ?

Mrs. Fain. Ay, all's out ; ' my affair with *Mirabell*, ' is now discovered. This is the last day of our living together, that's my comfort.

Indeed ! madam ; and so 'tis a comfort if you will, —he has been even with your ladyship ; which I should have told you long enough since, but I love to keep peace and quietness by my good will : I had rather have my friends together, than set them at distance. But *Marwood* and he are nearer related than ever their mother thought for.

Mrs. Fain. Say'st thou so, *Foible* ? Canst thou prove

that I can take my oath of it, madam, so can Mrs. *Fainall* ; we have had many a fair word from madam *Marwood*, to conceal something that passed in our chamber

her one evening when we were at *Hyde Park*;—and we were thought to have gone a walking; but we went up unawares,—tho' we were sworn to secrecy too; madam *Marwood* took a book and swore us upon it: but it was but a book of poems.—So long as it was not a bible-oath, we may break it with a safe conscience.

Mrs. Fain. This discovery is the most opportune thing I could wish—Now *Mincing*!

Enter Mincing.

Minc. My lady would speak with *Mrs. Foible*, mem. *Mr. Mirabil* is with her; he has set your spouse at liberty, *Mrs. Foible*, and would have you hide yourself in my lady's closet, till my old lady's anger is abated: Or my old lady is in a perilous passion, at something *Mr. Faivall* has said; he swears, and my old lady cries. 'There's a fearful hurricane, I vow. He says, mem, how that he'll have my lady's fortune made over to him, or he'll be divorced.

Mrs. Fain. Does your lady or *Mirabell* know that?

Minc. Yes, mem, they have sent me to see if *Sir Will* be sober, and to bring him to them. My lady is resolved to have him, I think, rather than lose such a vast sum as six thousand pounds. O, come *Mrs. Foible*, I hear my old lady.

Mrs. Fain. *Foible*, you must tell *Mincing*, that she must prepare to vouch when I call her.

Foi. Yes, yes, madam.

Minc. O, yes, mem, I'll vouch any thing for your ladyship's service, be what it will.

[*Exeunt Foible and Mincing.*]

Enter Lady Wishfort and Mrs. Marwood.

L. Wish. O my dear friend, how can I enumerate the benefits that I have received from your goodness? To you I owe the timely discovery of the false vows of *Mirabell*; to you I owe the detection of the impostor *Sir Rowland*. And now you are become an intercessor with my son-in-law, to save the honour of my house, and compound for the frailties of my daughter. Well, friend, you are enough to reconcile me to the bad world, or else I would retire to deserts and solitudes, and feed harn-lets sheep by groves and purling streams. Dear *Marwood*,

let us leave the world, and retire by ourselves, and be shepherdesses.

Mrs. Mar. Let us first dispatch the affair in hand, madam. We shall have leisure to think of retirement afterwards. Here is one who is concern'd in the treaty.

L. Wifb. O daughter, daughter, is it possible thou shouldst be my child, bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh, and as I may say, another me, and yet transgress the minute particle of severe virtue? Is it possible you should lean aside to iniquity, who have been cast in the direct mould of virtue? 'I have not only been a mould, but a pattern for you, and a model for you, after you were brought into the world.'

Mrs. Fain. I don't understand your ladyship.

L. Wifb. Not understand! why, have you not been taught? have you not been sophisticated? not understand? here I am ruined to compound for your caprices, and your cuckoldoms.' I must part with my plate and my jewels, and ruin my niece, and all little enough---

Mrs. Fain. I am wrong'd and abused, and so are you. 'Tis a false accusation, 'as false as hell,' as false as your friend there, ay, or your friend's friend, my false husband.

Mrs. Mar. My friend, *Mrs. Fainall*? your husband my friend! what do you mean?

Mrs. Fain. I know what I mean, madam, and so do you; and so shall the world at a time convenient.

Mrs. Mar. I am sorry to see you so passionate, madam. More temper would look more like innocence. But I have done. I am sorry my zeal to serve your ladyship and family should admit of misconstruction, or make me liable to affronts. You will pardon me, madam, if I meddle no more with an affair, in which I am not personally concern'd.

L. Wifb. O dear friend, I am so ashamed that you should meet with such returns;---you ought to ask pardon on your knees, ungrateful creature; she deserves more from you, than all your life can accomplish---O don't leave me destitute in this perplexity;---no, stick to me, my good genius.

Mrs. Fain. I tell you, madam, you're abused---Stick to you?

you? ay like a leach, to suck your best blood---she'll drop off when she's full. Madam, you shan't pawn a bodkin nor part with a brass counter, in composition for me. defy 'em all. Let 'em prove their aspersions; I know my own innocence, and dare stand a trial. [Exit

L. *Wish.* Why, if she should be innocent, if she should be wrong'd after all, ha? I don't know what to think,--and I promise you, her education has been very unexceptionable---I may say it; for I chiefly made it my own care to initiate her very infancy in the rudiments of virtue, and to impress upon her tender years a young odium and aversion to the very sight of men,---ay, friend, she would ha' shriek'd if she had but seen a man, till she was in her teens. As I'm a person 'tis true.--She was never suffer'd to play with a male-child, tho' but in coats; nay, her very babies were of the *feminine gender*.--O, she never look'd a man in the face, but her own father, or the chaplain, and him we made a shift to put upon her for a woman, by the help of his long garments and his sleek face; till she was going in her fifteen.

Mrs. *Mar.* 'Twas much she should be deceived so long.

L. *Wish.* I warrant you, or she would never have borne to have been catechized by him; and have heard his long lectures against fingering and dancing, and such debaucheries; and going to filthy plays, and profane musick-meetings, where the lewd trebles squeak nothing but bawdy, and the basses roar blasphemy. O, she would have swoon'd at the sight or name of an obscene play-book---and can I think, after all this, that my daughter can be naught? What, a whore? and thought it excommunication to set her foot within the door of a playhouse. O dear friend, I can't believe it. No, no; as she says, let him prove it, let him prove it.

Mrs. *Mar.* Prove it, madam? what, and have your name prostituted in a publick court; yours and your daughter's reputation worried at the bar by a pack of bawling lawyers! to be ushered in with an O-yes of scandal; and have your case opened by an old fumbling lecher in a coif like a man-midwife, to bring your daughter's infamy to light; to be a theme for legal punsters,
and

and quibblers by the statute ; and become a jest, against a rule of court, where there is no precedent for a jest in any record ; not even in Doomſday-book ; to diſcompote the gravity of the bench, and provoke naughty interrogatories in more naughty law Latin ; while the good judge, tickled with the proceeding, ſimpers under a grey beard, and fidgets off and on his cushion, as if he had swallow'd cantharides, or ſate upon cow-itch.

L. Wiſh. O, 'tis very hard !

Mrs. Mar. And then to have my young revellers of the Temple take notes, like 'prentices at a conventicle ; and after talk it over again in commons, or before drawers in an eating-house.

L. Wiſh. Worse and worse.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, this is nothing ; if it would end here 'twere well. But it must after this be consign'd by the short-hand writers to the public preſs ; and from thence be transferr'd to the hands, nay, into the throats and lungs of hawkers, with voices more licentious than the loud flounder-man's ; and this you must hear till you are stunn'd ; nay, you must hear nothing else for some days.

L. Wiſh. O, 'tis insupportable ! No, no, dear friend, make it up, make it up ; ay, ay, I'll compound. I'll give up all, myself and my all, my niece and her all---any thing, every thing for composition.

Mrs. Mar. Nay, madam, I advise nothing ; I only lay before you, as a friend, the inconveniencies which perhaps you have overseen. Here comes Mr. Fainall ; if he will be satisfied to huddle up all in silence, I shall be glad. You must think I would rather congratulate than condole with you.

Enter Fainall.

L. Wiſh. Ay, ay, I do not doubt it, dear *Marwood* ; no, no, I do not doubt it.

Fain. Well, madam ; I have suffer'd myself to be overcome by the importunity of this lady your friend ; and am content you shall enjoy your own proper estate during life ; on condition you oblige yourself never to marry, under such penalty as I think convenient.

L. Wiſh. Never to marr. !

D

Fain.

Fain. No more Sir *Rowlands*—the next imposture may not be so timely detected.

Mrs. Mar. That condition, I dare answer, my lady will content to, without difficulty; she has already but too much experienced the perfidiousness of men. Besides, madam, when we retire to our pastoral solitude, we shall bid adieu to all other thoughts.

L. Wjlb. Ay, that's true; 'but in case of necessity; 'as of health, or some such emergency——

Fain. 'O, if you are prescrib'd marriage, you shall 'be consider'd; I will only referre to myself the power 'to chuse for you. If your physick be wholesome, it 'matters not who is your apothecary.' Next, my wife shall settle on me the remainder of her fortune, not made over already; and for her maintenance depend entirely on my discretion.

L. Wjlb. This is most inhumanly savage; exceeding the barbarity of a *Mexicotte* husband.

Fain. I learn'd it from his *Czarish* majesty's retinue, in a winter evening's conference over brandy and pepper, amongst other secrets of matrimony and policy, as they are at present practis'd in the northern hemisphere. But this must be agreed unto, and that positively. Lastly, I will be endow'd, in right of my wife, with that six thousand pounds, which is the moiety of *Mrs. Millamant's* fortune in your possession; and which she has forfeited (as will appear by the last will and testament of your deceased husband, Sir *Jonathan Wjlbfort*), by her disobedience in contracting herself against your consent or knowledge; and by refusing the offer'd match with Sir *Wjlfred Witwoud*, which you, like a careful aunt, had provided for her.

L. Wjlb. My nephew was *non compos*; and could not make his addresses.

Fain. I come to make demands—I'll hear no objections.

L. Wjlb. You will grant me time to consider?

Fain. Yes, while the instrument is drawing, to which you must set your hand till more sufficient deeds can be perfected, which I will take care shall be done with all possible speed. In the mean while I will go for the
said

aid instrument, and till my return you may balance his matter in your own discretion. [Exit.

L. *Wifb.* This insolence is beyond all precedent, all parallel; must I be subject to this merciless villain?

Mrs *Mar.* 'Tis severe indeed, madam, that you should smart for your daughter's failings.

L. *Wifb.* 'Twas against my consent that she married this barbarian; but she would have him, tho' her year was not out—Ah! her first husband, my son Languish, would not have carried it thus. Well, that was my choice, this is hers; she is match'd now with a witness—I shall be mad, dear friend; is there no comfort for me? Must I live to be confiscated at this rebel-rate?—Here come two more of my *Ægyptian* plagues too.

Enter Millamant and Sir Wilfull.

Sir *Wil.* Aunt, your servant.

L. *Wifb.* Out, caterpillar! call not me aunt; I know thee not.

Sir *Wil.* I confess I have been a little in disguise, as they say,—'Sheart! and I'm sorry for't. What would you have? I hope I committed no offence, aunt—and if I did I am willing to make satisfaction; and what can a man say fairer? If I have broke any thing I'll pay for't, an it cost a pound. And so let that content for what's past, and make no more words. For what's to come, to pleasure you, I'm willing to marry my cousin. So pray let's all be friends, she and I are agreed upon the matter before a witness.

L. *Wifb.* How's this, dear niece? have I any comfort? can this be true?

Mill. I am content to be a sacrifice to your repose, madam; and to convince you that I had no hand in the plot, as you were misinform'd, I have laid my commands on Mirabell to come in person, and be a witness that I give my hand to this flower of Knighthood; and for the contract that pass'd between Mirabell and me, I have obliged him to make a resignation of it in your ladyship's presence;—he is without, and waits your leave for admittance.

L. *Wifb.* Well; I'll swear I am something revived at this testimony of your obedience; but I cannot admit

that traitor,——I fear I cannot fortify myself to support his appearance. He is as terrible to me as a Gorgon; if I see him I fear I shall turn to stone, and petrify incessantly.

M. H. If you disoblige him he may resent your refusal, and insist upon the contract still. Then 'tis the last time he will be offensive to you.

L. H. J. Are you sure it will be the last time?——if I were sure of that——shall I never see him again?

M. H. Sir Wiltull, you and he are to travel together, are you no?

Sir H. J. 'Sheart, the gentleman's a civil gentleman, a gent, let him come in; why we are sworn brothers and fellow-travellers. We are to be Pylades and Orestes, he and I.—He is to be my interpreter in foreign parts. He has been over-seas once already; and with proviso that I marry me again, will cross 'em once again, only to bear me company.—'Sheart, I'll call him in,—and I set on't once, he shall come in; and see who'll hinder him.

[Goes to the door and bells.]

Mrs. Mar. 'This is precious fooling, if it would pass; but I'll know the bottom of it.

L. H. J. O, dear Marwood, you are not going?

Mrs. Mar. Not far, madam; I'll return immediately.

[Exit.]

Enter Mirabell.

Sir H. J. Look up, man, I'll stand by you; 'sbody an the do frown, she can't kill you;—be sides—harkee, she dare not frown desperately, because her face is none of her own; sit out, and she should, her forehead would wrinkle like the coat of a cream-cheese; but mum for that, fellow-traveller.

Mirab. If a deep sense of the many injuries I have offer'd to so good a lady, with a sincere remorse, and a hearty contrition, can but obtain the least glance of compassion, I am too happy.—Ah, madam, there was a time—but let it be forgotten—I confess I have deservedly forfeited the high place I once held, of sitting at your feet; nay, kill me not, by turning from me in disdain—I come not to plead for favour;—nay, not for pardon;

don ; I am a suppliant only for pity—I am going where I never shall behold you more.—

Sir Wil. How, fellow-traveller!—you shall go by yourself then.

Mir. Let me be pitied first ; and afterwards forgotten—I ask no more.

Sir Wil. By'r lady a very reasonable request, and will cost you nothing, aunt.—Come, come, forgive and forget, aunt ; why you must, an you are a Christian.

Mir. Consider, madam, in reality, you could not receive much prejudice ; it was an innocent device ; tho' I confess it had a face of guiltiness,—it was at most an artifice which love contrived—and errors which love produces have ever been accounted venial. At least think it is punishment enough, that I have lost what in my heart I hold most dear ; that to your cruel indignation I have offer'd up this beauty, and with her my peace and quiet ; nay, all my hopes of future comfort.

Sir Wil. An he does not move me, would I may never be o'the quorum.—An it were not as good a deed as to drink, to give her to him again,—I would I might never take slipping.—Aunt, if you don't forgive quickly, I shall melt, I can tell you that. My contract went no farther than a little mouth-glue, and that's hardly dry ;—One doleful sigh more from my fellow-traveller, and 'tis dissolved.

L. W/b. Well, nephew, upon your account—Ah, he has a false, insinuating tongue.—Well, sir, I will stifle my just resentment, at my nephew's request—I will endeavour what I can to forget,—but on proviso that you resign the contract with my niece immediately.

Mir. It is in writing, and with papers of concern ; but I have sent my servant for it, and will deliver it to you, with all acknowledgments for your transcendent goodness.

L. W/b. Oh, he has witchcraft in his eyes and tongue ;—When I did not see him, I could have bribed a villain to his assassination ; but his appearance rakes the sinners which have so long lain smother'd in my breast.—

[*Aside.*
Enter

Enter Fainall and Mrs Marwood.

Fain. Your debate or deliberation, madam, is expired. Here is the instrument, are you prepar'd to sign?

L. W. gh. If I were prepar'd, I am not impower'd. My niece exerts a lawful claim, having match'd herself by my direction to Sir Wilfull.

Fa. c. That claim is too gross to pass on me—tho' 'tis imposed on you, madam.

M. W. Sir, I have given my consent.

Mrs. And, sir, I have resign'd my pretensions.

Sir Wil. And, sir, I assert my right; and will maintain it in defiance of you, sir, and of your instrument. 'Sheart, an you talk of an instrument, sir, I have an old fox by my thigh shall hack your instrument of ravelment to shreds, sir. It shall not be sufficient for a *mitre*, or a taylor's measure; therefore withdraw your instrument, or by'r lady I shall draw mine.

L. W. gh. Hold, nephew, hold.

M. W. Good sir Wilfull, respite your valour.

Fain. Indeed? are you provided of your guard, with your single beef-eater there? But I am prepared for you; and insist upon my first proposal. You shall submit your own estate to my management, and absolutely make over my wife's to my sole use; as pursuant to the purport and tenor of this other covenant.—I suppose, madam, your consent is not requisite in this case; nor, Mr. Mirabell, your resignation; nor, Sir Wilfull, your right. You may draw your fox if you please, sir, and make a Bear-garden flourish somewhere else: for here it will not avail. This, my lady Wishfort, must be subscribed, or your darling daughter's turn'd scold, 'like a leaky hulk' to sink or swim, as she and the current of this 'new' town can agree.

L. W. gh. Is there no means, no remedy, to stop my ruin? Ungrateful wretch! Dost thou not owe thy being, thy subsistence to my daughter's fortune?

Fain. I'll answer you when I have the rest of it in my possession.

Mrs. But that you would not accept of a remedy from my hands—I own I have not deserved you should owe any obligation to me; or else perhaps I could advise——

L. W. gh.

L. Wifb. O, what? what? to save me and my child from ruin, from want, I'll forgive all that's past; nay, I'll consent to any thing to come, to be deliver'd from this tyranny.

Mir. Ay, madam; but that is too late, my reward is intercepted. You have disposed of her, who only could have made me a compensation for all my services;—but be it as it may, I am resolv'd I'll serve you, you shall not be wrong'd in this savage manner.

L. Wifb. How! dear Mr. Mirabell, can you be so generous at last! but it is not possible.—Harkee, I'll break my nephew's match; you shall have my niece yet, and all her fortune, if you can but save me from this imminent danger.

Mir. Will you? I take you at your word. I ask no more. I must have leave for two criminals to appear.

L. Wifb. Ay, ay, any body, any body.

Mir. Foible is one, and a penitent.

Enter Mrs. Fainall, Foible, Mincing.

Mrs. Mar. O, my shame! [*Mira. and Lady go to Mrs. Fainall and Foible*] these corrupt things are brought hither to expose me. [*To Fainall.*]

Fain. If it must all come out, why let 'em know it, 'tis but the *Way of the World*. That shall not urge me to relinquish or abate one tittle of my terms; no, I will insist the more.

Foi. Yes indeed, madam, I'll take my Bible-oath of it.

Minc. And so will I, mem.

L. Wifb. O *Marwood, Marwood*, art thou false! My friend deceive me! Hast thou been a wicked accomplice with that profligate man?

Mrs. Mar. Have you so much ingratitude and injustice, to give credit against your friend, to the aspersions of two such mercenary trulls?

Minc. Mercenary, mem! I scorn your words. 'Tis true we found you and Mr. *Fainall* in the blue garret; by the same token, you swore us to secrecy upon *Messalina's* poems. Mercenary! No, if we would have been mercenary, we should have held our tongues; you would have bribed us sufficiently.

Fain.

Fain. Go, you are an insignificant thing.—Well, what are you the better for this? Is this *Mr. Mirabell's* expedient? I'll be put off no longer—You, thing, that was a wife, shall smart for this. I will not leave thee whereabout to hide thy shame: Your person shall be naked as your reputation.

Mr. Fain. I despise you, and defy your malice—You have asserted me wrongfully—I have proved your falsehood!—Go you and your treacherous—I will not name it, but strive together—Perish.

Fain. Not while you are worth a goat, indeed, my dear—Mirabell, I'll be paid no longer.

L. Hyl. Ah, *Mr. Mirabell*, this is small comfort, the detection of this affair.

Mr. On your oath—Your leave for the other offender and penitent to appear, no more.

Enter Warwell with a box of writings.

L. Hyl. O *Mr. Warwell*—Well, indeed.

War. What your ladyship pleases.—I have brought the black box at last, madam.

Mr. On your oath. Madam, you remember your promise.

L. Hyl. Ay, indeed.

Mr. Where are the gentlemen?

War. At hand, sir, rubbing their eyes—just risen from sleep.

Fain. I doubt not but this to me? I'll not wait your private conference.

Enter Petulant and Witwoud.

Pet. How now? what's the matter? whose hand's out?

War. He says, what, are you all together, like players on the road on the last act?

Mr. I am very ready to say, gentlemen, I once requested you to be so good as to come to my parliament.

Witw. Ay I do, my word I can remember—*Petulant* let his back

Mr. You will say him, his name is fairly written, as shall appear—*You* do not remember, gentlemen, any thing of what that parliament contained—

[Undoing the box.

Witw.

Witw. No.

Pet. Not I. I writ, I read nothing.

Mir. Very well, now you shall know—Madam, your promise.

L. Wilsb. Ay, ay, fir, upon my honour.

Mir. Mr. Fainall, it is now time that you should know, that your lady, while she was at her own disposal, and before you had by your insinuations wheedled her out of a pretended settlement of the greatest part of her fortune—

Fain. Sir! pretended!

Mir. Yes, fir, I say, that this lady while a widow, having it seems received some cautions respecting your inconstancy and tyranny of temper, which from her own partial opinion and fondness of you she could never have suspected—She did, I say, by the wholesome advice of friends, and of sages learn'd in the laws of this land, deliver this same as her act and deed to me in trust, and to the uses within mention'd. You may read if you please —[*holding out the parchment*], tho' perhaps what is written on the back may serve your occasions.

Fain. Very likely, fir. What's here? 'Damnation!'

[*Reads.*] *A deed of conveyance of the whole estate real of Arabella Languish, widow, in trust, to Edward Mirabell.*

Confusion!

Mir. Even so, fir; 'tis *The Way of the World*, fir; of the widows of the world. I suppose this deed may bear an elder date than what you have obtain'd from your lady.

Fain. Perfidious fiend! then thus I'll be revenged—

[*Offers to run at Mrs. Fainall.*]

Sir W'il. Hold, fir; now you may make your *Beard* flourish somewhere else, fir.

Fain. Mirabell, you shall hear of this, fir, be sure you shall—Let me pass, oaf. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Fain. Madam, you seem to stifle your resentment: you had better give it vent.

Mrs. Mir. Yes, it shall have vent—and to your confusion, or I'll perish in the attempt. [*Exit.*]

Early Wishfort, Millamant, Mirabell, *Mrs. Fainall,*
Sir Willfull, Petulant, Witwould, Foible, Mincing,
Waitwell.

L. Wilsb.

L. W. O daughter, daughter, 'tis plain thou hast inherited thy mother's prudence.

Mrs. Fann. Thank Mr. *Mirabell*, a cautious friend, to whose advice all is owing.

L. W. Well, Mr. *Mirabell*, you have kept your promise.—and I must perform mine.—First, I pardon for your sake Sir *Rowland* there and *Foible*.—The next thing is to break the matter to my nephew—and how to do that—

Mrs. For that, ma'am, give yourself no trouble—let me have your consent—Sir *Willfull* is my friend; he has had compassion upon lovers, and generously engaged a volunteer in this action, for our service; and now designs to postpone his travels.

Sir *Will.* 'Heart, aunt, I have no mind to marry. My cousin's a lovely lady, and the gentleman loves her, and she loves him, and they deserve one another; my resolution is to see foreign parts—I have set on't—and when I'm set on't, I must do't. And if these two gentlemen would travel too, I think they may be spared.

Pat. For my part, I say little—I think things are best; off or on.

Wait. I gad I understand nothing of the matter,—I'm in a maze yet, like a dog in a dancing-school.

L. W. Well sir, take her, and wish her all the joy I can give you.

Mrs. Why does not the man take me? Would you have me give myself to you over again?

Mrs. Ay, and over and over again; [*Kisses her hand.*] I would have you as often as possibly I can. Well, Heaven grant I love you not too well, that's all my fear.

Sir *Will.* 'Heart, you'd have time enough to toy after you're married; or if you will toy now, let us have a dance in the meantime; that we who are not lovers may have some other employment, besides looking on.

Mrs. With all my heart, dear Sir *Willfull*. What shall we do for music?

Fel. O, sir, some that were provided for Sir *Rowland's* entertainment are yet within call. [*A dance.*]

L. W. As I am a person I can hold out no longer;—I have wasted my spirits so to day already, that I am
ready

ready to sink under the fatigue: and I cannot but have some fears upon me yet, that my son Fainall will pursue some desperate course.

Mir. Madam, disquiet not yourself on that account; to my knowledge his circumstances are such, he must of force comply. For my part, I will contribute all that in me lies to a re-union: in the mean time, madam, [*To Mrs. Fainall*] let me before these witnesses restore to you this deed of trust; it may be a means, well managed, to make you live easily together.

*From hence let those be warn'd, who mean to wed,
Lest mutual falsehood stain the bridal-bed:
For each deceiver to his cost may find,
That marriage frauds too oft are paid in kind.*

[*Exeunt omnes*]

EPILOGUE.

E P I L O G U E.

*AFTER our Epilogue this crowd dismisses,
 I'm thinking how this play'll be pull'd to pieces.
 But pray consider, ere you doom its fall,
 How hard a thing 'twould be to please you all.
 There are some critics so with spleen diseas'd,
 They scarcely come inclining to be pleas'd:
 And sure he must have more than mortal skill,
 Who pleases any one against his will.
 Then, all bad poets we are sure are foes,
 And how their number's swell'd, the town well knows;
 In shoals I've mark'd 'em judging in the pit;
 Tho' they're on no pretence for judgment fit,
 But that they have been damn'd for want of wit.
 Since when, they, by their own offences taught,
 Set up for spies on plays, and finding fault,
 Others there are whose malice we'd prevent;
 Such, who watch plays, with scurrilous intent,
 To mark out who by characters are meant:
 And tho' no perfect likeness they can trace;
 Yet each pretends to know the copy'd face.
 These, with false glasses feed their own ill-nature,
 And turn to libel what was meant a satire.
 May such malicious fops this fortune find,
 To think themselves alone the fools design'd:
 If any are so arrogantly vain,
 To think they singly can support a scene,
 And furnish fool enough to entertain.
 For well the learn'd and the judicious know,
 That satire scorns to stoop so meanly low,
 As any one abstracted fop to show.
 For, as when painters form a matchless face,
 They from each fair-one catch some different grace;
 And shining features in one portrait blend,
 To which no single beauty must pretend:
 So poets oft do in one piece expose
 Whole belles assemblées of coquets and beaux.*

F I N I S.

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MR. MOODY as TEAGUE,
and
MR. PARSONS as OBADIAH.

Obad. Good. M^r. Teague give me some more.

Published Nov. 8 1776 by J. Townes & Partners.

THE
COMMITTEE:

OR, THE
Faithful Irishman.

A
COMEDY.

Written by
SIR ROBERT HOWARD,

With the Variations in the
MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE
Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane.

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LOWNDERS; W. NICOLL
and S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

1. Gramma English

P R O L O G U E.

*To cheat the most judicious eyes, there be
 Ways in all trades, but this of poetry:
 Your tradesman shews his ware by some false light,
 To hide the faults and stighness from your sight:
 Nay, though 'tis full of bracks, he'll boldly swear
 'Tis excellen', and so help off his ware.
 He'll rule your judgment by his confidence,
 Which in a poet you'd call impudence;
 Nay, if the world afford the like again,
 He swears he'll give it to you for nothing then.
 Those are words too a poet dares not say;
 Let it be good or bad, you're sure to pay.
 —Would 'twere a pen'worth; — but in this you are
 Abler to judge, than he that made the ware:
 However his design was well enough,
 He tried to shew some newer-fashion'd stuff.
 Not that the name Committee can be new.
 That has been too well-known to most of you:
 But you may smile, for you have past your doom;
 The poet dares not, his is still to come.*

Dramatis Personæ.

DRURY-LANE.

M E N.

Colonel Careless,	_____	Mr. WHITFIELD.
Colonel Blunt,	_____	Mr. WILLIAMS.
Lieutenant Story,	_____	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Nehemiah Cutch,	_____	Mr. WALDRON.
Joseph Memish,	} Committee N.B.	
Jonathan Headstrong,		
Ezekiel Scrape,		
Mr. Day, the Chairman to the	} Committee,	Mr. BADDELEY.
Abel, Son to Mr. Day,		Mr. BURTON.
Obadiah, Clerk to the Committee,		Mr. PARSONS.
Teague, with Songs,	_____	Mr. MOODY.
Tavern-Boy,	_____	Mr. LYONS.
Bailiff,	_____	Mr. BENSON.
Soldier,	_____	Mr. SPENCER.
Gaol-Keeper,	_____	Mr. WILSON.
Servant to Mr. Day,	_____	Mr. CHAPLIN.
A Stage Coachman,	_____	Mr. COX.
Hawker	_____	Mr. ALFRED.
Porter,	_____	Mr. JONES.
Jack,	_____	Miss HEARD.

W O M E N.

Mrs. Arbella,	_____	Mrs. KEMBLE.
Mrs. Day,	_____	Mrs. HOPKINS.
Mrs. Ruth,	_____	Miss POPE.
Mrs. Chat,	_____	Mrs. BOOTH.

SCENE, LONDON.

TH

THE COMMITTEE.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Mrs. Day, brushing her Hoods and Scarfs, Mrs. Arbella, Mrs. Ruth, Colonel Blunt, and a Stage Coachman.

Mrs. D. **N**OW out upon'r, how dusty 'tis! All things consider'd, 'tis better travelling in the winter; especially for us of a better sort, that ride in coaches. And yet, to say truth, warm weather is both pleasant and comfortable; 'tis a thousand pities that fair weather should do any hurt.—Well said, honest coachman, thou hast done thy part: my son *Abel* paid for my place at *Reading*, did he not?

Coach. Yes, an't please you.

Mrs. D. Well, there's something extraordinary, to make thee drink.

Coach. By my whip, 'tis a groat of more than ordinary thinness.—Plague on this new gentry, how liberal they are. [*Aside.*] Farewell, young mistress; farewell, gentlemen: pray when you come by *Reading*, let *Toby* carry you. [*Exit Coachman.*]

Mrs. D. Why how now, *Mrs. Arbella*? What, sad? why, what's the matter?

Arb. I am not very sad.

Mrs. D. Nay, by my honour, you need not; if you knew as much as I. Well.—I'll tell you one thing; you are well enough, you need not fear, whoever does; say I told you so,—if you do not hurt yourself; for as cunning as he is, and let him be as cunning as he will, I can see with half an eye, that my son *Abel* means to take care of you in your composition, and will needs have you his guest: *Ruth* and you shall be bed-fellows. I warrant that same *Abel* many and many a time will wish his sister's place; or else his father ne'er got him:

though I say it, that should not say it, yet I
t——'tis a notable fellow——

Arb. I am fallen into strange hands, if they
as busy as her tongue——

Mrs. D. And now you talk of this same *Abel*,
you but one thing, I wonder that neither he n
husband's honour's chief clerk *Obadiah* is not he
cy to attend me. I dare warrant my *Abel* has
here two hours before us: 'tis the veriest prince
will ever be a galloping, and yet he is not full o
twenty, for all his appearances: he never stol
trick of galloping; his father was just such ano
fore him, and would gallop with the best of 'em
and *Mrs. Busy's* husband were counted the best hor
in *Realin*-, ay, and *Berkshire* to boot. I have ro
merly behind *Mr. Busy*, but in truth I cannot n
dure to travel but in a coach; my own was at f
in disorder, and so I was fain to shift in this;
warrant you, if his honour, *Mr. Day*, chair-m
the honourable committee of sequestrations, I
know that his wife rode in a stage-coach, he
make the house too hot for some.—Why, he
with you, sir? what, weary of your journey?

[To *Arb.*]

Col. Bl. Her tongue will never tire. [*Aside.*
many, mistress, riding in the coach, has a litt
temper'd me with heat.

Mrs. D. So many, sir? why there were but
What would you say if I should tell you, that
one of the eleven that travell'd at one time in one c

Col. Bl. O the devil! I have given her a new t

Mrs. D. Why, I'll tell you——Can you
how 'twas?

Col. Bl. Not I, truly. But 'tis no matter
believe it.

Mrs. D. Look you, thus it was; there was
first place, myself, and my husband, I should
said first; but his honour would have pardoned
he had heard me; *Mr. Busy* that I told you o

his wife; the mayor of *Reading*, and his wife; and this *Ruth* that you see there, in one of our laps—but now, where do you think the rest were?

Col. *Bl.* A top o' th' coach sure.

Mrs. *D.* Nay, I durst swear you would never guess—why—would you think it: I had two growing in my belly, Mrs. *Buffy* one in hers, and Mrs. *Mayorist* of *Reading* a chopping boy, as it proved afterwards, in her's; as like the father as if it had been spit out of his mouth; and if he had come out of his mouth, he had come out of as honest a man's mouth as any in forty miles of the head of him: for would you think it, at the very same time when this same *Ruth* was sick, it being the first time the girl was ever coach'd, the good man, Mr. *Mayor*, I mean, that I spoke of, held his hat for the girl to ease her stomach in. —

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

—O, are you come! long look'd for comes at last. Did you not think it fit that I should have found attendance ready for me when I alighted?

Ob. I ask your honour's pardon; for I do profess unto your ladyship I had attended sooner, but that his young honour, Mr. *Abel*, demurr'd me by his delays.

Mrs. *D.* Well, son *Abel*, you must be obey'd, and I partly, if not quite, guess your business; providing for the entertainment of one I have in my eye; read her and take her: ah, is't not so?

Abel. I have not been deficient in my care, forsooth.

Mrs. *D.* Will you never leave your forsooths? Art thou not ashamed to let the clerk carry himself better, and shew more breeding, than his master's son?

Abel. If it please your honour, I have some business for your more private ear.

Mrs. *D.* Very well.

Ruth. What a lamentable condition has that gentleman been in! fairh I pity him.

Arb. Are you so apt to pity men?

Ruth. Yes, men that are humourfome, as I would children that are froward; I would not make them cry a purpose.

Arb. Well, I like his humour, I dare swear he's plain and honest.

Ruth. Plain enough of all conscience; faith, I'll speak to him.

Arb. Nay, pr'ythee don't, he'll think thee rude.

Ruth. Why then I'll think him an ass. — How is't after your journey, sir?

Col. Bl. Why, I am worse after it.

Ruth. Do you love riding in a coach, sir?

Col. Bl. No, forsooth, nor talking after riding in a coach.

Ruth. I should be loth to interrupt your meditations sir; we may have the fruits hereafter.

Col. Bl. If you have, they shall break loose spite of my teeth. — This spawn is as bad as the great pike.

Arb. Pr'ythee peace: — Sir, we wish you all happiness. [Aside]

Cid. Bl. And quiet, good sweet ladies, — I like her well enough. — Now would not I have her say any more, for fear she shou'd jeer too, and spoil my good opinion. If 'twere possible, I would think well of our women.

Mrs. D. Come, Mrs. *Arbella*, 'tis as I told you *Abel* has done it; say no more: take her by the hand *Abel.* I profess, she may venture to take thee so better, for worse: come Mrs. the honourable committee will sit suddenly. Come, let's along, farewell, sir. [Exeunt all but C. L. Blunt]

C. Bl. How, the committee ready to sit. Plague on their honours; for so my honour'd lady, that was one of the eleven, was pleased to call 'em. I had like to have come a day after the fair. 'Tis pretty, that such as I have been, must compound for their having been rascals. Well, I must go look a lodging, and a solicitor I'll find the arrantest rogue I can too: for, according to the old saying, set a thief to catch a thief.

Enter Col. Careless, and Lieutenant Story.

C. Car. Dear *Blunt*, well met; when came you man?

C. Bl.

THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN.

9

C. *Bl.* Dear *Careless*, I did not think to have met thee so suddenly. Lieutenant, your servant. I am landed just now man.

C. *Car.* Thou speak'st as if thou had'st been at sea.

C. *Bl.* It's pretty well guest; I have been in a storm.

C. *Car.* What storm, man?

C. *Bl.* Why, a tempest, as high as ever blew from woman's breath: I have rode in a stage coach, wedged in with half a dozen; one of them was a committee-man's wife; his name is *Day*; and she accordingly will be call'd, Your Honour, and Your Ladyship; There was her daughter too; but a bastard without question; for she had no resemblance to the rest of the notch'd rascals; and very pretty, and had wit enough to jeer a man in prosperity to death.—There was another gentlewoman, and she was handsome, nay very handsome; but I kept her from being as bad as the rest.

C. *Car.* Pr'ythee how, man?

C. *Bl.* Why, she began with two or three good words, and I desired her she would be quiet while she was well.

C. *Car.* Thou wert not so mad?

C. *Bl.* I had been mad, if I had not—But when we came to our journey's end, there met us two such formal and stately rascals, that yet pretended religion and open rebellion ever painted: they were the hopes and guide of the honourable family, *viz.* The eldest son, and the chiefest clerk, rogues—and hereby hangs a tale.—This gentlewoman I to'd thee I kept civil, by desiring her to say nothing, is a rich heiress of one that died in the king's service, and left his estate under sequestration. This young chicken has this kite snatch'd up, and designs her for this her eldest rascal.

C. *Car.* What a dull fellow wert thou, not to make love, and rescue her.

C. *Bl.* I'll woo no woman.

C. *Car.* Wouldst thou have them court thee? a souldier, and not love a siege!—How now, who art thou?

A 5

Enter

Enter Teague.

Teag. A poor Irishman, Heaven save me, and save you all three faces; I pr'ythee give me a thirteen.

C. Car. A thirteen? I see thou wouldst not lose a thing for want of asking.

Teag. I can't afford it.

C. Car. Here, I am pretty near; there's sixpen for thy confidence.

Teag. By my troth it is too 'ittle. Give me another sixpence halfpenny, and I'll drink your health.

C. Car. Troth, like enough: how long hast thou been in *England*?

Teag. Ever since I came here and longer too fait.

C. Car. That's true; what hast thou done since thou cam'st into *England*.

Teag. Served Heaven and St. *Patrick*, and my good sweet king, and my good sweet master; yes indeed.

C. Car. And what dost thou do now?

Teag. Cry for them every day, upon my soul.

C. Car. Why, where's thy master?

Teag. He's dead, master, and left poor *Teague* upon my soul, he never served poor *Teague* so before in all his life.

C. Car. Who was thy master?

Teag. E'en the good Colonel *Danger*.

C. Car. He was my dear and noble friend.

Teag. Yes, that he was, and poor *Teague*'s too.

C. Car. What dost thou mean to do?

Teag. I will get a good master, if any good master would get me; I cannot tell what to do else, by my soul, for I have went to one *Lilly*'s; he lives at this house, at the end of another house, by the may-pole house; and tells every body by one star, and t'other star, what good luck they shall have, but he could not tell nothing for poor *Teague*.

C. Car. Why, man?

Teag. Why, 'tis done by the stars and the planets and he told me there were no stars for *Irishmen*: I told him there was as many stars in *Ireland* as in *England* and more too, and if a good master cannot get me I will run into *Ireland*. and see if the stars be not there still;

kill; and if they be, I will come back, and beat his pate, if he will not then tell me some good luck, and some stars.

C. Car. Poor fellow, I pity him; I fancy he's simply honest:—Hast thou any trade?

Teag. Bo, bub bub bo, a trade, a trade! an *Irishman* a trade! an *Irishman* scorns a trade, his blood is too thick for a trade; I will run for thee forty miles; but I scorn to have a trade.

C. Bl. Alas, poor simple fellow.

C. Car. I pity him; nor can I endure to see any man miserable that can weep for my prince, and friend. Well, *Teague*, what sayest thou if I will take thee?

Teag. Why, I say you could not do a better thing.

C. Car. Thy master was my dear friend: wert thou with him when he was kill'd?

Teag. Yes, upon my soul, that I was, and I did houl over him, and I ask'd him why he died, but the devil burn the word he said to me, and i'faith I staid kissing his sweet face, 'till the rogues came upon me and took away all from me; and I was naked till I got this mantle, that I was: I have never any vic-tuals neither, but a little snuff.

C. Car. Come, thou shalt live with me; love me as thou didst thy master.

Teag. That I will, if you will be good to poor *Teague*.

C. Car. Now to our business; for I came but last night myself; and the lieutenant and I were just going to seek a solicitor.

C. Bl. One may serve us all; what say you, lieutenant, can you furnish us?

Lieu. Yes, I think I can help you to plough with a heifer of their own.

C. Car. Now I think on't, *Blunt*, why didst not thou begin with the committee man's cow?

C. Bl. Plague on her, she lowbeli'd me so that I thought of nothing, but stood shrinking like a dazed lark.

Lieu. Eut hark you, gentlemen, there's an ill-tasting

dose to be swallowed first; there's a covenant to be taken.

Teag. Well, what is that covenant? by my soul I will take it for my new master.

C. Car. Thank thee, *Teague*——A covenant, sayest thou?

Teag. Well, where is that covenant? ——

C. Car. We'll not swear, lieutenant.

Lieu. You must have no land then.

C. Bl. 'I then farewell acres, and may the dirt choak 'em.

C. Car. 'Tis but being reduced to *Teague's* equipage; 'twas a lucky thing to have a fellow that can teach one this cheap diet of snuff.

Teag. Oh you shall have your belly full of it.

Lieu. Come, gentlemen, we must lose no more time; I'll carry you to my poor house, where you shall lodge: for know, I am married to a most illustrious person that had a kindness for me.

C. Car. Pry'thee, how didst thou light upon this good fortune?

Lieu. Why, you see there are stars in *England*, though none in *Ireland*: Come, gentlemen, time calls us; you shall have my story hereafter.

C. Bl. Plague on this covenant.

Lieu. Curse it not, 'twill prosper thee.

[*Ex. Blunt and Lieutenant*]

C. Car. Come, *Teague*; however I have a suit of cloaths for thee; thou shalt lay by the blanket for some time; it may be, thee and I may be reduced together to thy country fashion.

Teag. Upon my soul, joy, for I will carry thee to my little estate in Ireland.

C. Car. Hast thou got an estate?

Teag. By my soul, and I have; but the land is of such a nature, that if you had it for nothing, you would scarce make your money of it.

C. Car. Why, there's the worst on't; the best will help itself.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE I

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Day's house.**Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.*

Mr. D. Welcome, sweet duck; I profess thou hast brought home good company indeed; money and money's worth: if we can but now make sure of this heiress Mrs. *Arbella*, for our son *Abel*.

Mrs. D. If we can? you are ever at your *ifs*; you're afraid of your own shadow; I can tell you one *if* more; that is, *if* I did not bear you up, your heart would be down in your breeches at every turn: well—if I were gone,—there's another *if* for you.

Mr. D. I profess thou sayest true, I should not know what to do indeed; I am beholden to thy good counsel for many a good thing; I had ne'er got *Ruth* nor her estate into my fingers else.

Mrs. D. Nay in that business too you were at your *ifs*: now you see she goes currently for our own daughter, and this *Arbella* shall be our daughter too, or she shall have no estate.

Mr. D. If we could but do that, wife!

Mrs. D. Yet again at your *ifs*?

Mr. D. I have done, I have done; to your counsel, good duck; you know I depend upon that.

Mrs. D. You may well enough, you find the sweets on't; and to say truth, 'tis known too well, that you rely upon it: in truth they are ready to call me committee-man: they will perceive the weight that lies upon me, husband.

Mr. D. Nay, good duck, no chiding now, but to your counsel.

Mrs. D. In the first place (observe how I lay a design in politick's) d'ye mark, counterfeit me a letter from the king, where he shall offer you great matters, to serve him and his interest under hand. Very good: and in it let him remember his kind love and service to me. This will make them look about 'em, and think you somebody: then promise them, if they'll be true friends to you, to live and die with them, and refuse all great offers; then, whilst 'tis warm, get the compo-

composition of *Arbella's* estate into your own power, upon your design of marrying her to *Abel*.

Mr. D. Excellent.

Mrs. D. Mark the luck on't too, their names sound alike; *Abel* and *Arbella*, they are the same to a trifle, it seemeth a providence.

Mr. D. Thou observest right, duck, thou canst see as far into a millstone as another.

Mrs. D. Pish, do not interrupt me.

Mr. D. I do not, good duck, I do not.

Mrs. D. You do not, and yet you do; you put me off from the concatenation of my discourse: then, as I was saying, you may intimate to your honourable fellows, that one good turn deserves another. That language is understood amongst you. I take it, ha.

Mr. D. Yes, yes, we use those *items* often.

Mrs. D. Well, interrupt me not.

Mr. D. I do not, good wife.

Mrs. D. You do not, and yet you do; by this means get her composition put wholly into your hands, and then no *Abel*, no land.—But—in the mean time I would have *Abel* do his part too.

Mr. D. Ay, ay; there's a want; I found it.

Mrs. D. Yes, when I told you so before.

Mr. D. Why that's true, duck, he is too backward; if I were in his place, and as young as I have been.

Mrs. D. O you'd do wonders; but now I think on't, there may be some use made of *Ruth*; 'tis a notable witty harlotry.

Mr. D. Ay, and so she is, duck; I always thought so.

Mrs. D. You thought so, when I told you I had thought on't first.—Let me see—it shall be so: we'll set her to instruct *Abel* in the first place; and then to incline *Arbella*; they are hand and glove; and women can do much with one another.

Mr. D. Thou hast hit upon my own thoughts.—

Mrs. D. Pray call her in; you thought of that too, did you not.

Mr. D. I will, duck. *Ruth*, why, *Ruth*.

Enter

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Your pleasure, sir.

Mr. D. Nay, 'tis my wife's desire, that——

Mrs. D. Well, if it be your wife's, she can best tell it herself, I suppose. D'ye hear, *Ruth*, you may do a business that may not be the worse for you: you know I use but few words.

Ruth. What does she call a few—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. Look you now, as I said, to be short, and to the matter, my husband and I do design this *Mrs. Arbella* for our son *Abel*, and the young fellow is not forward enough you conceive? pr'ythee give him a little instructions, how to demean himself, and in what manner to speak, which we call address, to her, for women best know what will please women, then work on *Arbella* on the other side, work, I say, my good girl; no more, but so: you know my custom is to use but few words. Much may be said in a little: you shan't repent it.

Mr. D. And I say something too, *Ruth*.

Mrs. D. What need you? do you not see it all said already to your hand? what sayest thou, girl?

Ruth. I shall do my best——I would not lose the sport for more than I'll speak of.—— [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. Go call *Abel*, good girl. [*Exit Ruth.*]

By bringing this to pass, husband, we shall secure ourselves if the king should come; you'll be hanged else.

Mr. D. Oh good wife, let's secure ourselves by all means; there's a wife saying: 'Tis good to have a shelter against every storm. I remember that.

Mrs. D. You may well, when you have heard me say it so often.

Enter Ruth with Abel.

Mr. D. O son *Abel*, d'ye hear—

Mrs. D. Pray hold your peace, and give every body leave to tell their own tale.—D'ye hear son *Abel*, I have formerly told you that *Arbella* would be a good wife for you; a word's enough to the wife:
some

some endeavours must be used, and you must not be deficient. I have spoken to your sister *Ruth* to instruct you what to say, and how to carry yourself; observe her directions, as you'll answer the contrary; be confident, and put home. Ha boy, hadst thou but thy mother's pate! Well, 'tis but a folly to talk of that that cannot be; be sure you follow your sister's directions.

Mr. D. Be sure, boy.——well said duck, I say. [*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Day.*]

Ruth. Now, brother *Abel*.

Abel. Now, sister *Ruth*.

Ruth. Hitherto he observes me punctually. [*Aside.*] Have you a month's mind to this gentlewoman, mistress *Arabella*?

Abel. I have not known her a week yet.

Ruth. O cry you mercy, good brother *Abel*. Well, to begin then you must alter your posture, and always hold up your head as if it were holier'd up with high matters, your hands join'd nat together, projecting a little beyond the rest of your body, as ready to separate when you begin to open.

Abel. Mu I go apace or softly?

Ruth. O gravely by all means as if you were loaded with weighty considerations.——so.——Very well. Now to apply our prescription: suppose now that I were your mistress *Arabella*, and met you by accident; keep your posture——so,——and when you come just to me, start like a horse that has spy'd something on one side of him, and give a little gird out of the way on a sudden; declaring that you did not see her before by reason of your deep contemplations: then you must speak: let's hear.

Abel. Save you, mistress.

Ruth. O fie man, you should begin thus; pardon, mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so buried that I did not see you:—and then, as she answers, proceed, I know what she'll say, I am so used to her.

Abel. This will do well, if I forget it not.

Ruth.

Ruth. Well, try once.

Abel. Pardon, mistress; my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid, that you could not see me.

Ruth. Better sport than I expected. [*Aside.*] Very well done, you're perfect: then she will answer, sir, I suppose you are so busied with state-affairs, that it may well hinder you from taking notice of any thing below them.

Abel. No forsooth I have some profound contemplations, but no state affairs.

Ruth. O fie man, you must confess that the weighty affairs of state lie heavy upon you; but 'tis a burthen you must bear: and then shrug your shoulders.

Abel. Must I say so? I am afraid my mother will be angry, for she takes all the state-matters upon herself.

Ruth. Pish, did she not charge you to be ruled by me? why, man, *Arbella* will never have you, if she be not made believe you can do great matters with parliament men, and committee men: how should she hope for any good by you else in her composition?

Abel. I apprehend you now: I shall observe.

Ruth. 'Tis well: at this time, I'll say no more: put yourself in your posture—so:—Now go look your mistress: I'll warrant you the town's our own.

Abel. I go.

[*Exit Abel.*]

Ruth. Now I have fix'd him, not to go off till he discharges on his mistress. I could burst with laughing.

Enter Arbella.

Arb. What dost thou laugh at, *Ruth*?

Ruth. Didst thou meet my brother *Abel*?

Arb. No.

Ruth. If thou hadst met him right, he had played at hard head with thee.

Arb. What do'st thou mean?

Ruth. Why, I have been teaching him to woo, by command of my superiors; and have instructed him

him to hold up his head so high, that of necessity he must run against every thing that comes in his way.

Arb. Who is he to woo?

Ruth. Even thy own sweet self.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, thou wilt be rarely courted; I'll not spoil the sport by telling thee any thing before hand. They have sent to *Lady*, and his learning being built upon knowing what most people would have him say, he has told them for a certain, that *Abel* shall have a rich heiress; and that must be you.

Arb. Must be?

Ruth. Yes, committee-men can compel, more than stars.

Arb. I fear this too late. You are their daughter,
Ruth.

Ruth. I deny that.

Arb. How?

Ruth. Wonder not that I begin thus freely with you; 'tis to invite your confidence in me.

Arb. You amaze me.

Ruth. Pray do not wonder nor suspect——When my father, Sir *Basil Thoroughgood*, died, I was very young, not above two years old, 'tis too long to tell you how this rascal, being a trustee, catch'd me and my estate, being the sole heiress unto my father, into his grips; and now for some years has confirmed his unjust power by the unlawful power of the times; I fear they have designs as bad as this on you: you see I have no reserve, and endeavour to be thought worthy of your friendship.

Arb. I embrace it with as much clearness; let us love and assist one another.——Would they marry me to this their first-born puppy?

Ruth. No doubt, or keep your composition from you.

Arb. 'Twas my ill fortune to fall into such hands, foolishly enticed by fair words and large promises of assistance.

Ruth. Peace.

Enter

Enter Obadiah.

Ob. Mrs. *Ruth*, my master is demanding your company, together, and not singly, with Mrs. *Arbella*; you will find them in the parlour; the committee being ready to sit, calls upon my care and circumspection to set in order the weighty matters of state, for their wife and honourable inspection. [*Exit.*

Ruth. We come; come, dear *Arbella*, never be perplex'd: chearful spirits are the best bladders to swim with: If thou art sad, the weight will sink thee: Be secret, and still know me for no other than what I seem to be, their daughter. Another time thou shalt know all particulars of my strange story.

Arb. Come, wench, they cannot bring us to compound for our humours; they shall be free still. [*Exeunt.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter Teague.

Teag. I'Faith my sweet master has sent me to a rascal, I have a great mind to go back and tell him so: He ask'd me why he could not send one that could speak *English*. Upon my soul I was going to give him an *Irish* knock. The devil's in them all, they will not talk with me; I will go near to knock this man's pate, and that man *Lally's* pate too,—that; I will teach them to prate to me.

Hawk. (Within) books! new books?

Teag. How now, what noises are that?

Enter Hawker.

Hawk. New books, new books: A desperate plot and engagement of the bloody cavaliers: Mr. *Salt-marsh's*

marsh's alarm to the nation, after having been three days dead.

Teag. How's that? now they cannot live in *Ireland* after they are dead three days!

Hawk. *Mercurius Britannicus*, or the weekly post; or, the solemn league and covenant.

Teag. What is that you say? Is it the covenant, have you that?

Hawk. Yes; what then, sir?

Teag. Which is that covenant?

Hawk. Why, this is the covenant.

Teag. Well, I must take that covenant.

Hawk. You take my commodities?

Teag. I must take that covenant, upon my soul now.

Hawk. Stand off, sir, or I'll set you further.

Teag. Well, upon my soul now, I will take that covenant for my master.

Hawk. Your master must pay me for't then?

Teag. I must take it first, and my master will pay you afterwards.

Hawk. You must pay me now.

Teag. Oh, that I will [Knocks him down] Now you're paid, you thief o'the world. Here's covenants enough to poison the whole nation. [Exit.

Hawk. What a devil ails this fellow? He did not come to rob me certainly, for he has not taken above two pennyworth of lamentable ware away; but I feel the rascal's fingers. I may light upon my wild *Irishman* again, and if I do, I will fix him with some catchpoles that shall be worse than his own country bogs. [Exit.

Enter C. Careless, C. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

Lieu. And what say you, noble Colonels? how, and how d'ye like my lady! I gave her the title of illustrious, from those illustrious commodities which she dealt in, hot water and tobacco.

C. Car. Pr'ythee how cam'st thou to think of marrying?

Lieu

THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN. 23

Lieu. Why, that which hinders other men prompted me to matrimony, hunger and cold, Colonel.

C. Car. See where *Teague* comes. Goodness how he smiles! Why so merry, *Teague*?

Enter Teague smiling.

Teag. I have done a thing for you indeed.

C. Car. What hast thou done man?

Teag. Guess.

C. Car. I can't.

Teag. Why then guess again. I have taken the covenant.

C. Car. How came you by it.

Teag. Very honestly! I knock'd a fellow down in the street and took it from him.

C. Car. Was there ever such a fancy? Why, did'st thou think this was the way to take the covenant?

Teag. I am sure it is the shortest, and the cheapest way to take it.

C. Bl. I am pleased yet with the poor fellow's mistaken kindness; I dare warrant him honest, to the best of his understanding.

C. Car. This fellow I prophesy will bring me into many troubles by his mistakes: I must send him on no errand, but How d'ye; and to such as I would have no answer from again:—Yet his simple honesty prevails with me, I cannot part with him.

Lieu. Come, gentlemen, time calls—How now, who's this?

C. Bl. How the rogue's loaded with papers!—those are the winding-sheets to many a poor gentleman's estate: 'twere a good deed to burn them all.

Enter Obadiah, and three persons more with papers.

C. Cdr. I am a rogue if I have not seen a picture in hangings walk as fast.

C. Bl. Slife man, this is that good man of the Committee family that I told thee of the very clerk.

C. Car. Why, thou art not mad, art?—Well met, sir;

fir; pray do not you belong to the Committee of Sequestrations?

Ob. I do belong to that honourable committee, who are now ready to sit for the bringing on the work.

C. Bl. O plague, what work, raf——

C. Car. Pr'ythee be quiet, man—Are they to sit presently?

Ob. As soon as I can get ready, my presence being material.

[*Exit. with attendants.*]

C. Car. What, wert thou mad? woud'st thou have beaten the clerk, when thou wert going to compound with the rascals, his matters?

C. Bl. The sight of any of the villains stir me.

Liam. Come, Colonels, there's no trifling; let's make haste, and prepare your business, let's not lose this sitting; come along, *Yeague.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Chamber in Day's house.*

Enter Arbella at one door, Abel at another, as if he saw her not, and starts when he comes to her, as Ruth had taught him.

Arb. What's the meaning of this! I'll try to steal by him.

Abel. Pardon mistress, my profound contemplations, in which I was so hid that you could not see me.

Arb. This is a set form, — they allow it in every thing but their prayers.

Abel. Now you should speak, forsooth.

Arb. What should I say, fir?

Abel. What you please, forsooth.

Arb. Why, truly, fir, 'tis as you say; I did not see you.

Enter Ruth as over-bearing them, and peeps.

Ruth. This is lucky.

Abel. No, forsooth, 'twas I that was not to see you.

Arb. Why, fir, would your mother be angry if you should?

Abel. No, no, quite contrary, — I'll tell you that presently;

presently; but first I must say, that the weighty affairs lie heavy upon my neck and shoulders. [*Sbrugs.*

Arb. Would he were tied neck and heels.—— This is a notable wench; look where the rascal peeps too; if I should beckon to her she'd take no notice; she is resolv'd not to relieve me. [*Aside.*

Abel. Something I can do, and that with somebody; that is, with those that are somebodies.

Arb. Whist, whist, [*Beckons to Ruth, and she shakes her head.*] Pr'ythee have some pity. O unmerciful girl!

Abel. I know Parliament-men, and Sequestrators; I know Committee-men, and Committee-men know me.

Arb. You have great acquaintance, sir?

Abel. Yes, they ask my opinion sometimes.

Arb. What weather 'twill be? have you any skill, sir?

Abel. When the weather is not good, we hold a fast.

Arb. And then it alters?

Abel. Assuredly.

Arb. In good time——no mercy, wench?

Abel. Our profound contemplations are caused by the consternation of our spirits for the nation's good; we are in labour.

Arb. And I want a deliverance.—Hark ye, *Ruth*, take off your dog, or I'll turn bear indeed.

Ruth. I care not; my mother will be angry.

Arb. O hang you.

Abel. You shall perceive that I have some power, if you please to——

Arb. O I am pleased, sir, that you should have power! I must look out my hoods and scarfs, sir, 'tis almost time to go.

Abel. If it were not for the weighty matters of state which lie upon my shoulders, myself would look them.

Arb. O by no means, sir; 'tis below your greatness:——Some luck yet; she never came seasonably before.

Enter

THE COMMITTEE; OR,

Enter Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Why how now *Abel*! got so close to Mrs. *Arbella*, so close indeed! nay then I smell something: well, Mr. *Abel*, you have been so used to secrecy in council and weighty matters, that you have it at your fingers ends: nay, look ye mistress, look ye, look ye; mark *Abel*'s eyes: ah, there he looks. *Ruth*, thou art a good girl; I find *Abel* has got ground.

Ruth. I forbore to come in, till I saw your honour first enter, but I have o'er-heard all.

Mrs. D. And how has *Abel* behaved himself, wench, ha?

Ruth. O beyond expectation, he'll not need much teaching: you may turn him loose.

Arb. O this plaguy wench!

Mrs. D. Sayest thou so, girl? it shall be something in thy way; a new gown, or so; it may be a better penny. Well said, *Abel*, I say; I did think thou wouldst come out with a piece of thy mother's at last: —But I had forgot, the Committee are near upon sitting. Ha, Mrs. you are crafty; you have made your composition before hand. Ah, this *Abel*'s as bad as a whole Committee: take that *item* from me; come, make haste, call the coach, *Abel*; well said *Abel*, I say. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *The Committee Chamber.**A Table set out.**(Mr. Day as the head-Committee Man.)*

The Committee and Porter attending, Obadiah ordering books and papers.

Ob. Shall I read your honour's last order, and give you the account of what you last debated?

Mr. D. I first crave your favours, to communicate an important matter to this honourable board, in which I sha'l discover unto you my own sincerity, and zeal to the good cause.

2. Com.

2 Com. Proceed, sir.

Mr. D. The business is contained in this letter: 'tis no less a man than the king; and 'tis to me, as simple as I sit here: is it your pleasure that our clerk should read it.

2 Com. Yes, pray give it him.

Ob. [*Reads.*] Mr. Day, we have received good intelligence of your great worth and ability, especially in state-matters; and therefore thought fit to offer you any preferment, or honour, that you shall desire, if you will become my entire friend. Pray remember my love and service to your discreet wife, and acquaint her with this, whose wisdom, I hear, is great. So recommending this to her and your wife consideration, I remain,

Your friend, C. K.

2 Com. C. K!

Mr. D. Ay, that's for the king.

2 Com. I suspect—[*Aside.*] Who brought you this letter?

Mr. D. Oh fie upon't, my wife forgot that particular. [*Aside.*]—Why, a fellow left it for me, and shrunk away when he had done; I warrant you, he was afraid I should have laid hold on him. You see, brethren, what I reject; but I doubt not but to receive my reward; and I have now a business to offer, which in some measure may afford you an occasion.

2 Com. This letter was counterfeited certainly.

[*Aside.*]

Mr. D. But first be pleased to read your last order.

2 Com. What does he mean? that concern me.

[*Aside.*]

Ob. The order is, that the composition arising out of Mr. Ladbey's estate be and hereby is invested and allowed to the honourable Mr. Nathaniel Catch, for and in respect of his sufferings, and good service.

Mr. D. It is meet, very meet; we are bound in duty to strengthen ourselves against the day of trouble, when the common enemy shall endeavour to raise commotions in the land, and disturb our new-built Zion.

B

2 Com.

2 *Com.* Then I'll say nothing, but close with him: we must wink at one another.—I receive your sense of my services with a zealous kindness. Now, Mr. Day, I pray you propose your business.

Mr. D. I desire this honourable board to understand that my wife being at *Reading*, and to come up in the stage coach; it happened that one Mrs. *Arbella*, a rich heiress of one of the Cavalier party, came up also in the same coach. Her father being newly dead, and her estate before being under sequestration, my wife, who has a notable pate of her own (you all know her) presently cast about to get her for my son *Abel*; and accordingly invited her to my house; where, though time was but short, yet my son *Abel* made use of it. They are without, together with the gentlewoman that is to compound: she will needs have a finger in the pyc.

2 *Com.* I profess we are to blame to let Mrs. Day wait so long.

Mr. D. We may not neglect the public for private respects. I hope, brethren, that you will please to cast the favour of your countenances upon *Abel*.

2 *Com.* You wrong us to doubt it, brother Day. Call in the compounders.

Ob. Call in the compounders.

Porter. Come in the compounders.

Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella, Ruth; and after them the Colonel and Teague.

Mr. D. Come, duck, I have told the honourable Committee that you are one that will needs endeavour to do good for this gentlewoman.

2 *Com.* We are glad Mrs. Day, that any occasion bring you hither.

Mrs. D. I thank your honours. I am desirous of doing good, which I know is always acceptable in your eyes.

Mr. D. Come on, son, *Abel*, what have you to say?

Abel. I come unto your honours, full of profound contemplations for this gentlewoman.

Arb.

Arb. 'Slife, he's at's lesson, wench. [*Aside to Ruth.*

Ruth. Peace—which whelp opens next? O, the she-wolf is going to bark. [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. May it please your honours, I shall presume to inform you, that my son *Abel* has settled his affections on this gentlewoman, and desires your honours favour to be shewn unto him in her composition.

2 Com. Say you so, *Mrs. Day*? why the committee have taken it into their serious and pious consideration; together with *Mr. Day's* good service, upon some knowledge that is not fit to communicate.

Mrs. D. That was the letter I invented. [*Aside.*

2 Com. And the composition of this gentlewoman is consign'd to *Mr. Day*, that is, I suppose, to *Mr. Abel*, and so consequently to the gentlewoman. You may be thankful, mistress, for such good fortune; your estate's discharged. *Mr. Day* shall have the discharge.

C. Bl. O damn the vultures! [*Aside.*

C. Car. Peace, man. [*Aside.*

Arb. I am willing to be thankful when I understand the benefit. I have no reason to compound for what's my own; but if I must, I desire to know my public censure, not be left in private hands.

2 Com. Be contented, gentlewoman; the Committee does this in favour of you; we understand how easily you can satisfy *Mr. Abel*; you may, if you please, be *Mrs. Day*.

Ruth. And then good night to all. [*Aside.*

Arb. How, gentlemen! are you private marriage-jobbers? d'ye make markets for one another?

2 Com. How's this, gentlewoman?

C. Pl. A brave noble creature! [*Aside.*

C. Car. Thou art smitten, *Blunt*; that other female too, methinks shoots fire this way. [*Aside.*

Mrs. D. I desire your honours to pardon her incessant words; perhaps she doth not imagine the good that is intended her.

2 Com. Gentlewoman, the Committee for *Mrs. Day's* sake passes by your expressions; you may be your own enemy if you will.

48 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

Arb. My own enemy?

Ruth. Pr'ythee peace, 'tis to no purpose to wrangle here; we must use other ways. [*Aside.*

a Com. Come on, gentlemen; what's your case?

[*To the Colonels.*

Ruth. Arbella, there's the down-right cavalier that came up in the coach with us.—On my life, there's a sprightly gentleman with him.

[While they speak, the Colonels pull the papers out, and deliver 'em.]

C. Car. Our business is to compound for our estates; of which here are the particulars, which will agree with your own survey.

Teag. And here's the particulars of *Teague's* estate, forty cows, and the devil a bull amongst them.

Ob. The particulars are right.

Mr. D. Well, gentlemen, the rule is two years purchase, the first payment down, the other at six months end, and the estate to secure it.

C. Car. Can you afford it no cheaper?

a Com. 'Tis our rule.

C. Car. Very well; 'tis but selling the rest to pay this, and our more lawful debts.

a Com. But, gentlemen, before you are admitted, you are to take the covenant; you have not taken it yet, have you?

C. Car. No.

Teag. Upon my shoul but he has now; I took it for him, and he has taken it from me.

a Com. What fellow's that?

C. Car. A poor simple fellow that serves me. Peace, *Teague.*

Teag. Why did not I knock the fellow down?

a Com. Well, gentlemen, it remains, whether you'll take the covenant?

Teag. Why he has taken it. Was it for nothing I took the—

C. Car. Hold your tongue. No, we will not take it: much good may it do them that have swallows

lows large enough; 'twill work one day in their stomachs.

C. Bl. The day may come, when those that suffer for their consciences and honour may be rewarded.

Mr. D. Ay, ay, you make an idol of that honour.

C. Bl. Our worships then are different: you make that your idol which brings you interest; we can obey that which bids us lose it.

Arb. Brave gentlemen!

[*Aside.*

Ruth. I stare at 'em till my eyes ake.

[*Aside.*

2 Com. Gentlemen, you are men of dangerous spirits: know, we must keep our rules and instructions, lest we lose what Providence hath put into our hands.

C. Car. Providence! such as thieves rob by.

2 Com. What's that, sir? sir, you are too bold.

C. Car. Why in good sooth you may give losers leave to speak; I hope your honours, out of your bowels of compassion, will permit us to talk over our departing acres.

Mr. D. It is well you are so merry.

C. Car. O, ever whilst you live, clear souls make light hearts: faith, would I might ask one question?

2 Com. Swear not then.

C. Car. Thou shalt not covet your neighbours goods: there's a *Rowland* for your *Oliver*.

Teag. There is an *Oliver* for your *Rowland*, take that 'till the pot boils.

C. Car. My question is only, which of all you is to have our estates: or will you make traitors of them, draw 'em, and quarter 'em?

2 Com. You grow abusive.

C. Bl. No, no, 'tis only to intreat the honourable persons that will be pleased to be our house-keepers, so keep them in good reparations; we may take possession again, without the help of the covenant.

2 Com. You will think better on't, and take this covenant.

C. Car. We will be as rotten first as their hearts that invented it.

Ruth. 'Slife, *Arbel'a*, we'll have these two men;

B. 3

there

there are not two such again to be had for love nor money. [Aside.]

Mr. D. Well, gentlemen, your follies light upon your own heads; we have no more to say.

C. Car. Why then hoist sails for a new world:—

Trag. Ay for old Ireland.

C. Car. D'ye hear Blunt, what gentlewoman is that?

C. Bl. 'Tis their witty daughter I told thee of.

C. Car. I'll go to speak to 'em; I'd fain convert that pretty covenantor.

C. Bl. Nay, pr'ythee let's go.

C. Car. Lady, I hope you'll have that good fortune, not to be troubled with the covenant.

Art. If they do, I'll not take it.

C. Bl. Brave lady! I must love her against my will.—

C. Car. For you, pretty one, I hope your portion will be enlarged by our misfortunes; remember your benefactors.

Ruth. If I had all your estates, I could afford you as good a thing.

C. Car. Without taking the covenant?

Ruth. Yes, but I would invent another oath.

C. Car. Upon your lips?

Ruth. Nay, I am not bound to discover.

C. Bl. Pr'ythee come; is this a time to spend in fooling?

C. Car. Now have I forgot every thing.

C. Bl. Come, let's go.

Com. Gentlemen, void the room.

C. Car. Sure 'tis impossible that kite should get that pretty Merlin.

C. Bl. Come, pr'ythee let's go; these muck-worms will have earth enough to stop their mouths wjth, one day.

C. Car. Pray use our estates husband like, and so our most honourable bailiffs, farewell.

[Exit Colonels Carclefs and Blunt.]

Trag. Ay, bumbailly rascals.

Mr. D. You are rude: door-keeper, put 'em forth there.

Porter.

THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN. 31

Porter. Come forth, ye there; this is not a place for such as you.

Teag. Devil burn me but ye are a rascal, that you are.

Porter. And please your honours, this profane *Irishman* swore an oath at the door, even now, when I would have put him out.

2 Com. Let him pay for't.

Porter. Here, you must pay, or lie by the heels.

Teag. What must I pay, by the heels? I will not pay by the heels, that I will not, upon my shoul. *Master ubbub boo.*

Enter Careless.

C. Car. What's the matter?

Teag. This gander-faced gag says, I must pay by the heels.

C. Car. What have you done?

Teag. Only swore a bit of an oath.

C. Car. Here's a shilling, pay for't, and come along.

[*Exit.*]

Teag. Well, I have not cursed, how much had that been?

Porter. That had been six-pence.

Teag. Och, if I had but one six-pence-halfpenny in the world, but I would give it for a curse to ease my stomach on you. My money is like a wild colt, I am obliged to drive it up in a corner to catch it. I have hold of it, by the scurff of the neck. Here mister, there's the shilling for the oath. And there's the six-pence-halfpenny for you, for the curse, before-hand; and now, my curse, and the curse of *Cromwell*, light upon you all, you thieves, you.

[*Knocks down the Porter and exit.*]

Mrs. D. Has this honourable board any other command?

2 Com. Nothing farther, good *Mrs. Day*:—gentlewoman, you have nothing to care for, but be grateful and kind to *Mr. Abel*.

Ab. I desire to know what I must directly trust to, or I will complain.

THE COMMITTEE; OR,

Mrs. D. The gentlewoman needeth not doubt, she shall suddenly perceive the good that is intended her, if she does not interpose in her own light.

Mr. D. I pray withdraw; the Committee has pass'd their order, and they must now be private.

a Com. Nay, pray, mistress, withdraw. [*Exeunt all but the Committee.*]

Mr. D. I think there remaineth nothing farther, but to adjourn till *Monday*. And so peace remain with you. [*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE, *A Chamber in Lieutenant Story's House.*

Enter Col. Careless, Col. Blunt, and Lieutenant Story.

C. Car. **N**O stoppage about their throats; the rascals are all swallows.

Enter Teague.

How now, *Teague*, what says the learned?

Teag. Well then, upon my shoul, the man in the great cloak, with the long sleeves, is mad, that he is.

C. Car. Mad, *Teague*?

Teag. Yes i'faith is he; he bid me be gone, and said I was sent to make game of him.

C. Car. Why, what did'st thou say to him?

Teag. I ask'd him if he would take any counsel.

C. Car. 'Slife he might well enough think thou mock'd'st him. Why, thou should'st have ask'd him when we might have come for counsel.

Teag. Well, that is all one is it not? If he would take any counsel, or you would take any counsel, is not that all one then?

C. Car. Was there ever such a mistake?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee ne'er be troubled at this; we are past counsel:

counsel : If we had but a friend amongst them, that could but slide us by this covenant.

C. *Car.* Nothing anger'd me so, as that my old kitchen-stuff acquaintance look'd another way, and seem'd not to know me.

C. *Bl.* How kitchen-stuff acquaintance ?

C. *Car.* Yes, Mrs. Day, that commanded the party in the hackney-coach, was my father's kitchen maid, and in time of yore called *Gillian*.

Lieu. Hark ye, Colonel ; what if you did visit this translated kitchen-maid ?

Teag. Well, how is that ? a kitchen-maid ? where is she now ?

C. *Bl.* The Lieutenant advises well.

C. *Car.* Nay, stay, stay ; in the first place I'll send *Teague* to her, to tell her I have a little business with her, and desire to know when I may have leave to wait on her.

C. *Bl.* We shall have *Teague* mistake again.

Teag. How is that now ? I will not mistake that kitchen-maid ? Whither must I go now, to mistake that kitchen-maid ?

C. *Car.* But dy'e hear, *Teague* ? you must take no notice of that, upon thy life ; but on the contrary, at every word you must say, your ladyship, and your honour ; as for example, when you have made a leg, you must begin thus : my master presents his service to your ladyship, and having some business with your honour, desires to know when he may have leave to wait upon your ladyship. [*Teague turns his back on the Col*] Blockhead you must not turn your back.

Teag. Oh, no, sir, I always turn my face to a lady ; But was she your father's kitchen-maid ?

C. *Car.* Why, what then ?

Teag. Upon my shoul I shall laugh upon her face, for all I would not have a mind to do it.

C. *Car.* Not for a hundred pounds, *Teague* ; you must be sure to set your countenance, and look very soberly, before you begin.

Teag. If I should think then of any kettles, or spits,

or any thing that will put a mind into my head of a kitchen, I should laugh then, should I not?

C. Car. Not for a thousand pounds, *Teague*; thou may'st undo us all.

Teag. Well, I will hope I will not laugh then: I will keep my mouth if I can, that I will from running to one side, and t'other side. Well now, where does this Mrs. *Tay*, live?

Lien. Come, *Teague*, I'll walk along with thee, and shew thee the house, that thou may'st not mistake that however.

Teag. Shew me the door and I'll find the house myself.

C. Car. Pr'ythee do, Lieutenant:

Teag. O, sir, what is Mrs. *Tay*'s name? [Exeunt.]

SCENE II. A Chamber in Day's House.

Enter Mrs. Day, Abel, Arbella and Ruth.

Mrs. D. Well, Mrs. *Arbella*, I hope you have consider'd enough by this time; you need not use so much consideration for your own good; you may have your estate, and you may have *Abel*, and you may be worse offer'd.——*Abel*, tell her your mind, ne'er stand, shilly, shally——*Ruth*, does she incline, or is she wilfull?

Ruth. I was just about the point when your honour interrupted us.——One word in your ladyship's ear.

Abel. You see forsooth that I am some body, though you make nobody of me, you see I can prevail; therefore pray say what I shall trust to; for I must not stand shilly, shally.

Arb. You are hasty, sir.

Abel. I am call'd upon by important affairs; and therefore I must be bold in a fair way to tell you that it lies upon my spirit exceedingly.

Arb. Saffron-posset-drink is very good against the heaviness of the spirit.

Abel. Nay, forsooth, you do not understand my meaning.

Arb.

Arb. You do, I hope, fir; and 'tis no matter, fir, if one of us know it.

Enter Teague.

Teag. Well'now, who are all you?

Arb. What's here, an *Irish* elder come to examine us all?

Teag. Well now, what is your names, every one?

Ruth. *Arbella*, this is a servant to one of the colonels; upon my life, 'tis the *Irishman* that took the covenant the right way.

Arb. Peace, what should it mean?

Teag. Well, cannot some of you all say nothing without speaking?

Mrs. D. Why how now sauce-box? what would you have? What, have you left your manners without? Go out, and fetch 'em in.

Teag. What should I fetch now?

Mrs. D. D'you know who you speak to, firrah?

Teag. Yes I do, and it is little my own mother thought I should speak to the like of you.

Arb. You must not be so saucy unto her honour.

Teag. Well, I will knock you down, if you be saucy, with my hammer. Is there none of you that I must speak to now?

Arb. Now, wench, if he should be sent to us.

[*Aside.*]

Teag. Well, I would have one Mrs. *Tay* speak unto me.

Mrs. D. Well, firrah, I am she; what's your business?

Teag. O, are you there with yourself, Mrs. *Tay*?—Well,—I will look well first, and I will set my face and tell her my message. [*Aside.*] My Master, the good Colonel *Careless*, bid me ask thy good ladyship—upon my soul now the laugh will come upon my mouth in spite of me.

[*He laughs always when he says ladyship or honour.*]

Mrs. D. Sirrah, firrah; what, were you sent to abuse me?

Teag. I do not abuse thy good honour,—I cannot help.

help my laugh now, I will try again now; I will not think of a kitchen then; nor a dripping pan, nor a mustard pot—My master would know of your ladyship.

Mrs. D. Did your master send you to abuse me, you rascal? By my honour, sirrah—

Teag. Why do you abuse yourself now, joy?

Mrs. D. How, sirrah, do I mock myself? This is some *Irish* traitor.

Teag. I am no traitor, that I am not; I am an *Irish* rebel; you are cozen'd now.

Mrs. D. Sirrah, sirrah, I will make you know who I am.—An impudent *Irish* rascal!

Abel. He seemeth a dangerous fellow, and of a bold seditious spirit.

Mrs. D. You are a bloody rascal, I warrant ye.

Teag. You are a foolish brabble-bribble woman, that you are.

Abel. Sirrah, we that are at the head of affairs must punish your sauciness.

Teag. And we that are at the tail of affairs, will punish your sauciness.

Mrs. D. Ye rascally varlet, get you out of my doors.

Teag. Will not I give you my message then?

Mrs. D. Get you out, rascal.

Teag. I pr'ythee let me tell my message.

Mrs. D. Get you out, I say.

Teag. The devil burn your ladyship, and honour-ship, and kitchenship. [Exit.

Mrs. D. How the villain has distemper'd me! Out, upon't too, that I have let the rascal go unpunish'd, and you [To Abel.] can stand by like a sheep; run, after him then, and stop him; I'll have him laid by the heels, and make him confess who sent him to abuse me: call help as you go, make haste I say.

[Exit Abel.

Ruth. 'Slid *Arbella*, run after him, and save the poor fellow for sake's sake; stop *Abel* by any means, that he may 'scape.

Arb.

Arb. Keep his dam off, and let me alone with the puppy.
[Exit.

Ruth. Fear not.

Mrs. D. 'Uds my life, the rascal has heated me— Now I think on't, I'll go myself, and see it done ; a saucy villain.

Ruth. But I must needs acquaint your honour with one thing first, concerning Mrs. *Arbella*.

Mrs. D. As soon as ever I have done. Is't good news, wench ?

Ruth. Most excellent ; if you go out you may spoil all. Such a discovery I have made, that you will bless the accident that anger'd you.

Mrs. D. Quickly then, girl.

Ruth. When you sent *Abel* after the *Irishman*, Mrs. *Arbella*'s colour came and went in her face ; and at last, not able to stay, she slunk away after him, for fear the *Irishman* should hurt him ; she stole away, and blush'd the prettiest.

Mrs. D. I protest he may be hurt indeed ; I'll run myself too.

Ruth. By no means, forsooth ; If you do not find she has stopt him, let me ever have your hatred : pray credit me.

Mrs. D. Come, good wench, I'll go in, and hear it all at large ; it shall be the best tale thou hast told these two days. Come, come, I long to hear all. *Abel*, for his part, needs no help by this time ; come, good wench.
[Exeunt.

S C E N E III. *A Street.*

Enter C. Blunt as taken by bailiffs.

C. Bl. At whose suit, rascals ?

Bail. You shall know that time enough.

C. Bl. Time enough, dogs ! must I wait your leisures ?

Bail. O you are a dangerous man ; 'tis such traitors as you disturb the peace of the nation.

C. Bl.

C. Bl. Take that, rascal; [*kicking him.*] If I had any thing at liberty besides my foot, I would bestow it on you.

i Bail. You shall pay dearly for this kick, before you are let loose, and give good special bail: Mark that, my surly companion; we have you fast.

C. Bl. 'Tis well, rogues, you caught me conveniently; had I been aware, I would have made some of your scurvy souls my special bail.

Enter C. Careless.

C. Car. How is this! *Blunt* in hold! you catchpole, let go your prey, or—[*Draws, and Blunt in the scuffle throws up one of their beads, and gets a sword, and helps to drive them off.*]

i Bail. Murder, murder! [*Exeunt Bailiffs.*]

C. Bl. Faith, *Careless*, this was worth thanks, I was fairly going.

C. Car. What was the matter, man?

C. Bl. Why, an action or two for free quarter, now made *trover* and *conversion*: nay, I believe we shall be sued with an action of trespass, for every field we have marched over; and be indicted for riots, for going at unreasonable hours, above two in a company.

Enter Teague running.

C. Car. Well, come, let's away.

Teag. Now upon my shoul run as I do; the men in red coats are running too, that they are, and they cry, murder, murder; I never heard such a noise in Ireland in all my life, that's true too.

C. Car. 'Slife, we must shift several ways, Farewel. If we 'scape, we meet at night; I shall take heed now.

Teag. Shall I tell of Mrs. Fay now?

C. Car. O good Teague, no time for messages.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE IV. Another Street.

A noise within of follow, follow, follow.

Enter Careless and Teague again.

C. Car. I am quite out of breath; and the blood-hounds

hounds are in a full cry upon a burning scent : [*noise behind of follow, follow !*] plague on 'em, what a noise the kennels make ? What door's this that graciously stands a little open ? What an ass am I to ask ? *Teague*, scout abroad ; if any thing happens extraordinary, observe this door, there you shall find me ; be careful. Now by your favor, landlord, as unknown.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE V. *A Chamber in Mr. Day's House.*

Enter Mrs. Day and Obadiah.

Mrs. D. It was well observed, *Obadiah*, to bring the parties to me ; first ; 'tis your master's will that I should, as I may say, prepare matters for him. In truth, in truth, I have too great a burthen upon me : yet for the public good I am content to undergo it.

Ob. I shall with sincere care present unto your honour, from time to time, such negotiations as I may discreetly presume may be material for your honour's inspection.

Mrs. D. It will become you so to do. You have the present that came last ?

Ob. Yes, and please your honour ; the gentlewoman concerning her brother's release hath also sent in a piece of plate.

Mrs. D. It's very well.

Ob. But the man without, about a bargain of the king's land, is come empty.

Mrs. D. Bid him be gone, I'll not speak with him ; he does not understand himself.

Ob. I shall intimate so much to him.

[*As Obadiah goes out, C. Careless meets him and tumbles him back.*]

Mrs. D. Why how now ? What rude companion's this ? What would you have ? What's your business ? What's the matter ? Who sent you ? Who d'you belong to ? Who !——

C. Car. Hold, hold, if you mean to be answer'd to all

all these interrogatories; you see I resolve to be your companion; I am a man; there's no great matter; no body sent me; nor I belong to nobody: I think I have answer'd to the chief heads.

Mrs. D. Thou hast committed murder, for ought I know: how is't, *Obadiah*?

C. Car. Ha! what luck have I to fall into the territories of my old kitchen acquaintance; I'll proceed upon the strength of *Tecumseh's* message, tho' I had no answer. [Aside.]

Mrs. D. How is't, man?

Ob. Truly he came forceably upon me, and I fear has bruised some intellectuals within my stomach.

Mrs. D. Go in, and take some *Iris* slate by way of prevention, and keep yourself warm. [Ex. Obad.] Now, Sir, have you any business, that you came in so rudely as if you did not know who you came to? How came you in, sir Royster? Was not the porter at the gate?

C. Car. No truly, the gate kept itself, and stood gaping as if it had a mind to speak; and say, I pray come in.

Mrs. D. Did it so, sir? and what have you to say?

C. Car. Ay, there's the point; either she does not, or will not know me: what shou'd I say?

Mrs. D. Sir, are you studying for an invention? for ought I know you have done some mischief, and 'twere fit to secure you.

C. Car. So, that's well: 'twas pretty to fall into the head quarters of the enemy. [Aside.]

Mrs. D. Nay, 'tis e'en so! I'll fetch those that shall examine you.

C. Car. Stay, thou mighty states-woman; I did but give you time to see if your memory would but be so honest, as to tell you who I am.

Mrs. D. What d'you mean, sauce-box?

C. Car. There's a word yet of thy former employments, that sauce: you and I have been acquainted.

Mrs. D. I do not chuse to have acquaintance with cavaliers.

C. Car.

C. Car. Nor I with Committee-mens utensils; Lord, lord, you are horrible forgetful: What, you think I should not know you, because you are disguised with curl'd hair, and white gloves? Alas! I know you as well as if you were in your sabbath-day's cinnamon waistcoat.

Mrs. D. How, firrah?

C. Car. And with your fair hands bath'd in lather; or with your fragrant breath driving the fleeting ambergrece off from the waving kitchen-stuff.

Mrs. D. O, you are an impudent cavalier! I remember you now indeed; but I'll——

C. Car. Nay, but hark you, did not I send my footman, an *Irishman*, with a civil message to you; why all this strangeness then?

Mrs. D. How, how, how's this! was't you that sent the rascal to abuse me, was't so? I'll teach you to abuse those that are in authority: within there, who's within?

C. Car. 'Slife, I'll stop your mouth, if you raise an alarm. [*She cries out, and he stops her mouth.*]

Mrs. D. Stop my mouth, firrah! whoo, whoo, ho.

C. Car. Yes, stop your mouth; what, are you good at a who-bub, ha?

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. What's the matter, forsooth?

Mrs. D. The matter! why here's a rude cavalier has broke into my house; 'twas he too that sent the *Irish* rascal to abuse me too within my own walls: call your father, that he may grant order to secure him. 'Tis a dangerous fellow.

Ruth. 'Tis he, what shall I do? now invention be equal to my love. [*Aside.*] Why, your ladyship will spoil all: I sent for this gentleman, and enjoin'd him secrecy, even to you yourself, till I had made his way. O fie upon't, I am to blame; but in truth I did not think he would have come these two hours. How came you to come so soon, sir? 'twas three hours before you appointed.

C. Car.

C. Car. Hey day ! I shall be made believe I came hither on purpose presently. [*Aside.*]

Ruth. 'Twas upon a message of his to me, and please your honour, to make his desires known to your ladyship, that he had consider'd on't, and was resolved to take the covenant, and give you five hundred pounds to make his peace, and bring his business about again, that he may be admitted in his first condition.

C. Car. What's this ?—D'ye hear, pretty gentleman.

Ruth. Well, well, I know your mind ; I have done your business.

Mrs. D. Oh, his stomach's come down !

Ruth. Sweeten him again, and leave him to me ; I warrant you the five hundred pounds, and——

[*Whispers.*]

C. Car. Now I have found it ; this pretty wench has a mind to be left alone with me, at her peril.

[*Aside.*]

Mrs. D. I understand thee—Well, sir, I can pass by rudeness, when I am inform'd there was no intention of it ; I leave you and my daughter to beget a right understanding.

[*Ex. Mrs. Day.*]

C. Car. We should beget sons and daughters sooner : what does all this mean ?

[*Aside.*]

Ruth. I am sorry, sir, that your love for me should make you thus rash.

C. Car. That's more than you know ; but you had a mind to be left alone with me ; that's certain.

Ruth. 'Tis too plain, sir ; you'd ne'er have run yourself into this danger else.

C. Car. Nay, now you're out : the danger run after me.

Ruth. You may dissemble.

C. Car. Why, 'tis the proper business here ; but we lose time ; you and I are left to beget a right understanding : come, which way ?

Ruth. Whither ?

C. Car. To your chamber or closet.

Ruth.

Ruth. But I am engaged you shall take the covenant.

C. Car. No, I never swear when I am bid.

Ruth. But you would do as bad.

C. Car. That's not against my principles.

Ruth. Thank you for your fair opinion, good signior Principle ; there lies your way, sir : however, I will own so much kindness for you, that I repent not the civility I have done, to free you from the trouble you were like to fall into ; make me a leg, if you please, and cry, thank you ; and so the gentleman that desired to be left alone with you, desires to be left alone with herself, she being taught a right understanding of you.

C. Car. You would not have me take the covenant then ?

Ruth. No ; be constant to your fair principles, in spite of fortune.

C. Car. What's this got into pettycoats !—Are you not the Committee *Day's* daughter ?

Ruth. Yes : what then ?

C. Car. Then am I thankful : I had no defence against thee and matrimony, but thy own father and mother, which are a perfect Committee to my nature.

Ruth. When the quarrel of this nation is reconciled, you and I shall agree : till when, sir—

Enter Teague.

Teag. Are you here then ? upon my shoul, the good colonel *Blunt* is over-taken again now, and carried to the devil.

C. Car. How, taken and carried to the devil !

Teag. He desired to go to the devil, I wonder of my shoul he was not afraid.

C. Car. I understand it now ; what mischief's this ?

Ruth. You seem troubled, sir.

C. Car. I have but a life to lose, that I am weary of. Come, *Teague*.

Ruth. Hold, you shan't go before I know the business ; what d'ye talk of ?

C. Car. My friend, my dearest friend is caught up
by

by rascally bailiffs, and carried to the Devil-Tavern; pray let me go.

Ruth. Stay but a minute, if you have any kindness for me.

C. Car. Yes, I do love you.

Ruth. Perhaps I may serve your friend.

Enter Arbella.

O Arbella, I was going to seek you.

Arb. What's the matter?

Ruth. The colonel which thou lik'st, is taken by bailiffs; there's his friend too, almost distracted: you know the mercy of these times.

Arb. What dost thou tell me? I am ready to sink down!

Ruth. Compose yourself, and help him nobly; you have no way, but to sinise upon *Abel*, and get him to bail him.

Enter Abel and Obadiab.

Arb. Look, where he and *Obadiab* come; sent hither by Providence——O Mr. *Abel*, where have you been this long time? can you find of your heart to keep thus out of my sight?

Abel. Assuredly some important affairs constrain my absence, as *Obadiab* can testify, *bona fide*.

Teag. The devil break your bones a Friday.

Ob. I can do so verily, myself being a material party.

C. Car. Plague on 'em, how slow they speak!

Arb. Well, well, you shall go no more out of my sight; I'll not be satisfied with your *bona fide*'s: I have some occasions that call me to go a little way; you shall not deny me any thing.

Abel. It is not meet I should. I am exceeding exalted. *Obadiab*, thou shalt have the best bargain of all my tenants.

Ob. I am thankful.

Arb. Ruth, how shall we do to keep thy sweet mother from pursuing us?

Ruth. Let me alone: as I go by the parlour, where

He sits, big with expectation, I'll give her a whisper,
that we are going to fetch the very five hundred pounds.

Arb. How can that be ?

Ruth. No question now. Will you march, sir ?

C. Car. Whither ?

Ruth. Lord, how dull these men in love are !—why,
to your friend. No more words. [Exeunt.]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

A C T IV.

SCENE, *A Chamber in a Tavern.*

Colonel Blunt brought in by Bailiffs.

Bail. **A**Y, ay, we thought how well you'd get
bail.

C. Bl. Why, you unconscionable rascal, are you
angry that I am unlucky, or do you want some fees ?
I'll perish in a dungeon, before I will give you a
farthing.

Bail. Chuse, chuse : come, along with him.

C. Bl. I'll not go your pace neither, rascals ; I'll
go softly, if it be but to hinder you from taking up
some other honest gentleman.

*Enter Arbella, Ruth, Abel. Col. Careless, Teague,
and Obadiah.*

Bail. How now ! are these any of your friends ?

C. Bl. Never, if you see women ; that's a rule.

Arb. [To Abel.] Nay, you need have no scruple,
'tis a near kinsman of mine ; you do not think I hope,
that I would let you suffer—You—that must be nearer
than a kinsman to me.

Ab. l. But my mother doth not know it.

Arb. If that be all, leave it to me and *Ruth*. We'll
save you harmless : besides, I cannot marry, if my
kinsman be in prison ; he must convey my estate, as
you appoint ; for 'tis all in him ; we must please him.

Abel.

Abel. The consideration of that doth convince me. *Obadiah*, 'tis necessary for us to set at liberty this gentleman, being a trustee for Mrs. *Arbella*'s estate; tell 'em therefore, that you and I will bail this gentleman—and—d'ye hear, tell them who I am.

Ob. I shall—Gentlemen, this is the honourable Mr. *Arcl Day*, the first-born of the honourable Mr. *Day*, Chairman of the committee of sequestration; and I myself by name *O'astab*, and clerk to the said honourable committee.

Bail. Well, sir, we know Mr. *Day*, and Mr. *Abel*.

Abel. Yes, that's I; and I will bail this gentleman; I believe you dare not except against the bail: nay, you shall have *Obadiah*'s too, one that the state trusts.

Bail. With all our hearts, sir.—But there are charges to be paid.

Arb. Here, *Obadiah*, take this purse and discharge them, and give the bailiffs twenty shillings to drink.

C. Car. This is miraculous!

Bail. A brave lady!—I'faith, mistress, we'll drink your health.

Abel. She's to be my wife, as sure as you are here: what say you to that now?

Bail. [*Afide.*] That's impossible: here's something more in this.—Honourable Mr. *Abel*, the sheriff's deputy is hard by if you please to go thither, and give your bail, sir.

Abel. Well, shew us the way, and let him know who I am. [*Exeunt Abel, Obadiah, and Bailiffs.*]

C. Car. Hark ye, pretty Mrs. *Ruth*, if you were not a Committee-man's daughter, and so consequently against monarchy, two princes should have you and that gentlewoman.

Ruth. No, no, you'll serve my turn; I am not ambitious.

C. Car. Do but swear then, that thou art not the issue of Mr. *Day*; and tho' I know 'tis a lie, I'll be content to be cozen'd, and believe.

Ruth. Fie, fie! you can't abide taking of oaths: look,

look, look, how your friend and mine take aim at one another : is he smitten ?

C. Car. Cupid has not such another wounded subject, nay, and is vex'd he is in love too ; troth, 'tis partly my own case.

Ruth. Peace ; she begins, as need requires.

Arb. You are free, sir.

C. Bl. Not so free as you think.

Arb. What hinders it ?

C. Bl. Nothing, that I'll tell you.

Arb. Why, sir ?

C. Bl. You'll laugh at me.

Arb. Have you perceived me apt to commit such a rudeness ? pray let me know it.

C. Bl. Upon two conditions you shall know it.

Arb. Well, make your own laws.

C. Bl. First, I thank ye, y'have freed me nobly : pray believe it ; you have this acknowledgement from an honest heart, one that would crack a string for you ; that's one thing.

Arb. Well ! the other.

C. Bl. The other is only, that I may stand so ready, that I may be gone just as I have told it you ; together with your promise, not to call me back : and upon these terms, I give you leave to laugh when I am gone. *Circlesi*, come stand ready, that, at the sign given, we may vanish together

Ruth. If you please, sir, when you are ready to start, I'll cry one, two, three, and away.

C. Bl. Be pleas'd to forbear, good smart gentlewoman : you have leave to jeer when I am gone, and I am just going ; by your spleen's leave, a little patience.

Arb. Pr'ythee, peace.

Ruth. I shall contain, sir.

C. Bl. That's much for a woman to do.

Arb. Now, sir, perform your promise.

C. Bl. Carlesi, have you done with your woman ?

C. Car. Madam ———

C. Bl. Nay, I have thank'd her already ; pr'y-
thee

thee no more of that dull way of gratitude : stand ready man ; yet nearer the door : so, now my misfortune that I promised to discover, is, that I love you above my sense or reason : so farewell, and laugh. Come, *Careless*.

C. Car. Ladies, our lives are yours.

Teag. Ladies your lives are ours.

[*Exeunt the Colonels and Teag.*]

Ruth. Was there ever such humour ?

Arb. As I live, his confession shews nobly.

Ruth. It shews madly, I am sure : an ill-bred fellow, not indure a woman to laugh at him !

Arb. He's honest, I dare swear.

Ruth. That's more than I dare swear for my colonel.

Arb. Out upon him.

Ruth. Nay, 'tis but for want of a good example ; I'll make him so.

Arb. But d'ye hear, *Ruth*, we are horribly to blame, that we did not enquire where they lodg'd, under pretence of sending to them about their own business.

Ruth. I have an invention upon the o'd account of the five hundred pounds, which shall make *Abel* send his purjuvant, *Obadiah*, to look 'em.

Arb. Excellent ! the trout *Abel* will bite immediately at that bait.

Enter Abel and Obadiah.

Ruth. Peace : see where *Abel* and the gentle 'squire of low degree, *Obadiah*, approach, having newly enter'd themselves into bonds.

Arb. Which I'll be sure to tell his mother, if he be ever more troublesome.

Ruth. And that he's turn'd an arrant cavalier, by bailing one of the brood.

Abel. I have according to your desires, given freedom to your kinsman and trustee ; I suppose he doth perceive that you may have power, in right of me.

Arb. Good Mr. *Abel*, I am sincerely beholden to you, and your authority.

Ruth. O fie upon't, brother, I did forget to acquaint

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quaint you with a business before the gentlemen went. O me, what a sieve-like memory have I! 'twas an important affair too.

Abel. If you discover it to me, I shall render you my opinion upon the whole.

Ruth. The two gentlemen have repented of their ob-
stinacy, and would now present five hundred pounds to
your good honourable mother, to stand their friend,
that they may be permitted to take the covenant; and
we, negligent we, have let them go, before we knew
where to send to them.

Abel. That was the want of being used to important
affairs; it is ill to neglect the accepting of their con-
version, together with their money.

Ruth. Well, there is but one way. *Obadiab* may
enquire them out.

Ob. The bailiffs did say they were gone to the Devil.

Abel. Hasten thither, good *Obadiab*, as if you had
met my honourable father, and desire them to come
unto his house, about an important affair that is for
their good.

Ob. I shall use expedition. [Exit.

Abel. And we will hasten our being united in the
bonds of matrimony.

Arb. Soft and fair goes far. [Exeunt.

S C E N E, II.

*The two Colonels, and Teague discovered drinking at the
Tavern.*

C. Car. Did ever man get away so crafty from the
thing he liked? afraid to tell a woman what she desired
to hear. One that does that which no woman will do
again.

C. Bl. What's that?

C. Car. Love thee, and thy blunt humour. Come,
Teague, give us a song.

Teag. I am a cup too low.

C. Car. Here then.

[Gives him a Glass.
Teag.

C

Teag. I should like to wet t'other eye.

C. Car. Here. *Teague sings.*

Enter Obadiah and a Waiter.

C. Car. Oh! here's *Jupiter's Mercury*. Is his message to us, trow?

Ob. Gentlemen, you are opportunely over-taken and found out.

C. Bl. How's this?

Ob. I come unto you in the name of the honourable *Mr. Day*, who desires to speak with you both about some important affair, which is conducing for your good.

C. Bl. What train is this?

C. Car. Peace, let us not be rash. — *Teague.*

Teag. Eh!

C. Car. Were it not possible that you could entertain this fellow in the next room, 'till he were pretty drunk?

[Aside.]

Teag. I warrant you that now; I will make him and myself too drunk, for thy sweet sake.

C. Car. Be sure, *Teague* — Some business, fir, that will take us up a very little time to finish, makes us desire your patience till we dispatch it: in the mean time, fir, do us the favour as to call for a glass of sack. In the next room *Teague* shall wait upon you, and drink your master's health.

Ob. It needeth not, nor do I use to drink healths.

C. Car. None but your master's, fir, and that by way of remembrance.

Ob. We that have the affairs of state under our tuition cannot long delay; my presence may be required for the carrying on the work.

C. Car. Nay, fir, it shall not exceed above a quarter of an hour; perhaps we'll wait upon you to *Mr. Day* presently.

Ob. Upon that consideration I shall attend a little.

C. Car. Go wait upon him, — now, *Teague*, or never.

Teag. I will make him so drunk as can be, upon my shoul.

[Exit Teague, Obadiah, and Waiter.]

C. Bl.

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C. Bl. What a devil should this message mean?

C. Car. 'Tis too plain; this cream of committee rascals, who have better intelligence than a state-secretary, has heard of his son *Abel* being hampered, in the cause of the wicked, and in revenge would intice us to perdition.

C. Bl. If *Teague* could be so fortunate as to make him drunk, we might know all.

Enter Musician.

Mus. Gentlemen, will you have any musick?

C. Bl. Pr'ythee no, we are out of tune.

C. Car. Pish, we never will be out of humour. Do'st hear? play Long live the King.

[Musician plays the tune.]

C. Car. Pays the Musician, who retires.

Enter Teague and Obadiah drunk.

See and rejoice where *Teague* with laurel comes.

C. Bl. And the vanquished *Obadiah*, with nothing fixed about him but his eyes.

Teag. Well now, upon my shoul, Mr. *Obadiah* sings as well as the man now: come then, will you sing an *Irish* song after me?

Ob. I will sing *Irish* for the king now.

Teag. I will sing for the king, as well as you. Hark you now. *[He sings an Irish song, and Obadiah tries.]*

S O N G.

*Ob, Teady-foley, you are my darling,
You are my looking glass, both night and morning;
I had rather have you without a farthing,
Than Bryan Gaulichar, with his house and garden.*

L2, ral lidy.

*O, Norah, agra, I do not doubt you,
And for that reason I kiss and mouth you;
And if there was ten and twenty about you,
Devil burn me, if I would go without you.*

Lal, ral lidy.

Ob. That is too hard stuff; I cannot do these and these material matters.

C 2

Teag.

32 THE COMMITTEE; OR,

Teag. Here now, we will take some snuff for the king—so, there, lay it upon your hand; put one of your noses to it now; so, snuff now. Upon my soul, *Mr. Obad.* Commit will make a brave *Irishman*. Put this in your other nose.

Ob. I will snuff for the king no more. Good *Mr. Teagur* give me some more sack, and sing *English*, for my money.

Teag. I will tell you that *Irish* is as good and better too. Come, now, we will dance.

[*They dance.* *Obadiah falls down.*

Teag. Obid. Obid! upon my soul I believe he's dead.

C. Car. Dead!

Teag. Dead drunk. Poor *Obid.* is sick, and I will mull him some wine—I will put some spice in't. [*Puts some snuff into the funnel*] Now I will howl over him as they do in *Ireland*: oh, oh, oh.

C. Car. Peace, *Teagur*, you'll alarm the enemy. Here's a shilling, call a Chair, and let them carry him in this condition to his kind master. If you meet the ladies, say we would speak with them at the lieutenant's.

Teag. Give me the thirteen, and I will give him an *Irish* sedan.

C. Car. How's that?

Teag. This way.

[*Takes him by the heels, and draws him off.*

C. Car. Come, we'll pay our reckoning at the bar, then go home and laugh; and, if you will, plot some way to see our enchanting females once more. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E III.

A Chamber in Day's house.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Dispatch quickly I say, and say I said it; many things fall between the lip and the cup.

Mr. D. Nay, duck, let thee alone for counsel. Ah, if thou hadst been a man!

Mrs.

Mrs. D. Why then you would have wanted a woman, and a helper too.

Mr. D. I profess so I should, and a notable one too, though I say't before thy face, and that's no ill one.

Mrs. D. Come, come, you are wandering from the matter; dispatch the marriage, I say, whilst she is thus taken with our *Abel*. Women are uncertain.

Mr. D. How if she would be coy?

Mrs. D. You are at your *ifs* again; if she be foolish, tell her plainly what she must trust to, no *Abel*; no land; plain dealing's a jewel: have you the writings drawn as I advised you, which she must sign?

Mr. D. Ay, I warrant you, duck; here, here they be. O she has a brave estate!

Mrs. D. What news you have!

Mr. D. Look you wife.

[*Day pulls out writings, and lays out his keys.*]

Mrs. D. Pish, teach your grannam to spin; let me see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. May it please your honour, your good neighbour *Zachariah* is departing this troublesome life; he has made your honour his executor, but cannot depart till he has seen your honours.

Mr. D. Alas, alas! a good man will leave us. Come, good duck, let us hasten: where is *Obadiah* to usher you?

Mrs. D. Why, *Obadiah*!—A varlet to be out of the way at such a time; truly he moveth my wrath. Come, husband, along; I'll take *Abel* in his place. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Ruth, and Arbella.

Ruth. What's the meaning of this alarm? there's some carrion discovered; the crows are all gone upon a sudden.

Arb. The *She-Day* called most fiercely for *Obadiah*: look here, *Ruth*, what have they left behind?

Ruth. As I live, it is the *Day's* bunch of keys, which he always keeps so closely:—well——if thou hast any mettle, now's the time.

Arb. To do what?

Ruth. To fly out of *Egypt*.

Enter Abel.

Ab. Peace, we are betrayed else; as sure as can be, wench, he's come back for the keys.

Ruth. We'll forswear them in confident words, and no less confident countenances.

Ab. An important affair hath called my honourable father and mother forth, and in the absence of *Obadiah* I am enforced to attend their honours; and so I bid you heartily farewell. *[Exit.*

Ab. Given from his mouth, this tenth of *April*.—
He puts me in a cruel fright.

Ruth. If I miss hang me.

Ab. But whither shall we go?

Ruth. To a friend of mine, and of my father's, that lives near the *Temple*, and will harbour us; fear not; and so set up for ourselves, and get our colonels.

Ab. Nay, the mischief that I have done, and the condition we are in, makes me as ready as thou art; come, let's about it.

Ruth. Stay; do you stand centinel here; that's the closet-window; I'll call for thee, if I need thee; and be sure to give notice of any news of the enemy. *[Exit.*

Ab. I warrant thee—Hark! what's that—this apprehension can make a noise when there is none.

Ruth. I have 'em, I have 'em; nay the whole covey, and his seal at arms bearing a dog's leg. *[Above.*

Ab. Come, make haste then.

Enter Ruth and Teague on the other side with Obadiah on his back.

Teag. Long life to you, madam; my master is at Lieutenant *Story's*, and wants to speak to you, and that dear creature too.

Ab. and Ruth. Conduct us to him.

Teag. Oh, that I will—Come along, and I will follow you. *[Exeunt all but Obadiah.*

Ob. Some small beer, good Mr. *Teague*.

Enter as returned, Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, and Abel.

Mr. D. He made a good end, and departed as unto sleep.

Mrs

Mrs. D. I'll assure you his wife took on grievously ; I do not believe she'll marry this half year.

Mr. D. He died full of exhortation. Ha, duck, should'st be sorry to lose me ?

Mrs. D. Lose you ! I warrant you you'll live as long as a better thing — Ah, lord, what's that ?

[Obadiah sings.]

Mr. D. How now ! what's this ? how ! — *Obadiah* — and in a drunken distemper assuredly !

Mrs. D. O fie upon't ! who would have believ'd that we should have lived to have seen *Obadiah* overcome with the creature ? — Where have you been, firrah ?

Ob. D—d—drinking the ki—ki—king's health.

Mr. D. O terrible ! some disgrace put upon us, and shame brought within our walls ; I'll go lock up my neighbour's will, and come down and shew him a reproof — How — how — I cannot feel my keys — nor — [He feels in his pocket, and leaps up] hear 'em jingle : didst thou see my keys, duck !

Mrs. D. Duck me no ducks. I see your key ! see a fool's head of your own : had I kept them, I warrant they had been forth coming : you are so slappish, you throw 'em up and down at your tail : why don't you go look if you have not left them in the door ?

Mr. D. I go, I go, duck. [Exit.]

Mrs. D. Here, *Abel*, take up this fallen creature, who has left his uprightness ; carry him to a bed, and when he is return'd to himself, I will exhort him.

Abel. He is exceedingly overwhelmed.

[He goes to lift him up.]

Enter Mr. Day.

Mr. D. Undone, undone ! robb'd, robb'd ! the door's left open, and all my writings and papers stolen : undone, undone ! — *Ruth, Ruth !*

Mrs. D. Why *Ruth*, I say ! thieves, thieves !

Enter servant.

Serv. What's the matter ! forsooth ? here has been no thieves : I have not been a minute out of the house.

Mrs. D. Where's *Rash*, and *Mrs. Arbella*?

Serv. I have not seen them a pretty while.

Mr. D. 'Tis they have robb'd me, and taken away the writings of both their estates. Undone, undone!

Mrs. D. This came with slaying for you, [*to Abel.*] coxcomb, we had come back sooner else: you slow drone, we must be undone for your dullness.

Mr. D. Nay patience, good duck, and let's lay out for these women; they are the thieves.

Mrs. D. 'Twas you that left your keys upon the table to tempt them: ye need cry, good duck, be patient. Bring in the drunken rascal, ye booty: when he is sober, he may discover something. Come, take him up; I'll have 'em hunted.

[*Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Day.*]

Abel. Come, *Obadiah*, I pray raise yourself upon your feet, and walk.

Ob. Have you taken the covenant? that's the question.

Abel. Yet.

Ob. And will you drink a health to the king; that's another question.

Abel. Make not thyself a scorn.

Ob. Scorn in my face! void, young Satan.

Abel. I pray you walk in, I shall be assisting.

Ob. Stand off, and you shall perceive by my steadfast going, that I am not drunk. Look ye now—so, softly, softly; gently, good *Obadiah*, gently and steadily, for fear it should be said that thou art in drink: So, gently and uprightly, *Obadiah*.

[*He moves his leg, but keeps in the same place.*]

Abel. You do not move.

Ob. Then do I stand still, as fast you go.

[*Enter Mrs. Day.*]

Mrs. D. What, stay all day? there's for you, fir; [*To Abel.*] you are a sweet youth to leave in trust; along, you drunken rascal; [*To Obadiah.*] I'll set you both forward.

Ob. The Philistines are upon us, and day is broke loose

loose from darkness, high keeping has made her fierce.

Mrs. D. Out, you drunken rascal: I'll make you
move, you beast. *[She beats 'em off. Excunt.]*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

A C T. V.

■ SCENE I. *A Street.*

Enter C. Careless and Teague.

C. Car. HAVE you paid the money I sent you
with?

Teag. Yes; but I will carry no more, look you
there now.

C. Car. Why, Teague?

Teag. God sa' my shoul now, I shall run away with
it.

C. Car. Pish, thou art too honest.

Teag. That I am too upon my shoul now; but the
devil is not honest, that he is not; he would not let
me alone when I was going; but he made go to this
little long place; and t'other little long place; and
upon my shoul was carrying me to Ireland, for he made
me go by a dirty place like a lough now; and there-
fore I know now it was the way to Ireland: then I
would stand still, and then he would make me go on;
and then I would go to one side, and he would make
me go to t'other side; and then I got a little farther,
and did run then; and upon my shoul the devil could
not catch me; and then I did pay the money: but I
will carry no more money, that I will not.

C. Car. But thou shalt, Teague, when I have more
to send; thou art proof now against temptations.

Teag. Well then, if you send me with money again,
and if I do not come to thee upon the time, the devil

C 5

will

will make me be gone then with the money : here's a paper for thee, 'tis a quit way indeed.

C. Car. That's well said, *Teague*.—— [Reads.

Enter Mr. Day, Obadiah, and soldiers.

Ob. Sec. fir, Providence hath directed us ; there is one of them that cloathed me with shame, and the most malignant among the wicked.

Mr. D. Soldiers, seize him : I charge him with treason ; here's a warrant to the keeper, as I told you.

C. Car. What's the matter, rascals ?

Mr. D. You shall know that to you com hereafter : away with him.

C. Car. Teague, tell 'em I shall not come home to night ; I am engag'd.

Teag. I pr'y thee be not engag'd.

C. Car. Gentlemen, I am guilty of nothing, that I know of.

Mr. D. That will appear, fir ; —away with him.

Teag. What will you do with my master now ?

Mr. D. Be quiet, fir, or you shall go with him.

Teag. That I will, for all you, you old fool.

C. Car. Teague, come hither.

Teag. Sir ?

C. Car. Here, take this key, open my bureau, and burn all the papers you find there ; and here, burn this letter.

Teag. Pray, give me that pretty, clean letter, to send my mother.

C. Car. No, no ; be sure to do as I tell you.

Mr. D. Away with him : we will be avenged on the scorner ; and I'll go home and tell my duck this part of my good fortune. [Exeunt.

SCENE *Another Street.*

Enter C. Elunt, Lieutenant Story, Ruth and Arbella.

Ruth. That's thy Colonel, *Arbella* ; catch him quickly, or he'll fly again.

Arb. What should I do.

Ruth.

Ruth. Put forth some good words, advance.

Arb. Sir.

C. Bl. Lady——'tis she.

Arb. I wish, sir, that my friend and I had some conveniency of speaking with you; we now want the assistance of some noble friend.

C. Bl. Then I am happy. Bring me but to do something for you; I would have my actions talk, not I: my friend will be here immediately; I dare speak for him too——pardon my last confusion; but what I told you was as true as if I had said.——

Ruth. To make affidavit of it.

C. Bl. Good over-charged gentlewoman, spare me but a little.

Arb. Pr'ythee peace: can'st thou be merry, and we in this condition?——Sir, I do believe you noble, truly worthy: if we might withdraw any whither out of sight, I would acquaint you with the business.

Lieu. My house, ladies, is at that door, where both the Colonels lodge? pray command it. Colonel *Careless* will immediately be here.

Enter Teague.

Teag. He will not come; that Commit rogue *Day* has got him with men in red coats, and he is gone to prison here below this street; he would not let me go with him i'faith, but made me come to tell thee now.

Ruth. O my heart——tears, by your leave awhile——[wipes her eyes] D'ye hear, *Arbella*, here, take all the trinkets, only the bait that I'll use. [Exit.]

C. Bl. *Careless* in prison! pardon me, madam; I must leave you for a little while; pray be confident;

Arb. What do you mean to do, sir?

C. Bl. I cannot tell; yet I must attempt something.

[Exit *C. Blunt* and *Teague*.]

Lieu. Madam, pray let my house be honoured with you; be confident of all respect and faith. [Exit.]

SCENE A Prison.

Enter Ruth with a soldier.

Ruth. Come, 'give me the bundle ; so, now the habit ; 'tis well, there's for your pains ! be secret, and wait where I appointed you.

Sol. If I fail, may I die in a ditch. [Exit.

Ruth. Now for my wild colonel. Within there—
ho—

Enter Keeper.

Ruth. Have not you a prisoner, sir, in your custody, one Colonel *Careless* ?

Kep. Yes, mistress ; and committed by your father, Mr. *Day*.

Ruth. May I speak with him, sir ?

Kep. Very freely, mistress ; there's no order to forbid any to come to him : to say truth, 'tis the most pleasant't gentleman.—I'll call him forth,——
give the word for Colonel *Careless*. [Exit.

Enter Keeper and Careless.

C. Car. Mr. *Day*'s daughter speak with me ?

Kep. Ay, sir, there she is. [Exit.

Ruth. O sir, does the name of Mr. *Day*'s daughter trouble you ? you love the gentlewoman, but hate his daughter.

C. Car. Yes, I do love that gentlewoman you speak of, most exceedingly.

Ruth. And the gentlewoman loves you : but what luck this is, that *Day*'s daughter should ever be with her, to spoil all ?

C. Car. Not a whit, one way ; I have a pretty room within, dark, and convenient.

Ruth. For what ?

C. Car. For you and I to give counter-security for our kindness to one another.

Ruth. One thing more : I love you, it's true ; but I love you honestly : if you know how to love me virtuously,

ously, I'll free you from prison, and run all fortunes with you.

C. Car. Yes, I could love thee all manner of ways;

— But —

Ruth. But what?

C. Car. The name of that rascal that got thee; yet I lie too, he ne'er got a limb of thee. Pox on't thy mother was as unlucky to bear thee: but how shall we save that? Take off but these incumbrances, and I'll purchase thee in thy smock; but to have fush a flaw in my title. —

Ruth. Can I help nature?

C. Car. Or I honour? Why, hark you now, do but swear me into a pretence, do but betray me with an oath, that thou wert not begot on the body of *Gillian*, my father's kitchen-maid.

Ruth. Who's that?

C. Car. Why, the honourable Mrs. *Day* that now is.

Ruth. Will you believe me if I swear?

C. Car. Ay that I will, though I know all the while 'tis not true.

Ruth. I swear then by all that's good, I am not their daughter.

C. Car. woud'st damn thyself for me.

Ruth. You are mistaken: I have tried you fully; my name is not so godly a one as *Ruth*, but plain *Anne*, daughter to Sir *Basil Thorowgood*; 'tis too long to tell you how this *Day* got me an infant, and my estate, into his power, and made me vassal for his own daughter. But two hours since *Arabella* and I found an opportunity of stealing away all the writings that belong'd to my estate, and her composition: in our flight we met your friend, with whom I left her as soon as I had intelligence of your misfortune, to try to get your liberty; which if I can do, you have an estate, for I have mine.

C. Car. Thou more than —

Ruth. No, no, no raptures at this time; here's your disguise, purchased from a true-hearted red-coat,

coat. Let this line down when 'tis almost dark, and you shall draw up a ladder of ropes ; As soon as you receive it, come down ; and at the bottom of the window you shall find yours, more than her own, not *Ruth*, but *Anne*.

C. Car. I'll leap into thy arms.——

Ruth. So you may break your neck ; If you do, I'll jump too. But time steals on our words ; observe all I have told you : so farewell——

C. Car. Nay, as the good fellows use to say, let us not part with dry lips —— One kiss.

Ruth. Not a bit of me, till I am all yours.

C. Car. Your hand then, to shew I am grown reasonable. A poor compounder. Nay, prythee be not ashamed that thou art loth to leave me. 'Slid, I am a man ; but I'm as arrant a rogue, as thy *Quar-dam* father *Day*, if I could not cry to leave thee a brace of minutes.

Ruth. Away ; we grow foolish——farewel——yet be careful.——

C. Car. I will have the last look.

Ruth. And I the last word.

[*Exit severally, looking at one another.*]

S C E N E A Street.

Enter C. Blunt and Soldier.

C. Bl. No more words ; I do believe, nay, I know thou art honest, may I live to thank thee better.

Sol. I scorn any encouragement to love my king, or those that serve him. I took pay under these people, with a design to do him service ; the Lieutenant knows it.

C. Bl. Here then, carry him this ladder of ropes ; bid him dispatch when he sees the coast clear : he shall be waited for at the bottom of his window. Give him thy sword too, if he desires it.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

Exit

Enter Teague.

Teag. Have you done every thing then? By my shoul now, yonder is the man with the hard name; that man now, that I made drunk for thee, Mr. *Tay's* rascal; he is coming along there behind, now upon my shoul that he is.

C. Bl. The rascal comes for some mischief. *Teague*, now or never play the man.

Teag. How should I be a man then?

C. Bl. Thy master is never to be got out, if this rogue gets hither; meet him therefore, *Teague*, in the most winning manner thou canst, and make him once more drunk, — and if he will not go with thee —

Teag. I will carry him upon my back, if he will not go; and if he will not be drunk, I will cut his throat then, that I will, for my sweet master now, that I will.

C. Bl. Dispatch, good *Teague*.

Teag. I warrant you, I will get drink into his pate, or I will break it for him, that I will, I warrant you: he shall not come after you now.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *Another Street.*

Enter C. Careless in a soldier's habit.

C. Car. I cannot see my north star that I must sail by; 'tis clouded: perhaps she stands close in some corner; I'll not trifle time: all's clear. Fortune forbear thy tricks, but for this small occasion.

Enter Blunt in a Soldier's habit.

C. Bl. What's! a soldier in the place of *Careless*? I am betray'd, but I'll end this rascal's duty.

C. Car. How, a soldier! — betray'd! this rascal shan't laugh at me.

C. Bl. Dog.

C. Car. How, *Blunt*?

C. Bl. *Careless*!

C. Car.

C. Car. You guess shrewdly ; plague, what consternance hath set you and I a tilting at one another ?

C. Bl. How the devil got you a soldier's habit ?

C. Car. The same friend, for ought I know, that furnish'd you — — I his kind gentlewoman is *Ruth* still. Ha, here she is ; I was just ready to be suspicious.

Enter Ruth.

Ruth. Who's there ?

C. Car. Two notable charging red-coats,

Ruth. As I live, my heart is at my mouth.

C. Car. Pr'ythee, let it come to thy lips, that I may kiss it.

Ruth. How in the name of wonder got you hither ?

C. Car. Why, I had the ladder of ropes, and came down by it.

C. Bl. Then the mistake is plainer 'twas I that sent the soldier with the ropes.

Ruth. What an escape was this ! come let's lose no time ; here's no place to explain matters in.

C. Car. I will stay to tell thee, I shall never deserve thee.

Ruth. Tell me so when you have had me a little while. Come, follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E *A Chamber in Day's house.*

Enter Mr. Day, Mrs. Day, Abel, and Mrs. Chat.

Mrs. D. Are you sure of this, neighbour *Chat* ?

Mrs. Ch. I'm as sure of it, as I am that I have a nose to my face.

Mrs. D. Is my —

Mr. D. Ay I is my —

Mrs. D. You may give one leave, methinks ; to ask out one question. Is my daughter *Ruth* with her ?

Mrs. Ch. She was not, when I saw *Mrs. Arbella* last. I have not been so often at your honour's house, but that I know *Mrs. Arbella*, the rich heiress,

els, that Mr. *Abel* was to have had, good gentleman, if he has his due: they never suspected me; for I used to buy things of my neighbour *Story*, before she married the lieutenant; and stepping to see Mrs. *Story* that now is, my neighbour *Wish-well* that was, I saw, as I told you, this very Mrs. *Arbella*; and I warrant Mrs. *Ruth* is not far off.

Mrs. *D.* Let me advise then, husband.

Mr. *D.* Do good duck; I'll warrant 'em——

Mrs. *D.* You'll warrant, when I have done the business.

Mr. *D.* I mean so, duck.

Mrs. *D.* Well! pray spare your meaning too: first then we'll go ourselves in person to this *Story's* house, and in the mean time send *Abel* for soldiers; and when he has brought the soldiers, let them stay at the door, and come up himself; and then if fair means will not do, foul shall.

Mr. *D.* Excellent well advised, sweet duck; ah! let thee alone. I e gone, *Abel*, and observe thy mother's directions. Remember the place. We'll be revenged for robbing us, and for all their tricks.

Abel. I shall perform it.

Mrs. *D.* Come along, neighbour, and shew us the best way; Mrs. *Chat*, the state shall know what good service you have done.

Mrs. *Ch.* I thank your honour. [Exeunt.

SCENE A Chamber in Lieutenant *Story's* house.

Enter *Arbella* and Lieutenant *Story*, meeting *Ruth*, *Careless* and *Blunt*.

Arb. Oh, my dear friend! my dear, dear *Ruth*!

C. Car. Pray, none of these phlegmatic hugs; there, take your colonel; my captain and I can hug afresh every minute.

Ruth. When did we hug last, good soldier?

C. Car. I have done nothing but hug thee in fancy, ever since you *Ruth* turned *Annice*.

Arb.

Arb. You are welcome, sir: I cannot deny I shared in all your danger.

C. Bl. I know not what to say, nor how to tell, how dearly, how well—I love you.

Enter Jack.

Lieu. How now, *Jack*.

Jack. O master, undone! here's Mr. *Day* the committee-man, and his fierce wife, come into the shop; Mrs. *Chet* brought them in, and they say they will come up; they know that Mrs. *Arbella*, and their daughter *Ruth*, is here; deny 'em if you dare they say.

Lieu. Go down, boy, and tell 'em I'm coming to 'em. *[Exit Jack.]*

Ruth. Come, be cheerful; I'll defend you all against the assaults of Captain *Day*, and Major-General *Day*, his new drawn-up wife. Give me my ammunition. *[To Arbella]* the papers, women. So, if I do not rout 'em, fall on; let's all die together, and make no more graves but one.

C. Bl. 'Silse, I love her now, for all she has jeer'd me so. *[Exit Lieutenant.]*

Ruth. Stand you all drawn up as my reserve—so—I for the forlorn hope.

Arb. They come, wench; charge 'em bravely; I'll second thee with a volley.

Ruth. They'll not stand the first charge, fear not; now the *Day* breaks.

C. Car. Would 'twere his neck were broke.

Enter Mr. Day, and Mrs. Day.

Mrs. D. Ah, ah! my fine run-aways, have I found you? what, you think my husband's honour lives without intelligence. Marry come up.

Mr. D. My duck tells you how 'tis — We —

Mrs. D. Why then let your duck tell 'em how 'tis; yet as I was saying, you shall perceive we abound in intelligence; else 'twere not for us to go about to keep the nation quiet; but if you, Mrs. *Arbella*, will deliver up what you have stolen, and submit, and return with us, and this ungracious *Ruth*.

Ruth.

Ruth. Anne, if you please.

Mrs. D. Who gave you that name, pray ?

Ruth. My godfathers and godmothers;—on, forsooth, I can answer a leaf father.

Mr. D. Duck, good duck, a word; I do not like this name *Annice*.

Mrs. D. You are ever in a fright, with a shrivelled heart of your own. — Well, gentlewoman, you are merry.

Arb. As newly come out of our wardships: I hope *Mr. Abel* is well.

Mrs. D. Yes, he is well; you shall see him presently; yes, you shall see him.

C. Car. That is, with myrmidons: come, good Anne, no more delay, fall on.

Ruth. Then before the furious *Abel* approaches with his red-coats, who perhaps are now marching under the conduct of that expert captain in weighty matters; know the articles of our treaty are only these: this *Arbella* will keep her estate, and not marry *Abel*, but this gentleman; and I *Anne*, daughter to Sir *Basil Tb-rotagoor*, and not *Ruth*, as has been thought, have taken my own estate, together with this gentleman, for better, for worse: we were modest, tho' thieves; only plundered our own.

Mrs. D. Yes, gentlewoman, you took something else, and that my husband can prove; it may cost you your necks if you do not submit.

Ruth. Truth on't is, we did take something else.

Mrs. D. Oh, did you so?

Ruth. Pray give me leave to speak one word in private with my father *Day*?

Mrs. D. Do so, do so; are you going to compound? Ah! 'tis father *Day*, now!

Ruth. D'ye hear, sir; how long is't since you have practised physick? [Takes him aside.

Mr. D. Physick! what d'ye mean?

Ruth. I mean physick; look ye, here's a small prescription of yours: d'ye know this hand writing?

Mr. D. I am undone.

Ruth.

68. THE COMMITTEE; OR,

Ruth. Here's another upon the same subject; this young one I believe came into this wicked world for want of your preventing dose; it will not be taken now neither; it seems your wenches are willful: nay, I do not wonder to see 'em have more conscience than you have.

Mr. D. Peace, good *Mrs. Anne*: I am undone, if you betray me.

Enter Abel, goes to his father.

Abel. The soldiers are come.

Mr. D. Go and send 'em away, *Abel*; here's no need, no need now.

Mrs. D. Are the soldiers com-, *Abel*?

Abel. Yes, but my father biddeth me send them away.

Mr. D. No, not without your opinion, duck; but since they have but their own, I think, Duck, if we were all friends—

Mrs. D. O, are you at your *ifs* again? d'you think they shall make a fool of me, though they make an ass of you? Call 'em up, *Abel*, if they will not submit, call up the soldiers, *Abel*!

Ruth. Why, your fierce honour shall know the business that makes the wile *Mr. Day* inclinable to friendship.

Mr. D. Nay, good sweet-heart, come, I pray let us be friends.

Mrs. D. How's this! what, am not I fit to be trusted now? have you built your credit and reputation upon my council and labours, and am not I fit now to be trusted?

Mr. D. Nay, good sweet duck, I confess I owe all to thy wisdom, good gentlemen, persuade my duck, that we may be all friends.

C. Car. Hark you, good *Gillian Day*, be not so fierce upon the husband of thy bosom; 'twas but a small start of frailty: say it were a wench, or so?

Ruth. As I live, he has hit upon't by chance: now we shall have sport.

[*Aside.*
Mrs.

THE FAITHFUL IRISHMAN. 69

Mrs. D. How, a wench, a wench! out upon the hypocrite. A wench! was not I sufficient? a wench! I'll be revenged, let him be ashamed if he will: call the soldiers, *Abel*.

Abel. Soft, gentle *Abel*, or I'll discover, you are in bonds; you shall never be released, if you move a step.

Ruth. D'ye hear, *Mrs. Day*, be not so furious, hold your peace; you may divulge your husband's shame, if you are so simple, and cast him out of authority, nay and have him tried for his life: read this. Remember too I know of your bribery and cheating, and something else; you guess: be friends, and forgive one-another. Here's a letter counterfeited from the king, to bestow preferment on *Mr. Day*, if he would turn honest; by which means, I suppose, you cozened your brother cheats; in which he was to remember his service to you. I believe 'twas your indicting: you are the committee-man 'Tis your best way (nay, never demur) to kiss and be friends. Now if you can contrive handsomely to cozen those that cozen all the world, and get these gentlemen to come by their estates easily, and without taking the covenant, the old sum of five hundred pounds, that I used to talk of shall be yours yet.

Mrs. D. We will endeavour.

Ruth. Come, *Mrs. Abella*, pray let's all be friends.

Abel. With all my heart.

Ruth. Brother *Abel*, the bird is flown; but you shall be released from your bonds.

Abel. I bear my afflictions as I may.

Enter League leaving Obadiah in a halter.

Teague. What is this now? Who are you? Well, are not you *Mrs. Tav*? Well, I will tell her what I should say now? Shall I then? I will try if I cannot laugh too, as I did, or think of the mustard pot.

C Ca. No good *Teague*, there's no need of thy message now; but why dost thou lead *Obadiah* thus?

Teague. Well, I will hang him presently, that I will; look you here *Mrs. Tav*, here's your man *Obadiah*, do you see? He would not let me make him drunk,

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1900

Act I. **EVERY MAN in his HUMOUR.** Sc.



Wright del. sculpsit.

Goldsmith sculpsit.

, MR. WOODWARD as BOBADIL.

*Bob. What a plague! ——— what mean'st thou?
 What's there? — Take away the Bason Good-Hopes.*

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EVERY MAN

IN HIS

HUMOUR.

A

COMEDY.

ALTERED FROM

BEN JONSON,

BY

D. GARRICK, ESQ.

WITH THE VARIATIONS IN THE

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Drury Lane.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES; W. NICOLL; and
S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXXIX.

PROLOGUE.

CRITICKS, your favour is our author's right—
The well-known scenes we shall present to-night
Are no weak efforts of a modern pen,
But the strong touches of immortal Ben ;
A rough old bard, whose honest pride disdain
Applause itself, unless by merit gain'd—
And would to-night your loudest praise disclaim,
Should his great shade perceive the doubtful fame,
Not to his labours granted, but his name.
Boldly he wrote, and boldly told the age,
“ He dar'd not prostitute the useful stage,
“ Or purchase their delight at such a rate,
“ As, for it, he himself must justly hate :
“ But rather begg'd they would be pleas'd to see
“ From him, such plays as other plinys should be :
“ Would learn from him to scorn a motley scene,
“ And leave their monsters, to be pleas'd with me.”
Thus spoke the bard—and tho' the times are chang'd,
Since his free muse for fools the city rang'd ;
And satire had not then appear'd in state,
To lash the finer follies of the great,
Yet let not prejudice infect your mind,
Nor slight the gold, because not quite refin'd ;
With no false niceness this performance view,
Nor damn for low, whate'er is just and true :
Sure to those scenes some honour should be paid,
Which Cambden patroniz'd and Shakspeare play'd :
Nature was nature then, and still survives :
The garb may alter, but the substance lives,
Lives in this play—where each may find complete,
His pictur'd self—Then favour the deceit—
Kindly forget the hundred years between ;
Become old Britons. and admire old Ben.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Kiteley, a merchant,

Captain Bobadil,

Kno'well, an old gentleman,

Ed. Kno'well, his son,

Brain-worm, the father's man,

Mr. Stephen, a country gull,

Downright, a plain Squire,

Well-bred, his half-brother

Justice Clement, an old merry magistrate,

Roger Formal, his clerk,

Mr. Matthew, the town gull,

Cash, Kiteley's man,

Cob, a water-bearer,

W O M E N.

Dame Kiteley,

Mrs. Bridget, sister to Kiteley,

Tib, Cob's wife,

AT DRURY-LANE.

Mr. WROUGHTON.

Mr. PALMER.

Mr. AICKIN.

Mr. BARRYMORE.

Mr. BADDELEY.

Mr. DODD.

Mr. PHILLIMORE

Mr. WHITFIELD.

Mr. PARSONS.

Mr. FAUCETT.

Mr. BURTON.

Mr. R. PALMER.

Mr. SUETT.

Mrs. KEMBLE.

Miss BARNES.

Mrs. LOVE.

D O N.

L O N D O N.

E V E R Y M A N

I N H I S

H U M O U R.

A C T I.

SCENE, *A court-Yard before Kno'well's House.*

Enter Kno'well meeting Brain-worm.

Kno'well. A Goodly day toward! and a fresh morning! *Brain-worm,* -
Call up your young master: Bid him rise, fir.
Tell him, I have some business to employ him.

Brai. I will, fir, presently.

Kno. But hear you firrah,
If he be at his book, disturb him not.

Brai. Well fir.

[*Exit.*

Kno. How happy yet, should I esteem myself,
Could I (by any practice) wean the boy
From one vain course of study, he affects.
He is a scholar, if a man may trust
The liberal voice of Fame, in her report,
Of good account in both our *Universities*,
Either of which hath favour'd him with graces:
But their indulgence must not spring in me
A fond opinion, that he cannot err.
Myself was once a student, and, indeed,
Fed with the self-same humour he is now,
Dreaming on naught but idle *Poetry*,
That fruitless, and unprofitable art;
Good unto none, but least to the professors,
Which, then, I thought the mistress of all knowledge;
But since, time and the truth have waked my judgment,
And reason taught me better to distinguish
The vain from th' useful learnings.

Enter Master Stephen.

Cousin Stephen!

What news with you, that you are here so early?

A 3

Step.

6 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Step. Nothing, but e'en come to see how you do, uncle.

Kno. That's kindly done, you are welcome, Coz.

Step. Ay, I know that sir, I would not ha' come else. How does my cousin *Edward*, uncle?

Kno. O, well Coz, go in and see: I doubt he be scarce stirring yet.

Step. Uncle, afore I go in, can you tell me, an' he have e'er a book of the sciences of hawking and hunting? I would fain borrow it.

Kno. Why, I hope you will not a hawking now, will you?

Step. No wusse, but I'll practise against next year, uncle: I have bought me a hawk, and a hood, and bells, and all; I lack nothing, but a book to keep it by.

Kno. O, most ridiculous.

Step. Nay, look you now, you are angry, uncle: why you know an' a man have not skill in the hawking and hunting languages now-a-days, I'll not give a rush for him. They are more studied than the *Greek*, or the *Latin*. He is for no gallants company without 'em: And by gads-lid I scorn it, I, so I do, to be a comfort for every *Hum-drum*, hang 'em scroyles, there's nothing in 'em, i' the world. What do you talk on it? because I dwell at *Hogsdon*, I shall keep company with none but the archers of *Finsbury*, or the citizens, that come a ducking to *Ussington* ponds? A fine jest i' faith: Had a gentleman mun show himself like a gentleman. Uncle, I pray you be not angry, I know what I have to do, I trow, I am no novice.

Kno. You are a prodigal absurd coxcomb: Go to. Nay, never look at me, it's I that speak.

Take't as you will sir, I'll not flatter you.

Ha' you not yet found means enow to waste

That which your friends have left you, but you must Go cast away your money on a kite,

And know not how to keep it, when you ha' done it

O it's comely! this will make you a gentleman!

Well cousin, well! I see you are e'en past hope

Of all reclaim: Ay, so, now you are told on it,

You

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

7

You look another way.

Step. What would you ha' me do?

Kne. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;

Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive.
That would I have you do: And not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not let your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expences now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on our gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead mens dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it. Who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Save you, gentlemen.

Step. Nay, we do not stand much on our gentility, friend; yet you are welcome; and I assure you mine uncle here is a man of a thousand a year, *Middlesex* land: he has but one son in all the world, I am his next heir at the common law Master *Stephen*, as simple as I stand here, if my cousin die, as there's hopes he will. I have a pretty living o' mine own too, beside, hard by here.

Serv. In good time, sir.

Step. In good time, sir? why! and in very good time sir: You do not flout, friend, do you?

Serv. Not I, sir,

Step. Not you, sir? you were not best, sir; an' you should, here be them can perceive it, and that quickly too; go to; and they can give it again soundly too, an' need be.

Serv. Why, sir, let this satisfy you; good faith, I had no such intent.

Step. Sir, an' I thought you had, I would talk with you, and that presently.

Serv. Good master *Stephen*, so you may, sir, at your pleasure.

A 4

Step.

10 EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR.

Being the master of so loose a spirit.

Why, what unhallow'd ruffian would have writ
In such a scurrilous manner, to a friend?

Why should he think, I tell my apricots,
Or say th' *Hesperian* dragon with my fruit,
To watch it? Well, my son, I had thought
You'd had more judgment t'have made election
Of your companions,

But I perceive affection makes a fool
Of any man, too much the father. *Brain-worm.*

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Sir.

Kno. Is the fellow gone that brought this letter?

Brain. Yes, fir, a pretty while since.

Kno. And where's young master?

Brain. In his chamber, fir.

Kno. He spake not with the fellow, did he?

Brain. No, fir, he saw him not.

Kno. Take you this letter, and deliver it my son:
But with no notice that I have open'd it, on your

Brain. Lord, fir, that were a jest indeed! [*Exit.*]

Kno. I am resolv'd I will not stop his journey.

Nor practise any violent means to stay

The unbridled course of youth in him; for that

Restrain'd, grows more impatient;

There is a way of winning more by love,

And urging of the modesty, than fear:

Force works on servile natures, not the free.

He that's compell'd to goodness, may be good;

But 'tis but for that fit: where others, drawn

By softness and example, get a habit.

Then, if they stray, but warn 'em; and the same

They should for virtue have done, they'll do for shame.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. Young Kno'well's Study.

Enter Edw. Kno'well and Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Did he open it, say'st thou?

Brain. Ycs, o'my word, fir, and read the contents.

E. Kno.

EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR. 11

E. Kno. That's bad. What countenance (pray thee) made he, i'th' reading of it? was he angry, or pleased?

Brain. Nay, sir, I saw him not read it, nor open it, I assure your worship.

E. Kno. No? how know'st thou, then, that he did either?

Brain. Marry sir, because he charged me, on my life, to tell nobody that he open'd it; which unless he had done, he would never fear to have it reveal'd.

E. Kno. That's true: well, I thank thee, *Brain-worm.* [Exit.

Enter Master Stephen.

Step. O, *Brain-worm*, didst thou not see a fellow here in a what'sha'-call-him doublet? he brought mine uncle a letter e'en now.

Brain. Yes master *Stephen*; what of him?

Step. O, I ha' such a mind to beat him——
Where is he? canst thou tell?

Brain. Faith, he is not of that mind; he is gone, *Master Stephen.*

Step. Gone! which way? when went he how long since?

Brain. He is rid hence: he took horse at the street door.

Step. And I staid, i' the fields! whorson scanderlog rogue! O that I had but a horse to fetch him back again.

Brain. Why you may ha' my master's gelding, to save your longing, sir.

Step. But I ha' no boots, that's the spight on't.

Brain. Why, a fine whisp of hay, roll'd hard, master *Stephen.*

Step. No faith, it's no boot to follow him, now: let him e'en go and hang. Pr'ythee, help to truss me a little. He does so vex me——

Brain. You'll be worse vex'd when you are truss'd, *Master Stephen*, Best keep unbraced, and walk your self 'till you be cold; your choler may founder you else.

Step.

Step. By my faith, and so I will; now thou tell'st me on't: how do'st thou like my leg, *Brain-worm*?

Brain. A very good leg, Master *Stephen*; but the woollen stocking does not commend it so well.

Step. Foh, the stockings be good enough, now summer is coming on, for the dust: I'll have a pair of silk against winter, that I go to dwell i'th'town. I think my leg would shew in silk hose——

Brain. Believe me Master, *Stephen*, rarely well.

Step. In sadness, I think it would: I have a reasonable good leg.

Brain. You have an excellent good leg, Master *Stephen*; but I cannot stay to praise it longer now and I am very sorry for't. — [Exit.

Step. Another time will serve, *Brain-worm*. Gracemy for this.

Enter Young Kno'well.

E. Kno. Ha, ha, ha!

Step. 'Slid, I hope he laughs not at me, an' he do——

E. Kno. Here was a letter indeed, to be intercepted by a man's father, and do him good with it! he cannot but think most-virtuously, both of me, and the sender, sure; that make the careful coster monger of him in our familiar epistles. I wish I knew the end of it, which now is doubtful, and threatens——What! my wise cousin! nay, then I'll furnish our feast with one gull more towards the mess. He writes to me of a brace, and here's one, that's three; O for a fourth! Fortune, if ever thou'lt use thine eyes I intreat thee——

Step. O, now I see who he laugh at. He laugh at somebody in that letter. By this good light, an' he had laugh at me—— [Aside.

E. Kno. How now, cousin *Stephen*, melancholy?

Step. Yes, a little. I thought you had laugh at me, cousin.

E. Kno. Why, what an' I had, coz? what would you ha' done?

Step. By this light, I would ha' told mine uncle.

E. Kno. Nay, if you would ha' told your uncle, I did laugh at you, coz.

Step.

Step. Did you indeed?

E. Kno. Yes, indeed.

Step. Why, then—

E. Kno. What then?

Step. I am satisfied, it is sufficient.

E. Kno. Why, be so, gentle coz. And, I pray you let me intreat a courtesy of you. I am sent for, this morning, by a friend i' th' *Old Jewry*, to come to him; it's but crossing over the fields to *Moor-gate*: will you bear me company? I protest, it is not to draw you into bond, or any plot against the state, coz.

Step. Sir, that's all one, and 'twere; you shall command me twice so far as *Moor-gate*, to do you good in such a matter. Do you think I would leave you? I protest—

E. Kno. No, no, you shall not protest, coz.

Step. By my sackings, but I will, by your leave; I'll protest more to my friend, than I'll speak of, at this time.

E. Kno. You speak very well, coz.

Step. Nay, not so neither, you shall pardon me: but I speak to serve my turn.

E. Kno. Your turn, coz? Do you know what you say? A gentleman of your sort, parts, carriage, and estimation, to talk o' your turn i' this company, and to me alone, like a tankard-bearer at a conduit! Come, come, wrong not the quality of your desert, with looking downward, coz; but hold up your head, so: and let the *idea* of what you are, be portray'd i' your face, that men may read i' your physiognomy. (*Here, within this place is to be seen the true, rare, and accomplished master, or miracle of nature, which is all one.*) What think you of this, coz?

Step. Why, I do think of it; and I will be more proud, and melancholy, and gentleman-like, than I have been; I'll ensure you.

E. Kno. Why, that's resolute master, *Stephen*! Now, if I can but hold him up to his height, as it is happily begun, it will do well for a superb-humour: we may hap have a match with the city, and play him for forty pound. [*Aside.*] Come, coz.

Step. I'll follow you.

E. Kno.

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E. K. Follow me ? you must go before.

Step. Nay, an' I must, I will. Pray you, shew me,
good cousin. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. ~~At~~ Street before Cob's house.

Enter Mr. Matthew.

Mat. I think this be the house : what ho.

Enter Cob from the house.

Cob. Who's there ? O, Master Matthews ! gi' your
worship good morrow.

Mat. What ! *Cob* ? how dost thou, good *Cob* ? dost
thou inhabit here, *Cob* ?

Cob. I fir, I and my lineage ha' kept a poor house
here in our days.

Mat. *Cob*, canst thou shew me of a gentleman, one
Captain *Bobadill*, where his lodging is ?

Cob. O, my guest, fir ! you mean.

Mat. Thy guest ! alas ! ha ! ha !

Cob. Why do you laugh, fir ? Do you not mean
Captain *Bobadill* ?

Mat. *Cob*, 'pray thee advise thyself well : do not
wrong the gentleman, and thyself too. I dare be
sworn, he scorns thy house : he ! he lodge in such a
base obscure place, as thy house ! tut, I know his dis-
position so well, he would not lye in thy bed, if thou'dst
give it him.

Cob. I will not give it him, though, fir. Mafs, I
thought somewhat was in't, we could not get him to
bed all night : well fir, though he lye not o' my bed,
he lies o' my bench : an't please you to go up, for you
shall find him with two cushions under his head, and
his cloak wrapt about him, as though he had neither
won nor lost, and yet I warrant he ne'er cast better in
his life, than he has done to night.

Mat. Why ? was he drunk ?

Cob. Drunk fir ? you hear not me say so. Perhaps,
he swallow'd a tavern-token, or some such device, fir :
I have nothing to do withal. I deal with water, and
not with wine. Gi' me my bucket there ho. God
b'w'ye

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b'w'ye', fir. It's fix a clock: I should ha' carried two turns, by this, What, ho! my stoppel, come.

Mat. Lye in a water-bearer's house! A gentleman of his havings! Well, I'll tell him my mind.

Cob. What *Tib*, ~~show~~ *show* this gentleman up to the captain. [*Tib shows Mr. Matthew into the house.*] You should ha' some now would take this *Mr. Matthew* to be a gentleman, at the least. His father's an honest man, a worshipful fishmonger, and so forth; and now does he creep, and ~~wriggle~~ *wriggle* into acquaintance with all the brave gallants about the town such as my guest is: O, my guest is a fine man, he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: by *St. George*, the foot of *Pharaoh*, the body of me, as I am a gentleman, and a soldier: such dainty oaths! and withal, he does take this same filthy roguish *Tobacco*, the finest and cleanliest! it would do a man good to see the fume come forth at's tonnell! ~~Well~~, he owes me forty shillings, my wife lent him out of her purse, by six-pence at a time besides his lodging: I would I had it. I shall ha't, he says the next *Action*. *Helter skelter*; hang sorrow, care'll kill a cat, up-tails all, and a louse for the hangmen. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. a Room in Cob's House.

Bobadill discovered on a bench.

Bob. Hostess, hostess.

Enter Tib.

Tib. What say you, fir?

Bob. A sup o' thy small-beer, sweet hostess.

Tib. Sir, there's a gentleman below would speak with you.

Bob. A gentleman! 'ods so, I am not within.

Tib. My husband told him you were, fir.

Bob. What a plague—what meant he?

Mat. [*within*] Captain *Bobadil*!

Bob. Who's there? take away the bason, good hostess come up, fir.

Tib.

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Tab. He would desire you to come up, sir. You come into a cleanly house, here.

Mat. 'Save you, sir, 'save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle Master *Matthew*! is it you, sir? please you to sit down?

Mat. Thank you good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper, last night, by a sort of gallants, where you were with'd for, and drank to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain!

Bob. Marry, by young *Well-bred*, and others: why, hostess, a stool her! for this gentleman.

Mat. No hassle, sir, 'tis very well.

Bob. Body of me! it was so late e'er we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir? you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir: sit down, I pray you, *Mr. Matthew* in any case possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance, with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I sir? no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabbin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited, as some are.

Mat. True captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me, except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinary engaged, as yourself, or so, I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

[*Pulls out a paper and reads it.*]

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? read it.

Mat. reads. *To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,*

Send

Send these lines, wherein I do commence,

The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.

Bob. 'Tis good, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[Bobadil is making ready this while.]

Mat. This, sir? a toy o'mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my Muses! But when will you come and see my study? good faith, I can shew you some very good things, I have done of late—That boot becomes your leg, passing well, captain, methinks!

Bob. So, so, it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth captain, and now you speak o'the fashion, Master *Well-bred's* elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly; this other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship was most peremptory beautiful, and gentleman-like; yet he condemn'd, and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire *Downright*, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, *George Downright*.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why he has no more judgment than a malt-horse: By *St. George*, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of *Christendom*, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a foldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack saddle! he has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron, and rusty proverbs! a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How! He the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so, for my more grace.

Bob. That may be; for I was sure it was none of his word: but when? when said he so?

Mat.

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of *Pharaoh*, and 'twere my case now, I should send him a challenge presently: the bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great *Cavanza*: come hither: you shall challenge him; I'll shew you a trick or two, you shall kill him with, at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed, you have absolute knowledge i'the mystery, I have heard, sir.

Bob. Of whom? of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth, I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By Heaven, no not I; no skill i'th the earth; some small rudiments i'the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen, and gentlemens use, than mine own practice, I assure you: 'I'll give you a lesson. Look you, sir: exalt not your point, above this state at any hand, so, sir. Come on: O, twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard, so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus: now stand fast o'your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time—O, you disorder your point, most irregularly! come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place, where you are acquainted, some tavern, or so—and have a bit—What money ha' you about you, Master *Matthew*?

Mat. Faith, ha' not past a two shillings or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat of the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt, to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of 'the stomach; and then we'll call upon young *Well-bred*: perhaps we shall meet the Coridon, his brother there, and put him to the question. Come along Mr. *Matthew*.

[*Exeunt.*]

END of the FIRST ACT.

ACT II.

ACT II. SCENE I *a Warehouse, belonging to Kately.*

Enter Kately, Cash, and Down-right.

Kite. **T**HOMAS, come hither.
~~There~~ ^{There} lies a note within upon my desk,
 Here take my key : it is no matter neither.
 Where is the boy ?

Cash. Within, sir, i' th' warehouse.

Kite. Let him tell over straight, that *Spanish* gold,
 And weigh it, with the pieces of eight. Do you
 See the delivery of those silver-stuffs,
 To Master *Lucar* : Tell him if he will,
 He shall ha' the grograms, at the rate I told him,
 And I will meet him on the Exchange anon.

Cash. Good, sir, [Exit.

Kite. Do you see that fellow, brother *Down-right* ?

Down. Ay, what of him ?

Kite. He is a jewel, brother.

I took him of a child, up at my door,
 And christened him, gave him mine own name *Thomas*,
 Since bred him at the hospital ; where proving
 A toward imp, I call'd him home, and taught him
 So much, as I have made him my cashier,
 And find him in his place so full of faith,
 That I durst trust my life into his hands.

Down. So would not I in ~~my~~ ^{any} bastard's brother,
 As it is like he is : although I knew
 Myself his father. But you said yo' had somewhat
 To tell me, gentle brother, what is't ? what is't !

Kite. Faith, I am very loath to utter it,
 As fearing it may hurt your patience :
 But that I know your judgement is of strength,
 Against the nearness of affection——

Down. What need this circumstance ? pray you be direct.

Come to the matter, the matter.

Kite. Then without further ceremony thus :
 My brother *Well-bred*, sir, I know not how
 Of late, is much declined in what he was,
 And greatly alter'd in his disposition.

When

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When he came first to lodge here in my house
 Ne'er trust me if I were not proud of him :
 Methought he bare himself in such a fashion,
 So full of man, and sweetness in his carriage,
 And (what was chief) it shew'd not borrow'd in him.
 But all he did became him as his own,
 And seem'd as perfect, proper, and perfect.
 As breath with life; or colour with the blood.
 But now his course is so irregular,
 So loose, affected, and deprived of grace,
 He makes my house here common as a mart,
 A theatre, a public receptacle
 For giddy humour, and diseased riot ;
 And here as in a tavern, or a stew
 He and his wild associates, spend their hours,
 In repetition of lascivious jests,
 Swear, leap, and drink, dance, and revel night by night,
 Control my servants; and indeed what not.

Dow. 'Sdains, I know not what I should say to him
 i' the whole world ! He values me at a crack'd three-
 farthings, for ought I see: it will never out of the
 flesh that's bred i' the bone ! I have told him enough
 one would think, if that would serve: 'Well ! he knows
 what to trust to, fore *George* : let him spend, and spend,
 and domineer, 'till his heart ake : an' he think to be
 relieved by me, when he is got into one o' your city
 pounds, the counters, he has the wrong sow by the ear
 i' faith; and claps his dist. at the wrong man's door :
 I'll lay my hand o' my half-penny, ere I part with 't
 to fetch him out, I'll assure him.

Kite. Nay, good brother, let it not trouble you
 thus.

Dow. 'Sdeath, he mads me, I could eat my very
 spur-leathers for anger ! But, why are you so tame ?
 Why do not you speak to him, and tell him how he
 disgraces your house.

Kite. O, there are divers reasons to dissuade, bro-
 ther.

But, would yourself vouchsafe to travel in it,
 Though but with plain and easy circumstance,
 It would both come much better to his sense,
 And savour less of stomach, or of passion.

You

You are his elder brother, and that title
Both gives, and warrants your authority,
Whereas, if I should intimate the least,
It would but add contempt to his neglect,
Heap worse on ill, make up a pile of hatred,
That in the rearing would come tottering down,
And in the ruin bury all our love.
Nay more than this, brother, if I should speak,
He would be ready from this heat of humour,
And over-flowing of the vapour in him,
To blow the ears of his familiars
With the false breath of telling, what disgraces,
And new disparagements, I had upon him.
Whilst they, sir, to relieve him in the table,
Make their loose comments upon every word,
Gesture, or look, I use; mock me all over,
And, out of their impetuous rioting phant'ies;
Beget some slander that shall dwell with me;
And what would that be, think you? marry this,
They would give out because my wife is fair,
My self but lately married, and my sister
Here sojourning a virgin in my house
That I were jealous! nay as sure as death,
That they would say. And how that I had quarrell'd
My brother purpofely, thereby to find
An apt pretext, to banish them my house.

Dow. Mafs, perhaps so: they're like enough to do it.

Kite. Brother, they would, believe it; so should I
Like one of these penurious quack-salvers
But set the bills up to mine own disgrace,
And try experiments upon myself:
Lend scorn and envy opportunity,
To stab my reputation, and good name——

Enter Matthew and Bobadil.

Mat. I will speak to him——

Bob. Speak to him! by the foot of *Pharaoh* you shall
not, you shall not do him that grace.

Kite. What's the matter, sirs?

Bob. The time of day, to you gentleman o'the
house. Is Mr. *Well-bred* stirring?

Dow. How then? what should he do?

Bob. Gentleman of the house; it is to you; is he
within, sir?

Dow.

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Kite. He came not to his lodging to night, fir, I assure you.

Dow. Why, do you hear, you!

Bob. The gentleman-citizen hath satisfied me, I'll talk to no scavenger. [*Exeunt Bob. and Matt.*]

Dow. How, scavenger? stay fir, stay.

Kite. Nay, brother *Down-right*. [*Holding him.*]

Dow. 'Heart! stand you away, an' you love me.

Kite. You shall not follow him now, I pray you, brother, good faith you shall not: I will over-rule you.

Dow. Ha? Scavenger? well, go to, I say little: but by this good day, God forgive me I should swear, if I put it up so, say I am the rankest coward that ever lived. 'Sdains, and I swallow this, I'll ne'er draw my sword in the sight of Fleet-street again while I live; I'll sit in a barn with *Madge-bowlet*, and catch mice first. Scavenger!

Kite. Oh do not fret yourself thus, never think on't.

Dow. These are my brother's consorts, these! these are his comrades, his walking mates! he's a gallant, a cavaliero too, right hang-man cut! let me not live an I could not find in my heart to swing the whole gang of 'em, one after another, and begin with him first. I am grieved, it should be said he is my brother, and take these curses: well, as he brews, so shall he drink, for *George*, again. Yet he shall hear on't, and that tightly too an' I live, i'faith.

Kite. But brother, let your reprehension then Run in an easy current, not o'er high Carried with rashness, or devouring choler; But rather use the soft persuading way, More winning, than enforcing the consent.

Dow. Ay, ay, let me alone for that, I warrant you.

[*Bells ring.*]

Kite. How now? O, the bell rings to breakfast.

Brother, I pray you go in, and bear my wife Company till I come; I'll but give order.

For some dispatch of business to my servants——

Dow. I will—Scavenger! Scavenger! [*Exi.*]

Kite. Well, yet my troubled spirit's somewhat eased, Though not reposed in that security As I could wish: But I must be content. How e'er I set a face on't to the world:

Would

Would I had lost this finger at a venture,
 So *Well-bred* had ne'er lodg'd within my house.
 Why't cannot be, where ~~there's~~ such resort
 Of wanton gallants, and young revellers,
 That any woman should be honest long.
 Is't like that factious beauty will preserve
 The public weal of chastity unshaken,
 When such strong motives muster, and make head
 Against her single peace? No, no: Beware
 When mutual appetite doth meet to treat,
 And spirits of one kind and quality,
 Come once to parley in the bride of blood,
 It is no slow conspiracy that follows.
 Well, to be plain if I but thought the time
 Had answer'd their affections, all the world
 Should not persuade me but I were a cuckold.
 Marry, I hope they ha' not got that start;
 For opportunity hath baulkt 'em yet,
 And shall do still, while I have eyes and ears.
 To attend the impositions of my heart,
 My presence shall be as an iron bar,
 To twixt the conspiring motions of desire:
 Yea every look, or glance mine eyes eject,
 Shall check occasion, as one doth his slave,
 When he forgets the limits of prescription.

Enter Dame Kitely.

Dame. Sister *Bridget*, pray you fetch down the rose-water above in the closet. Sweet-heart, will you come in to breakfast!

Kite. An' she have over-heard me now?

Dame. I pray thee good *Musi*, we stay for you.

Kite. By heaven I would not for a thousand angels.

Dame. What ail you, sweet-heart? are you not well? speak good *Musi*.

Kite. Troth my head aches extremely, on a sudden.

Dame. O, the Lord!

Kite. How now! what.

Dame. Alas, how it burns! *Musi*, keep you warm, good truth it is this new disease, there's a number are troubled withal! for love's sake sweet-heart, come in out of the air.

Kite. How simple, and how subtil are her answers!

A new

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A new disease! and many troubled with it!
Why true; she heard me, all the world to nothing.

Dame. I pray thee, good sweet-heart come in;
the air will do you harm, in troth.

Kite. I'll come to you presently; 'twill away I hope.

Dame. Pray Heaven it do. [Exit Dame.]

Kite. A new disease! I know not, new or old,
But it may well be call'd poor mortals plague;
For like a pestilence, it doth infect
The houses of the brain. First it begins
Solely to work upon the phantasy,
Filling her seat with such pestiferous air,
As soon corrupts the judgment: and from thence,
Sends like contagion to the memory:
Still each to other giving the infection,
Which as a subtil vapour spreads itself
Confusedly, through every sensitive part,
Till not a thought or motion in the mind
Be free from the black poison of suspect.
Ah, but what misery is it to know this?
Or knowing it, to want the mind's direction
In such extremes? well, I will once more strive
In spite of this black cloud myself to be,
And shake the fever off, that thus shakes me. [Exit.]

S C E N E II. *Moor-fields.*

Enter Brain-worm, disguised like a Soldier.

Brai. 'Slid, I cannot chuse but laugh to see my
self translated thus. Now must I create an intolerable
sort of lies, or my present profession loses the grace: and
and yet the lie to a man of my coat, is as ominous a fruit,
as the *fico*. O sir, it holds for good policy ever, to
have that outwardly in vilest estimation, that inwardly
is most dear to us. So much for my borrowed shape.
Well, the truth is, my old master intends to follow my
young, dry-foot, over *Moorfields* to *London*, this morn-
ing; now I knowing of this hunting-match, or rather
conspiracy, and to insinuate with my young master,
(for so must we that are blue-waiters, and men of hope
and service do) have got me afore in this disguise, de-
termining here to lie in *ambuscade*, and intercept him
in the mid-way. If I can but get his cloak, his
purse,

use, his hat, nay, any thing to cut him off, that is, to stay his journey, *veni, vidi, vici*, I may say with aptain *Cæsar*, I am made for ever i'faith. Well, now must I practise to get the true garb of one of those *ance-knights*, my arm here, and my —— young master! and his cousin, Mr. *Stephen*, as I am true counterfeit man of war, and no soldier! [*Retires.*]

Enter E. Kno'well and Master Stephen.

E. Kno. So, sir; and how then coz?

Step. S'foot, I have lost my purse, I think.

E. Kno. How? lost your purse? where? when hadst thou it?

Step. I cannot tell, stay.

Brai. 'Slid, I am afraid they will know me; would could get by them.

E. Kno. What? ha' you it?

Step. No, I think I was bewicht, I ——

E. Kno. Nay, do not weep the loss, hang it, let it go.

Step. Oh it's here: no, an' it had been lost, I had not cared, but for a jet ring Mrs. *Mary* sent me.

E. Kno. A jet ring? O the *poesy*, the *poesy*?

Step. Fine, i'faith! *though fancy sleep my love is* *rep.* Meaning, that tho' I did not fancy her, yet she loved me dearly.

E. Kno. Most excellent!

Step. And then I sent her another, and my *poesy* *as, The deeper the sweeter I'll be judged by St. Peter.*

E. Kno. How, by St. Peter? I do not conceive that.

Step. Marry, St. *Peter*, to make up the metre.

E. Kno. Well, there the saint was your good patron, he helpt you at your need; thank him, thank him.

Brai. I cannot take leave on 'em so; I will venture, come what will. [*He comes forward.*] Gentlemen, please you change a few crowns for a very excellent good blade here? I am a poor gentleman, a soldier, one, that in the better state of my fortunes scorn'd to mean a refuge; but now it is the humour of necessity to have it so. You seem to be gentlemen well affected to martial men, else should I rather die with silence than live with shame. However, vouchsafe to remember it is my want speaks, not myself: this condition agrees not with my spirit ———

E. Kno. Where hast thou served?

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Brai. May it please you, sir, in all the late wars of *Bobemia, Hungaria, Dalmatia, Poland*, where not sir? I have been a poor survivor by sea and land, any time this fourteen years, and follow'd the fortunes of the best commanders in *Christendom*. I was twice shot at the taking of *Aleppo*, once at the relief of *Vienna*; I have been at *Marseilles, Naples*, and the *Adriatick* gulph; a gentleman slave in the gallies thrice, where I was most dangerously shot in the head, thro' both the thighs, and yet being thus maim'd, I am void of maintenance, nothing left me but my scars, the noted marks of my resolution.

Step. How will you sell this rapier, friend?

Brai. Generous sir, I refer it to your own judgment; you are a gentleman, give me what you please.

Step. True, I am a gentleman, I know that friend. But what though, I pray you say, what would you ask?

Brai. I assure you, the blade may become the side or thigh of the best prince in *Europe*.

E. Kno. Ay, with a velvet scabbard.

Step. Nay an't be mine, it shall have a velvet scabbard coz, that's flat: I'd not wear it as 'tis, an' you would give me an angel.

Brai. At your worship's pleasure, sir; nay 'tis a most pure *Toledo*.

Step. I had rather it were a *Spaniard*. But tell me, what shall I give you for it? An' it had a silver hilt—

E. Kno. Come, come, you shall not buy it; hold, there's a shilling, fellow, take thy rapier.

Step. Why, but I will buy it now, because you say so; and there's another shilling, fellow, I scorn to be out-bidden. What, shall I walk with a cudgel, like *Higgin-bottom*, and may have a rapier for money?

E. Kno. You may buy one in the city.

Step. Tut, I'll buy this i' the field, so I will; I have a mind to't, because 'tis a field rapier. Tell me your lowest price.

E. Kno. You shall not buy it, I say.

Step. By this money, but I will, though I give more than 'tis worth.

E. Kno. Come away, you are a fool.

[Exit

Step. Friend, I am a fool, that's granted; but I'll have it, for that word's sake. Follow me for your money.

Brai.

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Brai. At your service, fir. [Exeunt.]

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. I cannot lose the thought, yet, of this letter,
Sent to my son, nor leave t' admire the change
Of manners, and the breeding of our youth
Within the kingdom, since myself was one.
When I was young, he lived not in the stews
Durst have conceiv'd a scorn, and utter'd it
On a grey head ; age was authority
Against a buffoon, and a man had then
A certain reverence paid unto his years,
That had none due unto his life.
But now we all are fallen ; youth, from their fear ;
And age, from that which bred it, good example.
Nay, would ourselves were not the first, even parents,
That did destroy the hopes in our own children. [Jefts :
The first words we form their tongues with, are licentious
Can it call whore ? cry bastard ? O then kifs it !
A witty child ! can't swear ? the father's darling !
Give it two plums. But this is in the infancy,
When it puts on the breeches, it will put off all this.
Ay, it is like, when it is gone into the bone already.
No, no ; this dye goes deeper than the coat,
Or shirt, or skin : it stains unto the liver,
And heart, in some : and rather than it should not,
Note what we fathers do ! look how we live !
What mistresses we keep ! at what expence ;
And teach 'em all bad ways to buy affliction.
These are the trade of fathers now ; however,
My son, I hope, hath met within my threshold
None of these household precedents, which are strong,
And swift, to rape youth to their precipice.
But let the house at home be ne'er so clean
Swept, or kept sweet from filth,
If he live abroad with his companions,
In riot and misrule, it is worth a fear.

Enter Brain-worm.

Brai. My master ? nay, faith have at you ; I am
Asth'd now, I have sped so well, though I must attack
you in a different way. Worshipful fir, I beseech you,
respect the estate of a poor soldier ; I am asham'd of this

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base course of life, God's my comfort, but extremity provokes me to't, what remedy?

Kno I have not for you, now.

Brai. By the faith I bear unto truth, gentleman, it is no ordinary custom in me, but only to preserve manhood. I protest to you, a man I have been, a man I may be, by your sweet bounty.

Kno Pr'y thee good friend, be satisfied.

Brai. Good sir, by that hand, you may do the part of a kind gentleman, in lending a poor soldier the price of two cans of beer, a matter of small value, the king of Heaven shall pay you, and I shall rest thankful: sweet worship——

Kno. Nay, an' you be so importunate——

Brai. Oh, tender, sir, need will have its course: I was not made to this vile use! well, the edge of the enemy could not have abated me so much: it's hard when a man hath served in his prince's cause, and be thus—[*He weeps.*] Honourable worship, let me derive a small piece of silver from you, it shall not be given in the course of time; by this good ground, I was fain to pawn my rapier last night for a poor supper; I had suck'd the hilts long before, I am a *Pagan* else: sweet honour.

Kno. Believe me, I am taken with some wonder,

To think a fellow of thy outward presence,
Should, in the frame and fashion of his mind

Be so degenerate, and sordid-base!

Art thou a man? and sham'st thou not to beg?

To practise such a servile kind of life?

Why, were thy education ne'er so mean,

Having thy limbs, a thousand fairer courses

Offer themselves to thy election.

Either the wars might still supply thy wants,

Or service of some virtuous gentleman,

Or honest labour: nay, what can I name,

But would become the better than to beg?

But men of thy condition feed on sloth,

As doth the beetle, on the dung she breeds in,

Not caring how the metal of your minds

Is eaten with the rust of idleness.

Now, afore me, what e'er he be, that should

Relieve a person of thy quality,

While

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While thou insists in this loose desperate course,
I would esteem the sin, not thine, but his.

Brai. Faith sir, I would gladly find some other course,
if so ———

Kno. Ay, you'd gladly find it, but you will not
seek it.

Brai. Alas, sir, where should a man seek? in the
wars, there's no ascent by desert in these days: but
——— and for service, would it were as soon purchaft,
as with'd for, the air's my comfort, I know what I would
say ———

Kno. What's thy name?

Brai. Please you, *Fitz-Sword*, sir,

Kno. *Eitz-Sword*?

Say that a man should entertain thee now,
Would'st thou be honest, humble, just, and true?

Brai. Sir, by the place, and honour of a soldier ———

Kno. Nay, nay, I like not those affected oaths;
speak plainly man: what think'st thou of my words?

Brai. Nothing, sir, but wish my fortune were as
happy, as my service should be honest.

Kno. Well follow me, I'll prove thee, if thy deeds
will carry a proportion to thy words. [Exit.

Brai. Yes sir, straight; i'll but garter my hose.
Oh that my belly were hoop'd now, for I am ready to
burst with laughing! never was bottle or bag-pipe
fuller. 'Slid, was there ever seen a fox in years to
betray himself thus? now shall I be posselt of all his
counsels: and by that conduct, my young master.
Well, he is resolv'd to prove my honesty; faith, and
I am resolv'd to prove his patience: Oh I shall abuse
him intolerably. This small piece of service will bring
him clean out of love with the soldier for ever. He
will never come within the sign of it, the sight of a
red coat, or a musket-rest again. Its no matter, let
the world think me a bad counterfeit, if I cannot give
him the slip, at an instant: why this is better than to
have staid his journey! well, i'll follow him: Oh, how
I long to be employed!

*With change of voice, these scars, and many an oath
I'll follow son and fire, and serve 'em both.* [Exit.

END of the SECOND ACT.

B 3

ACT III.

ACT III. SCENE I. *Stocks-Market.**Enter Matthew, Well-bred, and Bobadill.*

Mat. YES, faith, fir, we were at your lodging to seek you too.

Well. Oh, I came not there to night.

Bob. Your brother delivered us as much.

Wel. Who? my brother *Downright*?

Bob. He. Mr. *Well-bred*, I know not in what kind you hold me; but let me say to you this: as sure as honour, I esteem it so much out of the sun-shine of reputation, to throw the least beam of regard upon such a ———

Wel. Sir, I must hear no ill words of my brother.

Bob. I protest to you, as I have a thing to be saved about me, I never saw any gentleman-like-part——

Wel. Good captain [*faces about*] to some other discourse.

Bob. With your leave, fir, an' there were no more men living upon the face of the earth, I should not fancy him, by *St. George*.

Mat. Troth, nor I, he is of a rustical cut, I know not how; he doth not carry himself like a gentleman of fashion——

Wel. O, Mr. *Matthew*, that's a grace peculiar but to a few.

Enter Young Kno'well and Stephen.

Ned Kno'well! by my soul welcome; how dost thou sweet spirit, my *genius*? 'Slid, I shall love *Apollo*, and the mad *Thespian* girls the better, while I live for this; my dear *fury*: now, I see there's some love in thee! firrah, these be the two I writ to thee of. Nay, what a drowsy humour is this now? why dost thou not speak?

E. Kno. O, you are a fine gallant, you sent me a rare letter!

Wel. Why, was't not rare?

E. Kno. Yes, I'll be sworn, I was ne'er guilty of reading the like; match it in all *Pliny's Epistles*, and I'll have my judgment burn'd in the ear for a rogue: make much of thy vein, for it is inimitable. But I marvel what camel it was, that had the carriage of it: for, doubtless, he was no ordinary beast that brought it!

Wel. Why?

E. Kno.

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E. Kno. Why, say'st thou? why dost thou think that any reasonable creature especially in the morning (the sober time of the day too) could have mistaken my father for me?

Wel. 'Slid, you jest, I hope?

E. Kno. Indeed, the best use we can turn it to, is to make a jest on't, now: but I'll assure you, my father had the full view o' your flourishing stile, before I saw it.

Wel. What a dull slave was this? but, sirrah, what said he to it, i'faith?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not what he said: but I have a shrewd guess what he thought.

Well. What? what?

E. Kno. Marry, that thou art some strange dissolute young fellow, and I a grain or two better, for keeping thee company.

Well. Tut, that thought is like the moon in her last quarter, 'twill change shortly: but, sirrah, I pray thee be acquainted with my two hang-by's here; thou wilt take exceeding pleasure in 'em, if thou hear'st 'em once go: my wind-instruments. I'll wind 'em up—but what strange piece of silence is this? the sign of a dumb man?

E. Kno. O, sir, a kinsman of mine, one that may make your musick the fuller, and he please, he has his humour, sir.

Well. O, what is't? what is't?

E. Kno. Nay, I'll neither do your judgment, nor his folly that wrong, as to prepare your apprehension; I'll leave him to the mercy o' your search, if you can take him, so.

Well. Well, Captain *Bobadil*, Mr. *Matthew*, I pray you know this gentleman here, he is a friend of mine, and one that will deserve your affection. I know not your name, sir, but I shall be glad of any occasion, to render me more familiar to you. [*To Master Stephen.*

Step. My name is Mr. *Stephen*, sir, I am this gentleman's own cousin, sir, his father is mine uncle, sir: I am somewhat melancholy, but you shall command me, sir, in whatsoever is incident to a gentleman.

Bob. Sir, I must tell you this, I am no general man, at for Mr. *Well-bred's* sake (you may embrace it at
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what height of favour you please) I do communicate with you, and conceive you to be a gentleman of some parts; I love few words. [To Kno'well.

E. Kno. And I fewer, sir, I have scarce enough to thank you.

Mat. But are you indeed, sir, so given to it?

[To Master Stephen.

Step. Ay truly, sir, I am mightily given to melancholy.

Mat. O, it's your only fine humour, sir, your true melancholy breeds your perfect fine wit, sir: I am melancholy myself, divers times, sir, and then do I no more but take pen and paper presently, and overflow you half a score, or a dozen of sonnets at a sitting.

Step. Confin, is it well? am I melancholy enough?

E. Kno. O, ay, excellent!

Wel. Captain *Bobdil*, why muse you so?

E. Kno. He is melancholy too.

Bob. Faith, sir, I was thinking of a most honourable piece of service, was perform'd to-morrow, being St. Mark's day, shall be some ten years, now.

E. Kno. In what place, captain?

Bob. Why, at the beleagu'ring of *Strigonium*, where, in less than two hours, seven hundred resolute gentlemen, as any were in *Europe*, lost their lives upon the breach. I'll tell you, gentlemen, it was the first, but the best leagure that ever I beheld with these eyes, except the taking of———what do you call it, last year, by the *Genoese*, but that (of all other) was the most fatal and dangerous exploit that ever I was ranged in, since I first bore arms before the face of the enemy, as I am a gentleman and a soldier.

Step. 'So, I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman.

E. Kno. Then, you were a servitor at both, it seems; at *Strigonium*, and what do you call't?

Bob. O Lord, sir, by St. *George*, I was the first man that enter'd the breach: and, had I not effected it with resolution, I had been slain if I had had a million of lives.

E. Kno. 'Twas pity you had not ten; a cat's and your own, i'faith. But, was it possible?

Mat. Pray you, mark this discourse, sir.

Step.

Step. So I do.

Bob. I assure you upon my reputation 'tis true, and yourself shall confess.

E. Kno. You must bring me to the rack, first.

Bob. Observe me judicially, sweet fir; they had planted me three demi-culverins just in the mouth of the breach; now, fir, as we were to give on, their master-gunner, a man of no mean skill and mark, you must think confronts me, with his linstock, ready to give fire; I spying his intendment, discharged my petrionel in his bosom, and with these single arms, my poor rapier, ran violently upon the *Moors* that guarded the ordnance and put 'em pell-mell to the sword.

Wel. To the sword! to the rapier, captain?

E. Kno. O, it was a good figure observed, fir! but did you all this, captain, without hurting your blade?

Bob. Without any impeach o' the earth; you shall perceive, fir. It is the most fortunate weapon that ever rid on poor gentleman's thigh; shall I tell you, fir? you talk of *Morglay*, *Excalibur*, *Durindana*, or so: tut, I lend no credit to that is fabled of 'em, I know the virtue of mine own, and therefore I dare the boldlier maintain it.

Step. I marvel whether it be a *Toledo*, or no?

Bob. A most perfect *Toledo*, I assure you, fir.

Step. I have a countryman of his here.

Mat. Pray you, let's see, fir; yes faith, it is!

Bob. This a *Toledo*? pish.

Step. Why do you pish, captain?

Bob. A *Fleming*, by Heaven: I'll buy them for a guilder apiece, an' I would have a thousand of them.

E. Kno. How say you, cousin? I told you thus much.

Wel. Where bought you it, Master *Stephen*?

Step. Of a scurvy rogue soldier, a hundred of lince go with him, he swore it was a *Toledo*.

Bob. A poor provant rapier, no better.

Mat. Mafs, I think it be, indeed, now I look on't better. [Exit

E. Kno. Nay, the longer you look on't, the worse. Put it up, put it up.

Step. Well, I will put it up; but by—I ha' forgot the captain's oath, I thought to ha' sworn by it, an' e'er I meet him—

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Wel. O, 'tis past help now, fir, you must have patience,

Step. Whorson coney-catching rascal! I could eat the very hilts for anger.

E. Kno. A sign of good digestion; you have an offrich-stomach, cousin.

Step. A stomach? would I had him here, you should see an' I had a stomach.

Wel. It's better as 'tis: come gentlemen, shall we go?

Enter Brain-worm.

E. Kno. A miracle cousin, look here! look here!

Step. O God'slid by your leave, do you know me, fir?

Brain. Ay, fir, I know you by sight.

Step. You sold me a rapier, did you not?

Brain. Yes, marry did I, fir.

Step. You said it was a *Toledo*, ha?

Brain. True, I did so.

Step. But it is none.

Brain. No, fir, I confess it is none.

Step. Do you confess it? gentlemen bear witness he has confess'd it: by God's will, an' you had not confess'd it—

E. Kno. O cousin, forbear, forbear.

Step. Nay I have done, cousin.

Wel. Why, you have done like a gentleman, he ha, confess'd it, what would you more?

Step. Yet, by his leave, he is, a rascal, under his favour, do you see?

E. Kno. Ay, by his leave, he is, and under favour; a pretty piece of civility! firrah, how dost thou like him?

Wel. O, it's a most precious fool, make much on him: I can compare him to nothing more happily, than a drum: for every one may play upon him.

E. Kno. No, no, a child's whistle were far the fitter.

Brain. Sir, shall I intreat a word with you?

E. Kno. With me, fir? you have not another *Toledo* to sell, ha' you?

Brain. You are conceited, fir; your name is Mr. *Kno'well*, as I take it?

E. Kno. You are i' the right; you mean not to proceed in the catechism, do you?

rain.

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Brain. No, fir, I am none of that coat.

E. Kno. Of as bare a coat, though ; well, say fir.

Brain. Faith, fir, I am but servant to the drum extraordinary, and indeed this smoaky varnish being wash'd off, and three or four patches removed, I appear your worship's in reversion, after the decease of your good father, *Brain-worm.*

E. Kno. *Brain-worm!* 'Slight, what breath of a conjurer hath blown thee hither in this shape?

Brain. The breath o' your letter, fir, this morning; the same that blew you to the wind-mill, and your father after you.

E. Kno. My father!

Brain. Nay, never, start, 'tis true; he has followed you over the fields by the foot, as you would do a hare i' the snow.

E. Kno. Sirrah *Well-bred*, what shall we do, sirrah? my father is come over after me.

Wel. Thy father, where is he?

Brain. At Justice *Clement's* house, in *Coleman street*, where he but stays my return; and then——

Wel. Who's this? *Brain-worm?*

Brain. The same, fir.

Well. Why how, in the name of wit, com'st thou transmuted thus?

Brain. Faith, a device, a device; nay, for the love of reason, gentlemen, and avoiding the danger, stand not here; withdraw and I'll tell you all. [*Exeunt*]

S C E N E, II. *The Ware-house.*

Enter Kiteley and Cash.

Kite. What says he, *Thomas?* Did you speak with him?

Cash. He will expect you, fir, within this half hour.

Kite. Has he the money ready, can you tell?

Cash. Yes, fir, the money was brought in last night.

Kite. O, that's well; fetch me my cloak, my cloak. Stay, let me see, an hour to go and come; Ay, that will be the least; and then 'twill be An hour before I can dispatch with him, Or very near; well, I will say two hours. Two hours? ha? things never dreamt of yet, May be contriv'd, ay, and effected too, In two hours absence; well, I will not go.

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Two hours! no, fleeing Opportunity,
 I will not give your subtilty that scope.
 Who will not judge him worthy to be robb'd,
 That sets his doors wide open to a thief,
 And shews the felon where his treasure lies?
 Again, what earthly spirit but will attempt
 To taste the fruit of beauty's golden tree,
 When leaden sleep seals up the dragon's eyes?
 I will not go. Business, go by for once.
 No, beauty, no; you are too, too precious
 To be left so, without a guard, or open!
 You must be then kept up close, and well watch'd,
 For, give you opportunity, no quick-sand
 Devours or swallows swifter! he that lends
 His wife, if she be fair, or time or place,
 Compels her to be false. I will not go;
 The dangers are too many. I am resolv'd for that.
 Carry in my cloak again. Yet stay. Yet do too;
 I will defer going on all occasions.

Casb. Sir, *Snare* your scrivener will be there with the bonds.

Kite. That's true! fool on me! I had clean forgot it; I must go. What's o'clock?

Casb. Exchange-time, sir.

Kite. 'Heart, then will *Well-bred* presently be here. too,

With one or other of his loose consorts.
 I am a knave, if I know what to say,
 What course to take, or which way to resolve.
 My brain methinks is like an hour-glass,
 Wherein my imagination runs like sands,
 Filling up time; but then are turn'd and turn'd:
 So that I know not what to stay upon,
 And less to put in act. It shall be so.
 Nay, I dare build upon his secrecy,
 He knows not to deceive me. *Thomas?*

Casb. Sir.

Kite. Yet now I have bethought me too, I will not.—
Thomas, is *Cob* within?

Casb. I think he be sir.

Kite. But he'll prate too, there's no speech of him.
 No, there was no man o' thee earth to *Thomas*,

If

If I durst trust him ; there is all the doubt.
 But should he have a chink in him, I were gone,
 Lost i' my fame for ever, talk for th' Exchange.
 The manner he hath stood with, 'till this present,
 Doth promise no such change, what shall I fear then ?
 Well, come what will, I'll tempt my fortune once.
Thomas——you may deceive me, but, I hope——
 Your love to me is more——

Casb. Sir, if a servant's
 Duty, with faith, may be call'd love, you are
 More than in hope, you are possess'd of it.

Kite. I thank you heartily, *Thomas*: gi' me your hand:
 With all my heart, good *Thomas*. I have, *Thomas*,
 A secret to impart unto you——but,
 When once you have it, I must seal your lips up :
 So far I tell you *Thomas*.

Casb. Sir, for that——

Kite. Nay, hear me out. Think I esteem you, *Thomas*,
 When I will let you in thus to my private.
 It is a thing fits nearer to my crest,
 Than thou are aware of, *Thomas*: if thou should'st
 Reveal it, but—— ♦

Casb. How ! I reveal it ?

Kite. Nay,
 I do not think thou would'st ; but if thou should'st.
 'Twere a great weakness.

Casb. A great treachery.
 Give it no other name.

Kite. Thou wilt not do't, then ?

Casb. Sir, If I do, mankind disclaim me ever.

Kite. He will not swear, he has some reservation,
 Some conceal'd purpose, and close meaning sure ;
 Else, being urged so much how should he choose,
 But lend an oath to all this protestation ?
 He's no frantick,
 I have heard him swear.

What should I think of it ? urge him again,
 And by some other way : I will do so.
 Well *Thomas*, thou hast sworn not to disclose ;
 Yes, you did swear ?

Casb. Not yet, sir, but I will,

Please you——

Kite. No, *Thomas*, I dare take thy word.

But

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But if thou wilt swear, do as thou think't good;
I am resolv'd without it; at thy pleasure.

Casb. By my soul's safety then, sir, I protest
My tongue shall ne'er take knowledge of a word
Deliver'd me in nature of your trust.

Kite. It is too much, these ceremonies need not,
I know thy faith to be as firm as rock.

Thomas, come hither, near; we cannot be
Too private in this business. So it is,
Now he has sworn, I dare the safelier venture.

I have of late, by divers observations——
But whether his oath can bind him, there it is.

Being not taken lawfully? ha? say you?

I will bethink me, ere I do proceed:

Thomas, it will be now too long to stay,
I'll spy some fitter time soon, or to-morrow.

Casb. Sir, at your pleasure.

Kite. I will think. Give me my cloak. And *Thomas*,
I pray you search the books 'gainst my return,
For the receipts 'twixt me and *Traps*.

Casb. I will, sir.

Kite. And hear you, if your mistress's brother *Wellbred*
Chance to bring hither any gentlemen,

E'er I come back, let one straight bring me word.

Casb. Very well, sir.

Kite. To the Exchange; do you hear!

Or here in *Coleman-street*, to Justice *Clement's*.

Forget it not, nor be not out of the way.

Casb. I will not, sir.

Kite. I pray you have a care on't.

Or whether he come, or no, if any other
Stranger, or else, fail not to send me word.

Casb. I shall not, sir.

Kite. Be't your special business
Now to remember it.

Casb. Sir, I warrant you.

Kite. But *Thomas*, this is not the secret, *Thomas*, I
told you of.

Casb. No, sir: I do suppose it.

Kite. Believe me, it is not.

Casb. Sir, I do believe you.

Kite. By heaven it is not, that's enough. But *Thomas*,
I would not you should utter it, do you see,
To any creature living; yet I care not.

Well, I must hence. *Thomas*, conceive thus much,
It was a trial of you : when I meant
So deep a secret to you ; I meant not this,
But that I have to tell you ; this is nothing, this !
But *Thomas*, keep this from my wife I charge you,
Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here.
No greater hell than to be slave to fear. [Exit.

Cash. Lock'd up in silence, mid-night, buried here !
Whence should this flood of passion, throw, take head ? ha !
Best dream no longer of this running humour,
For fear I sink ! the violence of the stream
Already hath transported me so far,
That I can feel no ground at all ! but soft,
Here is company. Now must I look out for a messenger to my master. [Exit.

Enter Well-bred, E. Kno'well, Brain-worm, Bobadill
and Stephen.

Wel. Beshrew me, but it was an absolute good jest,
and exceedingly well carried.

E. Kno. Ay, and our ignorance maintain'd it as well,
did it not ?

Wel. Yes faith ; but was't possible thou should'st not
know him ? I forgive Mr. *Stephen*, for he is stupidity
itself.

E. Kno. 'Fore Heaven, not I.

Wel. Why *Brain-worm*, who would have thought
thou hadst been such an artificer ?

E. Kno. An artificer ? an architect ! except a man
had studied begging all his life-time, and been a weaver
of language from his infancy for the clothing of it,
I never saw his rival.

Wel. Where got'st thou this coat, I marvel ?

Brain. Of a Hounsditch man, sir ; one of the devil's
near kinsmen, a broker.

Enter *Cash*.

Cash. *Francis*, *Martin* : ne'er a one to be found now ?
What a spite's this ?

Wel. How now, *Thomas* ? Is my brother *Kitely*
within ?

Cash. No sir, my master went forth e'en now ; but
Master *Down-right* is within. *Cob*, what *Cob* ? Is he
gone too ?

Wel. Whither went your master, *Thomas*, canst thou
tell ! *Cash*.

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Cash. I know not; to justice *Clement's*, I think fir.
Cob. [Exit.

E. Kno. Justice *Clement*! what's he?

Wel. Why dost thou not know him? He is a city magistrate, a justice here, an excellent good lawyer, and a great scholar; but the only mad and merry old fellow in *Europe*. I shew'd him you the other day.

E. Kno. Oh, is that he? I remember him now. Good faith, and he has a very strange presence, methinks; it shews as if he stood out of the rank from other men: I have heard many of his jests i'th' university. They say he will commit a man for taking the wall of his horse.

Wel. Ay, or wearing his cloak on one shoulder, or serving of God; any thing indeed, if it come in the way of his humour.

Enter Cash again.

Cash. *Gasper, Martin, Cob:* Heart where should they be trow? [Cash goes in and out, calling.

Bob. Master *Kittly's* man, pr'ythee vouchsafe us the lighting of this match.

Cash. Fire on your match: no time but now to vouchsafe? *Francis, Cob.* [Exit.

Bob. Body o'me! Here's the remainder of seven pounds since yesterday was seven-night. 'Tis your right *Trinidado*: did you never take any, Master *Stephen*.

Step. No truly, fir; but I'll learn to take it now, since you commend it so.

Bob. Sir, believe me, upon my relation, for what I tell you, the world shall not reprove. I have been in the *Indies* where this herb grows where neither myself nor a dozen gentlemen more of my knowledge have received the taste of any other nutriment in the world, for the space of one and twenty weeks, but the fume of this simple only. Therefore, it cannot be, but 'tis most divine. Especially your *Trinidado*; your *Nicotian* is good too. I do hold it, and will affirm it, before any prince in *Europe*, to be the most sovereign and precious weed that ever the earth tendered to the use of man.

E. Kno. This speech would ha' done decently in a tobacco-trader's mouth.

Enter Cash and Cob.

Cash. At justice *Clement's* he is, in the middle of *Coleman-street.* *Cob.*

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Cob. Oh, oh!

Bob. Where's the match I gave thee, Master *Kitely's* man?

Casb. Here it is, fir.

Cob. By gods me, I marvel what pleasure or felicity they have in taking this roguish tobacco! It's good for nothing but to choak a man, and fill him full of smoke and embers: [*Bob. beats him with a cudgel.*]

All. Oh, good captain! hold! hold!

Bob. You base scullion, you.

Casb. Come thou must needs be talking too, thou'rt well enough ferved.

Cob. Well, it shall be a dear beating an' I live! I will have justice for this.—

Bob. Do you prate? do you murmur?

[*Bobadil beats him off.*]

E. Kno. Nay, good captain, will you regard the humour of a fool?

Bob. A whoreson filthy slave, a dung-worm, an excrement? Body o' *Cæsar*, but that I scorn to let forth so mean spirit, I'd ha' stabb'd him to the earth.

Wel. Marry, the law forbid, fir.

Bob. By *Pharaoh's* foot, I would ha' done it. [*Exit.*]

Step. O, he swears most admirably! by *Pharaoh's* foot, body o' *Cæsar*; I shall never do it sure, upon mine honour, and by *St. George*. No, I ha' not the right grace.

Wel. But soft, where's Mr. *Matthew* gone?

Brain. No, fir; they went in here.

Wel. O let's follow them: Master *Matthew* is gone to salute his mistress in verse; we shall ha' the happiness to hear some of his poetry now; he never comes unfurnished. *Brain-worm*?

Step. *Brain-worm*? where is this *Brain-worm*?

E. Kno. Ay Cousin; no words of it, upon your gentility.

Step. Not I, body of me, by this air, *St. George*, and the foot of *Pharaoh*.

Wel. Rare! Your cousin's discourse is simply drawn out with oaths.

E. Kno. 'Tis larded with 'em a kind of French dressing, if you love it: come let's in, come cousin.

[*Exeunt*]
SCENE

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SCENE, III. *A Hall in Justice Clement's House.*

Enter Kiteley and Cob.

Kite. Ha! How many are there say'st thou?

Cob. Marry, fir, your brother, Master *Well-bred*—

Kite. Tut, beside him: what strangers are there, man?

Cob. Strangers? Let me see, one, two; mais I know not well, there are so many.

Kite. How? so many?

Cob. Ay, there's some five or six of them at the most.

Kite. A swarm, a swarm!

Spite of the devil, how they sting my head
With forked stings, thus wide and large! But *Cob*,
How long hast thou been coming hither, *Cob*?

Cob. A little while, fir.

Kite. Didst thou come running?

Cob. No, fir.

Kite. Nay, then I am familiar with thy haste?
Bane to my fortunes, what meant I to marry?
I, that before was rank'd in such content,
My mind at rest too, in so soft a peace,
Being free master of mine own free thoughts,
And now become a slave? What, never sigh,
Be of good cheer, man? for thou art a cuckold:
'Tis done, 'tis done! Nay when such flowing store,
Plenty itself, falls in my wife's lap,
The *Cornucopia* will be mine, I know. But, *Cob*,
What entertainment had they? I am sure
My sister and my wife would bid them welcome: ha?

Cob. Like enough, fir; yet I heard not a word of it.

Kite. No; their lips were seal'd with kisses, and the
voice

Drown'd in a flood of joy, at their arrival,
Had lost her motion, state, and faculty.

Cob. which of them was't that first kiss'd my wife?

My sister, I should say, my wife, alas!

I fear not her. Ha? who was it, say'st thou?

Cob. By my troth, fir, will you have the truth of it?

Kite. O! ay, good *Cob*, I pray the heartily.

Cob. Then I am a vagabond, and fitter for *Bride-
well* than your worship's company, if I saw any body
so be kiss'd, unless they would have kiss'd the post in
the

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the middle of the warehouse; for there I left them all at their tobacco, with a pox.

Kite. How? where they not gone in then ere thou cam'st?

Cob. O no, fir.

Kite. Spite of the devil! what do I stay here then?

Cob follow me. [Exeunt.]

A C T IV,

SCENE, I. *a Room in Kiteley's house.*

Enter Down-right, and Dame Kiteley

Down. WELL sister, I tell you true; and you'll find it so in the end.

Dame. Alas, brother, what would you have me to do? I cannot help it; you see my brother brings 'em in here; they are his friends.

Down. His friends? his friends? 'stid they do nothing but haunt him up and down, like a sort of unlucky spirits, and tempt him to all manner of villainy that can be thought of. Well, by this light, a little thing would make me play the devil with some of 'em; and 'twere not more for your husband's sake, than any thing else, I'd make the house too hot for the best on 'em: They should say and swear, Hell were broken loose, ere they went hence. But, by God's will, 'tis nobody's fault but your's; for an you had done as you might have done, they should have been parboil'd and baked too, every mother's son 'ere they should ha' come in e'er a one of 'em'.

Dame. God's my life! did you ever hear the like? what a strange man is this! Could I keep out all them, think you? I should put myself against half a dozen men? should I? Good faith you'd mad the patientest body in the world, to hear you talk so without any sense or reason!

Enter Mrs. Bridget, Mr. Matthew, Well-bred, Stephen, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, Brain-worm, and Cash.

Brid. Servant, in troth, you are too prodigal Of your wit's treasure, thus to pour it forth, Upon so mean a subject as my worth.

Mat. You say well mistress, and I mean as well.

Down. Hey-day, here is stuff!

Well.

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Wel. O, now stand close; pray heaven, she can get him to read: He should do it of his own natural impudency.

Brid. Servant, what is this same, I pray you?

Mat. Marry, an *elegy*, an *elegy*, an odd toy—I'll read it if you please.

Brid. Pray you do, servant.

Down. O, here's no foppery! Death, I can endure the stocks better.

E. Kno. What ails thy brother? can he not hold his water at reading of a ballad?

Wel. O, no; a rhyme to him is worse than cheese, or a bag-pipe. But mark, you lose the protestation.

Bob. Master Matthew, you abuse the expectation of your dear mistress and her fair sister: Fye, while you live avoid this prolixity.

Mat. I shall fir; well *incipere dulce*.

*Rare creature, let me speak without offence,
Would heav'n my rude words had the influence
To rule thy thoughts, as thy fair looks do mine,
Then should'st thou be his prisoner, who is thine.*

Wel. How like you that, fir?

[*Master Step. answers with shaking his head.*]

E. Kno. 'Slight, he shakes his head like a bottle, to feel an' there be any brain in it!

Wel. Sister, what ha' you here? Verses? pray you let's see: Who made these verses? they are excellent good!

Mat. O, Master *Well-bred*, 'tis your disposition to say so, fir. They were good i' the morning; I made 'em *extempore*, this morning.

Wel. How? *ex tempore*?

Mat. I, would I might be hang'd else; ask Captain *Bobadil*: He saw me write them, at the———pox on it, the Star, yonder.

Step. Cousin, how do you like this gentleman's verses?

E. Kno. O, admirable! the best that ever I heard, coz!

Step. Body o' *Cæsar*, they are admirable! The best that ever I heard, as I am a soldier.

Down. I am vext, I can hold n'er a bone of me *still*! heart, I think they mean to build and breed here!

Wel.

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Wel. Sister *Kiteley*, I marvel you get you not a servant that can rhyme, and do tricks too.

Down. O monster ! impudence itself ! tricks ? Come, you might practise your ruffian tricks somewhere else, and not here, I wufs ; this is no tavern nor drinking-school, to vent your exploits in.

Wel. How now ! whose cow has calved ?

Down. Marry, that has mine, fir. Nay, boy, never look askance at me for the matter ; I'll tell you of it, ay, fir, you and your companions mend yourselves when I ha' done.

Wel. My companions ?

Down. Yes, fir, your companions, so. I say, I am not afraid of you, nor them neither ; your hang-bys here. You must have your poets and your potlings, your *Soldado's* and *Foolado's* to follow you up and down the city, and here they must come to domineer and swagger. Sirrah, you ballad-finger, and slops your fellow there, get you out, get you home ; or by this steel, I'll cut off your ears, and that presently.

Wel. 'Slight, stay, let's see what he dare do ; cut off his ears ! cut a whetstone. You are an ass, do you see ; touch any man here, and by this hand I'll run my rapier to the hilts in you.

Down. Yea that would I fain see, boy.

[*All draw, and they of the house endeavour to part them.*]

E. Kno. Gentlemen forbear, I pray you.

Rob. Well, sirrah, you *Holofernes* ; by my hand, I will pink your flesh full of holes with my rapier for this ; I will by this good heav'n : Nay, let him come, let him come gentlemen, by the body of St. George I'll not kill him. [*They offer to fight again, and are parted.*]

Cass. Hold, hold, good gentleman.

Down. You whorson, bragging coystril !

Enter Kiteley.

Kite. Why how now ? what's the matter ? what's the stir here ?

Put up your weapons, and put off this rage :

My wife and sister, they are cause of this.

What, *Thomas* ? where is this knave ?

Calb. Here, fir.

Wel.

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Wel. Come let's go: This is one of my brother's ancient humours, this.

[*Exeunt Wel. Mat. Bob. and E. Kno.*]

Step. I am glad nobody was hurt, by his ancient humour.

[*Exit.*]

Kite. Why, how now, brother, who enforced this brawl?

Down. A sort of lew'd rake-bells, that care neither for God, nor the devil! And they must come here to read ballads, and roguery, and trash! I'll mar the knot of 'em e'er I sleep perhaps; especially *Bob*, there; he that's all manner of shaps! and *songs* and *sonnets* his fellow. But I'll follow 'em.

[*Exit.*]

Brid. Brother indeed, you are too violent, Too sudden in your humour; There was one a civil gentleman, And very worthily demean'd himself.

Kite. O, that was some love of yours, sister!

Brid. A love of mine? I would it were no worse, brother,

You'd pay my portion sooner than you think for. [*Exit.*]

Dame. Indeed, he seem'd to be a gentleman of an exceeding fair disposition, and of very excellent good parts! What a coil and stir is here.

[*Exits.*]

Kite. Her love, by heaven! my wife's minion!

Death, these phrases are intolerable!

Well, well, well, well, well, well!

It is too plain, too clear: *Thomas*, come hither.

What, are they gone?

Casb. Ay, sir, they went in.
My mistress, and your sister——

Kite. Are any of the gallants within?

Casb. No, sir, they are all gone.

Kite. Art thou sure of it?

Casb. I can assure you, sir.

Kite. What gentleman was that they praised so, *Thomas*?

Casb. One, they call him *Master Kno'well*, a handsome young gentleman, sir.

Kite. Ay, I thought so; my mind gave me as much: I'll die, but they have hid him i' the house

Somewhere: I'll go and search; go with me, *Thomas*,
Be true to me, and thou shalt find me a master. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

SCENE II. *Moorfields.*

Enter Ed. Kno'well, Well-bred, and Brain-worm.

E. Kno. Well, *Brain-worm*, perform this business happily, and thou makest a purchase of my love for ever.

Wel. I' faith, now let my spirits use thy best faculties: But, at any hand, remember the message to my brother; for there's no other means to start him.

Brai. I warrant you, sir, fear nothing; I have a nimble soul has waked all forces of my phantasy by this time, and put 'em in true motion. What you have posselt me withall, I'll discharge it amply, sir; make it no question.

Wel. Forth, and prosper, *Brain-worm*. Faith, *Ned*, how dost thou approve of my abilities in this device?

E. Kno. Troth, well, howsoever; but it will come excellent, if it take.

Wel. Take, man? why it cannot chuse but take, if the circumstances miscarry not: But, tell me ingenuously, dost thou affect my sister *Bridget* as thou pretend'st?

E. Kno. Friend, am I worth belief?

Wel. Come, do not protest. In faith, she is a maid of good ornament, and much modesty; and except I conceived very worthily of her, thou shouldst not have her.

E. Kno. Nay, that I am afraid will be a question yet, whether I shall have her, or no?

Wel. 'Slid, thou shalt have her; by this light thou shalt.

E. Kno. Nay, do not swear.

Wel. By this hand thou shalt have her; I'll go fetch her presently. 'Point but where to meet, and as I am an honest man I'll bring her.

E. Kno. Hold, hold, be temperate.

Wel. Why; by——what shall I swear by? thou shalt have her, as I am——

E. Kno. Pr'ythee, be at peace, I am satisfied; and do believe thou wilt omit no offered occasion to make my desires complet.

Wel. Thou shalt see, and know, I will not, [*Exeunt.*
Enter

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Enter Formal, and Kno'well.

Form. Was your man a soldier, fir.

Kno. Ay, a knave, I took him begging o' th' way,
This morning, as I came over *Moorfields*!
O, here he is! yo' have made fair speed, believe me:

Enter Brain-worm.

Where, i' name of sloth could you be thus?——

Brai. Marry peace be my comfort, where I thought
I should have had little comfort of your worship's service.

Kno. How so?

Brai. O, fir, your coming to the city, your entertainment of me, and your sending me to watch——indeed, all the circumstances either of your charge or my employment, are as open to your son, as to your self.

Kno. How should that be, unless that villain, *Brain-worm*,

Have told him of the letter, and discover'd
All that I strictly charged him to conceal? 'tis so!

Brai. I am partly o' that faith, 'tis so indeed.

Kno. But how should he know thee to be my man?

Brai. Nay, fir, I cannot tell; unless it be by the black art! Is not ydur son a scholar, fir?

Kno. Yea, but I hope his soul is not allied
Unto such hellish practice:

But, where didst thou find them, *Fitz-Sword*?

Brai. You should rather ask where they found me, fir; for, I'll be sworn, I was going along in the street, thinking nothing, when (of a sudden) a voice calls Mr. *Kno'well's* man; another cries, soldier: and thus half a dozen of 'em, till they had call'd me within a house, where I no sooner came, but they seem'd men and out flew all their rapiers at my bosom, with some three or fourscore oaths to accompany 'em; and all to tell me, I was but a dead man, if I did not confess where you were, and how I was employ'd, and about what; which, when they could not get out of me, as I protest, they must ha' dissected and made an anatomy o' me first, and so I told 'em, they lockt me up into a room i' the top of a high house, whence by great miracle, having a light heart I slid down by a *bottom* of packthread into the street, and so 'scaped.

But

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But, fir, thus much I can assure you, for I heard it while I was lockt up, there where a great many rich merchants and brave citizens wives with 'em at a feaff; and your son, Mr. *Edward*, withdrew with one of 'em, and has 'pointed to meet her anon, at one *Cob's* house, a water-bearer, that dwells by the wall. Now, there your worship shall be sure to take him, for there he preys, and fail he will not.

Kno. Nor will I fail to break his match, I doubt not. Go thou along with Justice *Clement's* man, And stay there for me. At one *Cob's* house, say'st thou?

Brai. Ay fir, there you shall have him. [*Exit Kno'well.*] Yes? invisible? much wench, or much son! 'sight, when he has staid there three or four hours, travelling with the expectation of wonders, and at a length be deliver'd of air: O, the sport that I should then take to look on him if I durst! But now I mean to appear no more afore him in this shape. I have another trick to act yet. [*aside.*] Sir, I make you stay some what long.

Form. Not a whit, fir. You ha' been lately in the wars, fir, it seems.

Brai. Marry have I, fir, to my loss; and expence of all almost——

Form. Troth fir, I would be glad to bestow a bottle of wine o' you, if it please you to accept it——

Brai. O, fir——

Form. But to hear the manner of your services, and your devices in the wars, they say they be very strange, and not like those a man reads in the *Roman* histories, or sees at *Mile-end*.

Brai. No I assure you, fir; why at any time when it please you, I shall be ready to discourse to you all I know: and more too somewhat. [*aside.*]

Form. No better time than now, fir; we'll go to the Wind-mill: there we shall have a cup of neat grist, we call it. I pray you, fir, let me request you to the Wind-mill.

Brai. I'll follow you, fir, and make grist of you, it I have good luck. [*Aside*] [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Matthew, Ed. Kno'well, Bobadil, *and* Stephen.

Mat. Sir, did your eyes ever taste the like clown of him, where we were to day, Mr. *Will bred's* half-brother? I think the whole earth cannot shew his parallel by this day-light.

E. Kno. We were now speaking of him: Captain *Bobadil*, tells me he is fallen foul o' you too.

Mat. O, Ay, sir, he threatened me with the Bastinado.

Bob. Ay, but I think I taught you prevention this morning, for that——You shall kill him beyond question: if you be so generously minded.

Mat. Indeed, it is a most excellent trick?

Bob. O, you do not give spirit enough to your motion, you are too tardy, too heavy! O it must be done like lightning, hey? [*he practises at a post,*

Mat. Rare captain!

Bob. Tut, 'tis nothing, an't be not done in a——punto!

E. Kno. Captain did you ever prove yourself upon any of our masters of defence here?

Mat. O good sir! yes I hope he has.

Bob. I will tell you, sir. They have assaulted me some three, four, five, six of them together, as I have walk'd alone in divers skirts of the town, where I have driven them afore me the whole length of a street, in the open view of all our gallants, pitying to hurt them believe me. Yet all this lenity will not o'ercome their spleen; they will be doing with the pismire, raising a hill a man may spurn abroad with his foot at pleasure. By myself I could have slain them all, but I delight not in murder. I am loth to bear any other than this bastinado for 'em: yet I hold it good policy not to go disarm'd, for though I be skilful, I may be oppress'd with multitudes.

E. Kno. Ay, believe me, may you sir: and in my conceit our whole nation should sustain the loss by it, if it were so.

Bob. Alas no: what's a peculiar man to a nation? not seen.

E. Kno. O, but your skill, sir.

Bob. Indeed, that might be some loss; but who respects it? I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, *and* under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but, where I known to his ma-

jesty and the lords, observe me, I would undertake upon this poor head and life for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of his subjects in general; but to save the one half, nay, three parts of his yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir, I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution, I would chuse them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your Punto, your Reverso, your Stoccata, your Imbroccata, your Passado, your Montanto; 'till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

E. Kno. Why are you so sure of your hand, Captain, at all times?

Bob. Tut, never miss thrust upon my reputation with you.

E. Kno. I would not stand in *Dorset-right's* state then, an' you meet him, for the wealth of any one street in London.

Bob. Why, sir, you mistake me! if he were here now, by this welkin, I would not draw my weapon on him! let this gentleman do his mind: but I will battinado him, by the bright sun, where-ever I meet him.

Mat. Faith, and I'll have a fling at him at my distance.

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E. Kno. Gods so, look where he is ; yonder he goes.
[Downright walks over the stage.

Dow. What peevish luck have I, I cannot meet with these bragging rascals ?

Bob. It's not he ? is it ?

E. Kno. Yes faith, it is he.

Mat. I'll be hang'd then if that were he.

E. Kno. I assure you that was he.

Step. Upon my reputation it was he.

Bob. Had I thought it had been he, he must not have gone so : but I can hardly be induced to believe it was he yet.

E. Kno. That I think, sir. But see, he is come again !

Re-enter Down-right.

Dow. O, *Pharaab's* foot, have I found you ? Come, draw your tools, draw gipsy, or I'll thrash you.

Bob. Gentleman of valour, I do believe in thee, hear me—

Dow. Draw your weapon then.

Bob. 'Tall man, I never thought on it till now, body of me I had a warrant of the peace served on me, even now as I came along, by a water-bearer ; this gentleman saw it, Mr. *Matthew*.

Dow. 'Sdeath you will not draw then.

[*He beats and disarms him, Matthew runs away.*

Bob. Hold, hold, under thy favour forbear.

Dow. Prate again, as you like this, you whorson foist you. You'll controul the point, you ? Your comfort is gone ? had he staid he had shared with you sir. [Exit.

E. Kno. Twenty, and kill 'em ; twenty more, Kill them too, ha ! ha ! ha !

Bob. Well gentlemen bear witness, I was bound to the peace, by this good day.

E. Kno. No faith, its an ill day, Captain, never reckon it other : but, say you were bound to the peace the law allows you to defend yourself : that will prove but a poor excuse.

Bob. I cannot tell, sir. I desire good construction, in fair sort. I never sustain'd the like disgrace, by Heaven, sure I was struck with a planet thence, for I had no power to touch my weapon.

E. Kno.

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E. Kno. Ay, like enough, I have heard of many that have been beaten under a planet: Go, get you to a surgeon. 'Slid, an' these be your tricks, your *passadoes*, and your *montanto's*, I'll none of them.

Bob. I was planet struck certainly. [*Exit.*]

E. Kno. O, manners! that this age should bring forth such creatures! that nature should be at leisure to make 'em!—Come Coz.

Step. Mafs I'll ha' this cloak.

E. Kno. God's will, 'tis *Downright's*.

Step. Nay, it's mine now, another might have ta'en it up as well as I, I'll wear it, so I will.

E. Kno. How an' he see it? he'll challenge it, as-fure yourself.

Step. Ay, but he shall not ha' it? I'll say, I bought it.

E. Kno. Take heed you buy it not dear, Coz. *Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *A Chamber in Kitley's House.*

Enter Kitley and Cash.

Kite. Art thou sure, *Thomas*, we have pry'd into all and every part throughout the house? Is there no by-place, or dark corner, has escap'd our searches?

Cash. Indeed, Sir, none; there's not a hole or nook unsearched by us, from the upper loft unto the cellar.

Kite. They have convey'd him then away, or hid him in some privacy of their own—Whilst we were searching of the dark closet by my sister's chamber, did'st thou not think thou heard'st a rustling on the other side and a soft tread of feet?

Cash. Upon my truth, I did not, Sir; or, if you did, it might be only the vermin in the waincoat; the house is old, and over run with 'em.

Kite. It is, indeed, *Thomas*—we should bane these rats—dost thou understand me—we will—they shall not harbour here; I'll cleanse my house from 'em, if fire or poison can effect it—I will not be tormented thus—They know my brain, and burrow in my heart—I cannot bear it.

Cash. I do not understand you sir! Good now, what is't disturbs you thus? pray, be compos'd; these starts of passion have some cause I fear, that touches you more nearly.

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Kite. Soresly, soresly, *Thomas*—it cleaves too close to me—Oh me—[*Sighs*] lend me thy arm—so good *Cass.*

Cass. You tremble and look pale! let me call assistance.

Kite. Not for ten thousand worlds—Alas! alas! 'tis not in medicine to give me ease—here, here it lies.

Cass. What, sir?

Kite. Why,—nothing, nothing—I am not sick, yet more than dead; I have a burning fever in my mind, and long for that, which having, would destroy me.

Cass. Believe me, 'tis your fancy's imposition; shut up your generous mind from such intruders—I'll hazard all my growing favour with you: I'll stake my present, my future welfare, that some base whispering knave, nay, pardon me, sir, hath in the best and richest soil, sown seeds of rank and evil nature! O, my master, should they take root. [*Laughing within.*]

Kite. Hark! hark! dost thou not hear! what think'st thou now? are they not laughing at me?—They are, they are. They have deceived the wittol, and thus they triumph in their infamy—This aggravation is not to be borne. (*Laughing again.*) hark, again!—*Cass.* do thou unseen steal in upon 'em and listen to their wanton conference.

Cass. I shall obey you, tho' against my will. [*Exit*]

Kite. Against his will? ha! it may be so—He's young and may be bribed for them—they've various means to draw the unwary in; if it be so, I'm lost, deceived, betrayed, and my bosom, my full fraught bosom is unlock'd and open'd to mockery and laughter! Heaven forbid! He cannot be that viper; sting the hand that raised and cherished him! was this stroke added, I should be curs'd—But it cannot be—no, it cannot be.

Enter Cass.

Cass. You are musing, sir.

Kite. I ask your pardon, *Cass.*,—ask me not why—I have wrong'd you, and am sorry—'tis gone.

Cass. If thou suspect my faith—

Kite. I do not—say no more—and for my sake let it die and be forgotten—Have you seen your mistress, and heard—whence was that noise?

Cass.

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Casb. Your brother, Master *Well-bred*, is with 'em, and I found 'em throwing out their mirth on a very truly ridiculous subject; it is one *Formal*, as he styles himself, and he appertains (so he phrases it) to Justice *Clement*, and would speak with you.

Kite. With me! art thou sure it is the Justice's clerk? where is he?

Enter Brain-worm as Formal.

Who are you, friend?

Brain. An appendix to Justice *Clement*, vulgarly call'd his clerk.

Kite. What are your wants with me?

Brain. None.

Kite. Do you not want to speak with me?

Brain. No.—but my master does.

Kite. What are the Justice's commands?

Brain. He doth not command, but intreats Master *Kitely* to be with him directly, having matters of some moment to communicate unto him.

Kite. What can it be! say, I'll be with him instantly, and if your legs, friend, go no faster than your tongue, I shall be there before you.

Brain. I will. *Vale.*

[*Exit.*

Kite. 'Tis a precious fool, indeed!—I must go forth. But first, come hither, *Thomas*—I have admitted thee into the close recesses of my heart, and shew'd thee all my frailties, passions, every thing.—Be careful of my promise, keep good watch: wilt thou be true, my *Thomas*?

Casb. As truth's self, fir——
But he assured you're heaping care and trouble
Upon a sandy base; ill-placed suspicion
Recoils upon yourself—She's chaste as comely!
Believ't she is—Let her not note your humour;
Disperse the gloom upon your brow, and be
As clear as her unfulfill'd honour.

Kite. I will then, *Casb*—thou comfort'st me—I'll
drive these
Field-like fancies from me, and be myself again.
Think'st thou she has perceived my folly? 'Twere
Happy if she had not—She has not—
They who know no evil will suspect none.

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Cash. True sir! nor has your mind a blemish now.
This change has gladdened me—Here's my mistress
And the rest, settle your reason to accost 'em.

Kite. I will. *Cash,* I will—— [Exit. *Cash.*

Enter *Well-bred, Dame Kiteley, and Bridget.*

Wel. What are you plotting, brother *Kiteley*,
That thus of late you muse alone, and bear
Such weighty care, upon your pensive brow? [*Laughs,*

Kite. My care is all for you, good sneering brother,
And well I wish you'd take some wholesome counsel,
And curb your headstrong humours; trust me, brother,

You were to blame to raise commotions here,
And hurt the peace and order of my house.

Wel. No harm done, brother, I warrant you,
Since there is no harm done; anger costs
A man nothing, and a brave man is never
His own man 'till he be angry—To keep
His valour in obscurity, is to keep himself,
As it were, in a cloak-bag: What's a brave
Musician unless he play?

What's a brave man unless he fight?

Dame. Ay, but what harm might have come of it,
brother?

Wel. What, school'd on both sides! Prithee, *Bridget*,
save me from the rod and lecture.

[*Bridget and Well-bred retire.*

Kite. With what a decent modesty she rates him!
My heart's at ease, and she shall see it is—
How art thou, wife? thou look'st both gay and comely,
In troth thou dost—I am sent for out, my dear,
But I shall soon return—Indeed, my life,
Business that forces me abroad grows irksome,
I could content me with less gain and 'vantage
To have the more at home, indeed I could.

Dame. Your doubts, as well as love, may breed these
thoughts.

Kite. That jar untunes me.
What dost thou say? doubt thee?
I should as soon suspect myself—No, no,
My confidence is rooted in thy merit,

[*Aside*

So fixt and settled, that, wert thou inclined
To masks, to sports and balls where lusty youth
Leads up the wanton dance, and the raised pulse
Beats quicker measures, yet I could with joy,
With heart's ease and security—not but
I had rather thou should'st prefer thy home
And me, to toys and such like vanities.

Dame. But sure, my dear,
A wife may moderately more use these pleasures,
Which numbers, and the time give sanction to,
Without the smallest blemish on her name.

Kite. And so she may—And I'll go with thee child
I will indeed—I'll lead thee there myself,
And be the foremost reveller.—I'll silence
The sneers of envy, stop the tongue of slander;
Nor will I more be pointed at, as one
Disturb'd with jealousy—

Dame. Why, were you ever so?

Kite. What!—ha! never—ha, ha, ha!
She stabs me home. [*Aside*] jealous of thee!
No, do not believe it—speak low, my love,
Thy brother will overhear us—No, no, my dear,
It could not be, it could not be—for—for—
What is the time now?—I shall be too late—
No, no, thou may'st be satisfied
There's not the smallest spark remaining—
Remaining! What do I say? there never was,
Nor can, nor ever shall be—so be satisfied—
Is *Cob* within there?—Give me a kiss,
My dear, there, there, now we are reconciled—
I'll be back immediately—Good-bye, good-bye—
Ha! ha, jealous, I shall burst my sides with laughing;
Ha! ha, *Cob*, where are you, *Cob*? Ha, ha!—

[*Exit.*

[*Well-bred and Bridget come forward.*

Wel. What have you done to make your husband part
so merry from you? He has of late been little given to
laughter.

Dame. He laugh'd indeed, but seemingly without
mirth; his behaviour is new and strange: he is much
agitated, and has some whimsy in his head, that puzzles
mine to read it.

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Wel. 'Tis jealousy, good sister, and writ so largely that the blind may read it; have you not perceived it yet?

Dame. If I have, 'tis not always prudent that my tongue should betray my eyes, so far my wisdom tends, good brother, and little more I boast—But what makes him ever calling for *Cob* so? I wonder how he can employ him.

Wel. Indeed, sister, to ask how he employs *Cob*, is a necessary question for you, that are his wife, and a thing not very easy for you to be satisfied in—But this, I'll assure, *Cob*'s wife is an excellent bawd, sister, and oftentimes your husband haunts her house; marry to what end, I cannot altogether accuse him; imagine you what you think convenient. But I have known fair hides have foul hearts, 'ere now, sister.

Dame. Never said you truer than that, brother; so much I can tell you for your learning. O, ho! is this the fruit of's jealousy? I thought some game was in the wind, he acted so much tenderness but now, but I'll be quit with him.—*Thomas!*

Enter Cash.

Fetch your hat, and go with me; I'll get my hood, and out the backward way.—I would to fortune I could take him there, I'd return him his own, I warrant him! I'd sit him for his jealousy! *[Exit.]*

Wel. Ha, ha! so, e'en let 'em go; this may make sport anon—What, *Brain-worm*?

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. I saw the merchant turn the corner, and came back to tell you, all goes well; wind and tide, my master.

Wel. But how got'st thou this apparel of the justice's man?

Brain. Marry, Sir, my proper fine penman would needs bestow the grist o' me at the *Wind-mill*, to hear some martial discourse, where I so marshalled him, that I made him drunk with admiration: and because too much heat was the cause of his distemper, I stript him naked, as he lay along a sleep, and borrow'd his suit to deliver this counterfeit message in, leaving a rusty armour, and an old brown bill, to watch him 'till my return;

return; which shall be when I have pawn'd his apparel, and spent the better part of the money, perhaps.

Wel. Well thou art a successful merry knave, *Brainworm*; his absence will be subject for more mirth. I pray thee return to thy young master, and will him to meet me and my sister *Bridget* at the *Tower* instantly; for here, tell him, the house is so stored with jealousy, there is no room for love to stand upright in. Away.

[*Exit. Brianworm.*]

Brid. What, is this the engine that you told me of? What farther meaning have you in the plot?

Wel. That you may know, fair sister-in-law, how happy a thing it is to be fair and beautiful.

Brid. That touches not me, brother.

Wel. That's true; that's even the fault of it: for indeed, beauty stands a woman in no stead, unless it procure her touching. Well, there's a dear and respected friend of mine, sister, stands very strongly and worthily affected toward you, and hath vow'd to inflame whole bonfires of zeal at his heart in honour of your perfections. I have already engaged my promise to bring you, where you shall hear him confirm much more. *Ned Kno'well* is the man, sister. There's no exception against the party. You are ripe for a husband; and a minute's loss to such an occasion, is a great trespass in a wife beauty. What say you, sister? On my soul he loves you, will you give him the meeting?

Brid. Faith I had very little confidence in mine own constancy, brother, If I durst not meet a man: but this motion of yours favours of an old knight-adventurer's servant a little too much methinks.

Wel. What's that, sister?

Brid. Marry, of the go-between.

Wel. No matter if it did, I would be such an one for my friend. But see! who is returned to hinder us!

Enter Kitley.

Kite. What villainy is this? call'd out on a false message? This was some plot! I was not sent for *Bridget*, where's your sister?

Brid. I think she be gone forth, sir.

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Kitt. How! is my wife gone forth? whither, for God's sake?

Brid. She's gone abroad with Thomas.

Kitt. Abroad with *Thomas*? Oh, that villain cheats me!

He hath discovered all unto my wife;
Beast that I was to trust him. Whither, I pray
You, went she?

Brid. I know not, sir.

Wel. I'll tell you, brother, whither I suspect she's gone.

Kitt. Whither, good brother?

Wel. To *Cob's* house, I believe: but keep my counsel.

Kitt. I will, I will.—To *Cob's* house! Doth she haunt there?

She's gone a purpose now to cuckold me
With that lewd rascal, who, to win her favour,
Hath told her all—Why wou'd you let her go?

Wel. Because she's not my wife; if she were, I'd keep her to her tether.

Kitt. So, so; now 'tis plain.—I shall go mad
With my misfortunes; now they pour in torrents:
I'm bruted by my wife, betray'd by my servant,
Mock'd at by my relations, pointed at by my neighbours,

Despised by myself.—There is nothing left now
But to revenge myself first, next hang myself:
And then—all my cares will be over.

[*Exit.*

Brid. He storms most loudly; sure you have gone too far in this.

Wel. 'Twill all end right; depend upon't.—But let us loose no time; the coast is clear; away, away; the affair is worth it and cries haste.

Brid. I trust me to your guidance, brother, and so fortune for us.

[*Exeunt.*

END of the FOURTH ACT.

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ACT V. SCENE *Stocks Market.*

Enter Matthew and Bobadil.

Mat. I wonder captain what they will say of my going away? ha?

Bob. Why, what should they say? but as of a discreet gentleman? quick, wary, respectful of nature's fair lineaments? and that's all.

Mat. Why so! but what can they say of your beating?

Bob. A rude part, a touch with soft wood, a kind of gross battery used, laid on strongly, born most patiently; and that's all. But wherefore do I awake this remembrance? I was fascinated by *Jupiter*! fascinated; but I will be unwitch'd, and revenged by law.

Mat. Do you hear? is't not best to get a warrant, and have him arrested and brought before justice *Clement*?

Bob. It were not amiss, would we had it.

Mat. Why here comes his man, let's speak to him.

Bob. Agreed, do you speak.

Enter Brain-worm as Formal.

Mat. 'Save you, sir.

Brain. With all my heart, sir.

Mat. Sir, there is one *Down-right* hath abused this gentleman and myself, and we determine to make our amends by law; now, if you would do us the favour to procure a warrant, to bring him afore your master, you shall be well consider'd of, I assure you, sir.

Brain. Sir, you know my service is my living; such favours as these gotten of my master is his only preferment, and therefore you must consider me as I may make benefit of my place.

Mat. How is that, sir?

Brain. Faith, sir, the thing is extraordinary, and the gentleman may be of great account; yet, be what he will, if you will lay me down a brace of angels in my hand, you shall have it, otherwise not.

Mat. How shall we do captain? He asks a brace of angels, you have no money?

Bob. Not a cross, by fortune.

Mat.

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Mat. Nor I, as I am a gentleman, but two-pence left of my two shillings in the morning for wine and radishes: let's find him some pawn.

Bob. Pawn! we have none, to the value of his demand.

Mat. O, yes, I can pawn my ring here.

Bob. And harkee, he shall have my trusty Toledo too. I believe I shall have no service for it to-day.

Mat. Do you hear, sir? we have no store of money at this time, but you shall have good pawns; look you, sir, I will pledge this ring, and that gentleman his Toledo, because we would have it dispatch'd.

Brain. I am content, sir; I will get you the warrant presently; what's his name, say you? *Down-right?*

Mat. Ay, ay, *George Down-right*

Brain. Well, gentlemen, I'll procure you this warrant presently; but who will you have to serve it?

Mat. That's true, captain, that must be consider'd.

Bob. Body o'me, I know not; 'tis service of danger.

Brain. Why, you were best get one o'the varlets o'the city, a serjeant: I'll appoint you one, if you please.

Mat. Will you, sir? Why, we can wish no better.

Bob. We'll leave it to you, sir.

[*Exeunt Bobadil and Matthew.*]

Brain. This is rare! Now will I go pawn this cloak of the justice's men's at the broker's, for a varlet's suit, and be the varlet myself; and so get money on all sides.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *the Street before Cob's House.*

Enter Kno'well.

Kno. Oh here it is; I am glad I have found it now. Hoa? who is within here?

[*Tib appears at the window.*]

Tib. I am within, sir; what's your pleasure?

Kno. To know who is within besides yourself.

Tib. Why, sir, you are no constable, I hope?

Kno. O! fear you the constable? then I doubt not, You have some guests within deserve that fear; I'll fetch him straight.

Tib. O for Heavens sake, sir,

Kno.

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Kno. Go to. Come, tell me, is not young *Kno-well* here?

Tib. Young *Kno-well*? I know none such, sir, o' my honesty.

Kno. Your honesty! Dame, it flies too lightly from you. There is no way but fetch the constable.

Tib. The constable! The man is mad, I think.

Enter Cash and Dame Kitely.

Cash. Hoa, who keeps house here?

Kno. O, this is the female coesmate of my son. Now shall I meet him straight. [*Aside.*]

Dame. Knock, *Thomas*, hard.

Cash. Hoa, good wife?

Tib. Why, what's the matter with you?

Dame. Why woman, grieves it you to ope your door? belike you get something to keep it shut.

Tib. What mean these questions, pray ye?

Dame. So strange you make it? Is not my husband here?

Kno. Her husband! [*Aside.*]

Dame. My tried and faithful husband, Master *Kitely*.

Tib. I hope he needs not to be tried here.

Dame. Come hither, *Cash*—I see my turtle coming to his haunts; let us retire [*They retire.*]

Kno. This must be some device to mock me withal. Soft, who is this? Oh! 'tis my son disguised? I'll watch him, and surprize him.

Enter Kitely muffled in a cloak.

Kite. 'Tis truth, I see; there she skulks. But I will fetch her from her hold—I will—I tremble so, I scarce have power to do the justice Her infamy demands.

[*As Kitely goes forward, Dame Kitely and Knowell lay hold of him.*]

Kno. Have I trapp'd you, youth? you can't 'scape me now.

Dame. O, sir, have I forestall'd your honest market, Found your close walks? You stand amazed now, do Ah! hide, hide, your face for shame. [*you?*]
I'faith I am glad I've found you out at last.
What is your jewel, trow? In, come, let's see her?
Fetch forth the wanton dame if she be fairer,
In any honest judgment than myself,
I'll be content with it. but, she is change,

She

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She feeds you fat, she soothes your appetite,
And you are well! your wife, an honest woman,
Is meat twice sod to you, sir! O, you traitor!

Kno. What mean you, woman? let go your hold,
I see the counterfeit—I am his father, and claim
him as my own.

Kite, [*discovering himself*.] I am your cuckold, and
claim my vengeance.

Dame. What, do you wrong me, and insult me too?
Thou faithless man!

Kite. Out on thy more than strumpet impudence.
Steal'st thou thus to thy haunts? and have I taken
Thy bawd, and thee, and thy companion,
This hoary-headed detcher, this old goat.

[*Pointing to Old Kno'well*.]
Close at your villainy, and would'st thou 'scape it
With this stale harlot's jest, accusing me!
O, old incontinent, dost not thou shame, [*To him*.]
To have a mind so hot, and to entice,
And feed th' enticements of a lustful woman?

Dame. Out, I defy thee, thou dissembling wretch.

Kite. Defy me, strumpet? ask thy pander here,
Can he deny it? or that wicked elder?

Kno. Why, hear you, sir.

Casb. Master, 'tis in vain to reason while these passions
blind you—I'm grieved to see you thus.

Kite. Tut, tut, tut; never speak. I see thro' every
Veil you cast upon your treachery: but I have
Done with you, and root you from my heart for ever.
For you, sir, thus I demand my honour's due;
Resolved to cool your lust, or end my shame. [*Draws*.]

Kno. What lunacy is this, put up your sword, and
undeceive yourself—no arm that e'er pois'd weapon can
affright me. But I pity folly, nor cope with madness.

Kite. I will have proofs—I will—
So you, goodwife bawd, *Cob's* wife, and you,
That make your husband such a monster;
And you young pander, and old cuckold-maker;
I'll ha' you every one before the justice:
Nay, you shall answer it, I charge you go.
Come forth thou baw'd.

[*Goes into the house, and brings out Tib.*
Kno.

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Kno. Marry with all my heart, fir, I go willingly ;
Though I do take this as a trick put on me,
To punish my impertinent search, and justly,
And half forgive my son for the device.

Kite. Come, will you go ?

Dame. Go, to thy shame believe it.

Kite. Tho' shame and sorrow both my heart betide,
Come on — I must, and will be satisfied [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Stocks Market.*

Enter Brain-worm.

Brain. Well, of all my disguises yet, now am I
most like myself, being in this serjeant's gown. A man
of my present profession never counterfeits, till he lays
hold upon a debtor, and says, he rests him; for then
he brings him to all manner of unrest. A kind of
little kings we are, bearing the diminutive of a mace,
made like a young artichoke, that always carries pep-
per and salt in itself. Well, I know not what danger
I undergo by this exploit; pray Heaven I come well
off.

Enter Bobadil and Mr. Matthew.

Mat. See, I think, yonder is the varlet, by his
gown. 'Save you, friend; are not you here by ap-
pointment of Justice *Clement's* man?

Brain. Yes, an't please you, fir; he told me, two
gentlemen had will'd him to procure a warrant from
his master which I have about me to be served on one
Down-right.

Mat. It is honestly done of you both; and see where
the party comes you must arrest; serve it upon him
quickly, before he be aware——

Enter Mr. Stephen in Down-right's cloak.

Bob. Bear back, Master *Matthew.*

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I arrest you in the king's
name, and must carry you before a justice, by virtue of
this warrant.

Step. Me, friend? I am no *Down-right*, I: I am
Master *Stephen*: you do not well to arrest me, I tell
you truly; I am in nobody's bonds or books, I would
you

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you should know it. A plague on you heartily, for making me thus afraid before my time.

Brain. Why, now you are deceived, gentlemen.

Bob. He wears such a cloak, and that deceived us: But see, here he comes indeed; this is he, officer.

Enter Down-right.

Down. Why, how now, Signior Gull! are you turn'd filcher of late? Come, deliver my cloak.

Step. Your cloak, sir? I bought it even now, in open market.

Brain. Master *Down-right*, I have a warrant I must serve upon you, procured by these two gentlemen.

Down. These gentlemen? these rascals!

Brain. Keep the peace, I charge you in his majesty's name.

Down. I obey thee. What must I do, officer?

Brain. Go before Master Justice *Clement*, to answer what they can object against you, sir: I will use you kindly, sir.

Mat. Come, let's before, and meet the justice, captain—

[*Exit.*]

Bob. The varlet's a tall man, afore Heaven?

[*Exit.*]

Down. Gull you'll gi'me my cloak?

Step. Sir, I bought it, and I'll keep it.

Down. You will?

Step. Ay, that I will.

Down. Officer, there's thy fee, arrest him.

Brain. Master *Stephen*, I must arrest you.

Step. Arrest me! I scorn it. There, take your cloak, I'll none on't.

Down. Nay, that shall not serve your turn now, sir. Officer, I'll go with thee to the justice's; bring him along.

Step. Why, is not here your cloak? what would you have?

Down. I'll ha' you answer it, sir.

Brain. Sir, I'll take your word, and this gentleman's too, for his appearance.

Down. I'll ha' no words: bring him along.

Brain. So, so, I have made a fair mash on't. [*Aside.*]

Step. Must I go?

Brain.

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Brain. I know no remedy, Master *Stephen*.

Down. Come along, before me here; I do not love your hanging look behind.

Step. Why, fir, I hope you cannot hang me for it. Can he, fellow?

Brain. I think not, fir: it is but a whipping matter, sure.

Step. Why then let him do his worst, I am resolute:
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, IV. *A hall in Justice Clement's house.*

Enter Clement, Kno'well, Kitely, Dame Kitely, Tib, Cash, Cob, and *Servants.*

Clem. **N**A Y, but stay, stay, give me leave: my chair, firrah. You, Master *Knowell*, say went thither to meet your son?

Kno. Ay, fir.

Clem. But who directed you thither?

Kno. That did mine own man, fir.

Clem. Where is he?

Kno. Nay, I know not now; I left him with your clerk, and appointed him to stay here for me.

Clem. My clerk! About what time was this?

Kno. Marry, between one and two, as I take it.

Clem. And what time came my man with the false message to you, Master *Kitely*?

Kite. After two, fir.

Clem. Very good: but, Mistress *Kitely*, how chance it that you were at *Cob's*? ha?

Dame. An' please you, fir, I'll tell you: my brother *Well-bred* told me, that *Cob's* house was a suspected place——

Clem. So it appears, methinks; but on.

Dame. And that my husband used thither, daily.

Clem. No matter, so he used himself well, mistress.

Dame. True, fir; but you know what grows by such haunts oftentimes.

Clem. I see rank fruits of a jealous brain, mistress *Kitely*: but did you find your husband there, in that case as you suspected?

Kite. I found her there, fir.

Clem.

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Clem. Did you so? that alters the case. Who gave you knowledge of your wife's being there?

Kite. Marry that did my brother *Well-bred*.

Clem. How? *Well-bred* first tell her; then tell you after? Where is *Well-bred*?

Kite. Gone with my sister, sir, I know not whither.

Clem. Why this is a mere trick, a device; you are gull'd in this most grossly all. Alas, poor wench, wert thou suspected for this?

Tib. Yes, and 't please you.

Clem. I smell mischief here, plot and contrivance, Master *Kitely*. However if you will step into the next room with your Wife, and think coolly of matters, you'll find some trick has been play'd you—I fear there have been jealousies on both parts, and the wags have been merry with you.

Kite. I begin to feel it. I'll take you counsel. Will you go in *Dame*?

Dame. I will have justice Mr. *Kitely*.

[*Exeunt Kitely and Dame.*]

Clem. You will be a woman, Mrs. *Kitely*, that I see.

Enter Servant.

How now, sir? what's the matter?

Ser. Sir, there's a gentleman i' the court without, desires to speak with your worship.

Clem. A gentleman? what's he?

Ser. A soldier, sir, he says.

Clem. A soldier? my sword, quickly. A soldier speak with me! stand by, I will end your matters anon
———Let the soldier enter. [Exit Servant.]

Now, sir, what ha' you to say to me?

Enter Bobadil and Matthew.

Bob. By your worship's favour——

Clem. Nay, keep out, sir; I know not your pretence. You send me word, sir, you are a soldier: why, sir, you shall be answer'd here, here be them have been amongst soldiers. Sir, your pleasure.

Bob. Faith, sir, so it is, this gentleman and myself have been most uncivilly wrong'd and beaten, by one *Down-right*, a coarse fellow, about the town here; and for my own part, I protest, being a man in no sort
given

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given to this filthy humour of quarrelling, he hath assaulted me in the way of my peace, despoil'd me of mine honour, disarm'd me of my weapons, and rudely laid me along in the open streets, when I not so much as once offer'd to resist him.

Clem. O, God's precious! Is this the soldier? Lie there my sword, 'twill make him swoon, I fear; he is not fit to look on't, that will put up a blow.

Mat. An't please your worship, he was bound to the peace.

Clem. Why, an' he were, fir, his hands were not bound, where they?

Enter Servant.

Ser. There's one of the varlets of the city, fir, has brought two gentlemen here; one, upon your worship's warrant.

Clem. My warrant?

Ser. Yes, fir; the officer says, procured by these, two.

Clem. Bid him come in.

[Exit Servant.]

Enter Down-right, Stephen and Brain-worm.

What Mr. *Down-right*! are you brought at Mr. *Fresh-water's* suit here?

Down. Ay faith, fir. And here's another brought at my suit.

Clem. What are you, fir?

Step. A gentleman, fir. O, uncle!

Clem. Uncle! who? Master *Kno'well*?

Kno. Ay, fir; this is a wise kinsman of mine.

Step. God's my witness, uncle, I am wrong'd here monstrously; he charges me with stealing of his cloak, and would I might never stir, if I did not find it in the street by chance.

Down. O, did you find it now! you said you bought it e'er while.

Step. And you said, I stole it: nay, now my uncle is here, I'll do well enough with you.

Clem. Well, let this breathe awhile: you that have cause to complain there, stand forth: had you my warrant for this gentleman's apprehension?

Bob. Ay, an't please your worship.

Clem.

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Clem. Nay, do not speak in passion so: where had you it?

Bob. Of your clerk, sir.

Clem. That's well! an' my clerk can make warrants and my hand not at 'em! where is the warrant, officer, have you it?

Brain. No, sir, your worship's man, Master *Formal*, bid me do it for these gentlemen, and he would be my discharge.

Clem. Why, Master *Down-right*, are you such a novice, to be served and never see the warrant?

Down. Sir he did not serve it on me.

Clem. No? how then?

Down. Marry, sir, he came to me, and said he must serve it, and he would use me kindly, and so——

Clem. O God's pity, was it so, sir? he must serve it? Give me a warrant, I must serve one too. You knave, you slave, you rogue, do you say you must, sirrah? away with him to the goal, I'll teach you a trick, for your must, sir.

Brain. Good, sir, I beseech you, be good to me.

Clem. Tell him he shall to the goal, away with him, I say.

Brain. Nay, sir, if you will commit me, it shall be for committing more than this; I will not lose by my travel, any grain of my fame, certain.

[*Throws off his disguise.*]

Clem. How is this?

Kno. My man *Brain-worm*?

Step. O yes, uncle, *Brain-worm* has been with my cousin *Edward* and I all this day.

Clem. I told you all, there was some device.

Brain. Nay, excellent justice, since I have laid myself thus open to you, now stand strong for me; both with your sword and your balance.

Clem. Body o'me, a merry knave! give me a bowl of sack: if he belong to you Master *Kno'well*, I bespeak your patience.

Brain. That is it, I have most need of. Sir, if you'll pardon me only, I'll glory in all the rest of my exploits.

Kno.

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Kno. Sir, you know I love not to have my favours come hard from me. You have your pardon, though I suspect you shrewdly for being of counsel with my son against me.

Brain. Yes, faith, I have sir, though you retained me doubly this morning for yourself: first as *Brain-worm*; after, as *Fitz-Sword*, I was your reform'd soldier, sir. 'Twas I sent you to *Cob's* upon the errand without end.

Kno. Is it possible! or that thou should'st disguise thy language so as I should not know thee!

Brain. O sir, this has been the day of my metamorphosis! it is not that shape alone that I have run through to-day. I brought Master *Kitely*, a message too, in the form of Mr. Justice's man here, to draw him out o' th' way, as well as your worship, while Master *Wellbred* might make a conveyance of Mistress *Bridget* to my young master.

Kno. My son is not married, I hope!

Brain. Faith, sir, they are both, as sure as love, a priest, and three thousand pounds, which is her portion, can make 'em; and by this time are ready to bespeak their wedding supper at the Wind-mill, except some friend here prevent 'em, and invite 'em home.

Clem. Marry that will I, I thank thee for putting me in mind on't. But, I pray thee, what hast thou done with my man *Formal*?

Brain. Faith, sir, after some ceremony past, as making him drunk, first with story, and then with wine, but all in kindness and stripping him to his shirt, I left him in that cool vein; departed, sold your worship's warrant to these two, pawn'd his livery for that varlet's gown to serve it in; and thus have brought myself by my activity to your worship's consideration.

Clem. And I will consider thee in another cup of sack. Here's to thee; which having drank off, this is my sentence. Pledge me. Thou hast done, or assisted to do nothing, in my judgment, but deserves to be pardon'd for the wit o' the offence. Go into the next room; let master *Kitely* into this whimsical business, and if he does not forgive thee, he has less mirth in him, than an honest man ought to have.

[Exit *Brain-worm*.

Step.

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Enter *Ant*. And what shall I do?

Enter *Clown*. O, I have got a sheep an' he had not blest it; say, Sir, you shall give Mr. *Down-right* his cloak and I will instruct him to take it. A trencher and a napkin you shall have; the buttery and keep *Cob* and his wife company here; whom I will instruct him to be reconciled; and you to endeavour with your wit to keep 'em so.

Step. I'll do my best.

Clown. Call Master *Angelo*, and his wife, there.

Enter *Kitchy* and *Dainty* *Kitchy*.

Did not I tell you there was a plot against you? did I not find it out, as a wife might rate ought? Have not you traced, have you not found it, oh, master *Kitchy*?

Angelo. I have—I confess my folly, and own I have deserved what I have suffered for it: The trial has been severe, but it is past. All I have to ask now is, that as my own folly is cured, and my persecutors forgiven, my shame may be forgotten.

Clown. That will depend upon yourself, Master *Kitchy*; do not you yourself create the food for mischief and the mischievous will not prey upon you. But come let a general reconciliation go round, and let all discontents be laid aside, You, Mr. *Down-right*, put off your anger; you, master *Angelo*, your cares, and do you, Master *Kitchy* and your wife, put off your jealousies.

Ant. Sir thus they go from me; kiss me, sweet wife.

*See what a drow of korns fly in the air,
Wing'd with my chaff'd and my credulous breath!
Watch 'em suspicious eyes, watch where they fall.
See, jee! on heads, that think th' have none at all!
O, what a plenteous world of this will come!
When air rains korns, all may be jure of some.*

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

F I N I S.



STRATAGEM.



Reminiscent of the old.

Walter and

M^{rs} LESSINGHAM as M^{rs} SULLEN.

Sull. The Devil take his impudence.

Act 4

Published Nov. 10. 1770. by T. Lowndes, & Partners.

THE
EAUX STRATAGEM.

A
C O M E D Y

OF FIVE ACTS,

WRITTEN BY

MR. FARQUHAR.

With the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

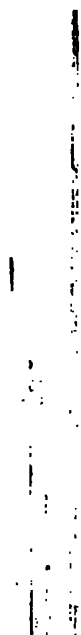
AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

L O N D O N :

SOLD FOR W. LOWNDES, W. NICOLL, AND
S. BLADON.

M.DCC.LXXXVIII.



P R O L O G U E.

WHEN strife disturbs, or sloth corrupts an age,
Keen satire is the business of the stage.
When the Plain Dealer writ, he lash'd those crimes
Which then infested most — the modish times :
But now when faction sleeps, and sloth is fled,
And all our youth in active fields are bred ;
When thro' GREAT BRITAIN's fair extensive round,
The trumps of fame, the notes of UNION sound ;
When ANNA's sceptre points the laws their course,
And her example give her precepts force ;
There scarce is room for satire, all our lays
Must be, or songs of triumph, or of praise.
But as in grounds best cultivated, tares
And poppies rise among the golden ears ;
Our produce so, fit for the field or school,
Must mix with nature's favourite plant — a fool.
A weed that has to twenty summers ran,
Shoots up in stalk, and vegetates to man.
Simpling our author goes from field to field ;
And culls such fools as may diversion yield ;
And, thanks to nature, there's no want of these,
For rain or shine, the thriving coxcomb grows.
Follies to-night we shew, ne'er lash'd before,
Yet such as nature shews you ev'ry hour ;
Nor can the pictures give a just offence,
For fools are made for jests to men of sense.

Dramatis Personæ, 1787.

M E N.

Aimwell, } *Two Gentlemen of broken Fortunes,*
 Archer, }
 Sullen, *A Country Blackhead,* — — — — —
 Freeman, *A Gentleman from London,* — — — — —
 Foigard, *A French Priest,* — — — — —
 Gibbet, *A Highwayman,* — — — — —
 Hounslow, } *his Companions,*
 Bagshot, } — — — — —
 Boniface, *Landlord of the Inn,* — — — — —
 Scrub, *Servant to Mr. Sullen,* — — — — —
 Tapster, — — — — —

At Cervat-Garden.

{ Mr. FARREN.
 { Mr. LEWIS.
 Mr. FEARON.
 Mr. DAVIES.
 Mr. JOHNSTONE.
 Mr. CUBITT.
 { Mr. HELME.
 { Mr. ROCK.
 Mr. BOOTH.
 Mr. QUICK.
 Mr. LEDGER.

At Drury-Lane.
 Mr. BARRYMORE.
 Mr. SMITH.
 Mr. PHILLIMORE.
 Mr. R. PALMER.
 Mr. MOODY.
 Mr. SUETT.
 Mr. ALFRED.
 Mr. WILSON.
 Mr. AICKIN.
 Mr. DODD.

W O M E N.

Lady Bountiful, *an old, civil, Country Gentlewoman,*
that cures all Distempers, — — — — —
 Dorinda, *Lady Bountiful's Daughter,* — — — — —
 Mrs. Sullen, *her Daughter-in-law,* — — — — —
 Gipsej, *Maid to the Ladies,* — — — — —
 Cherry, *Boniface's Daughter,* — — — — —

Miss PLATT.
 Mrs. MOUNTAIN.
 Mrs. BERNARD.
 Miss STUART.
 Mrs. MARTYR.

Mrs. LOVE.
 Mrs. BRERETON.
 Miss FARNEN.
 Miss HEARD.
 Miss POPE.

S C E N E, L I C H F I E L D.

THE
BEAUX STRATAGEM.

ACT I. SCENE, *An Inn.*

Enter Boniface running. [Bar-bell rings.]

Bon. CHAMBERLAIN, Maid, *Cherry*, Daughter
Cherry; all asleep? all dead?

Enter Cherry running.

Cher. Here, here. Why d'ye bawl so, father? d'ye think we have no ears?

Bon. You deserve to have none, you young minx:—The company of the *Warrington* coach has flood in the hall this hour, and nobody to shew them to their chambers.

Cher. And let 'em wait, father; there's neither red coat in the coach, nor footman behind it.

Bon. But they threaten to go to another inn to-night.

Cher. That they dare not, for fear the coachman should overturn them to-morrow—[*Ring*ing] Coming, coming: here's the *London* coach arrived.

Enter several people with trunks, band-boxes, with other luggage, and cross the stage.

Bon. Welcome, ladies.

Cher. Very welcome, gentlemen——Chamberlain, shew the *Lion* and the *Rose*. [*Exit with the company.*]

Enter Aimwell in a riding-habit, Archer as footman carrying a portmanteau.

Bon. This way, this way, gentlemen.

Aim. Set down the things; go to the stable, and see my horses well rubb'd.

Arch. I shall, sir. [*Exit.*]

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old *Will. Boniface*, pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. O! Mr. *Boniface*, your servant.

Bon. O! sir,—what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of *Lichfield* much famed for ale, I think; I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in *Staffordshire*; 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the 5th day of next *March*.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll shew you such ale—Here, tapster, broach number 1787, as the saying is;—sir, you shall taste my *Anno Domini*—I have lived in *Lichfield*, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess your sense by your bulk.

Bon. Not in my life, sir: I have fed purely upon ale; I have eat my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see: your Worship's health: ha! delicious, delicious—fancy it *Burgundy*, only fancy it, and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks.*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! It must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it kill'd my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman that came this way from *Ireland*, made her a present of a dozen bottles of *Uisquebaugh*—but the poor woman was never well after: But, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the *Uisquebaugh* that kill'd her?

Bon. My lady *Bountiful* said so—she, good lady, did what could be done; she cured her of three tympanies, but the fourth carried her off; but she's happy and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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Aim. Who's that Lady *Bountiful*, you mention'd?

Bon. 'Ods my life, sir, we'll drink her health. [*Drinks.*] My Lady *Bountiful* is one of the best of women: her last husband, Sir *Charles Bountiful*, left her worth a thousand pounds a year; and, I believe, she lays out one half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours: she cures all disorders incidental to men, women, and children; in short, she has cured more people in and about *Lichfield* within ten years, than the doctors have kill'd in twenty, and that's a bold word.

Aim. Has the lady been any other way useful in her generation?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir *Charles*, the finest woman in all our country, and the greatest fortune: She has a son too, by her first husband, 'Squire *Sullen*, who married a fine lady from *London* t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health.

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough; says little, thinks less, and does—nothing at all, 'faith: but he's a man of great estate and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman truly! and married, you say?

Bon. Ay, and to a curious woman, sir—but he's a—
He wants it here, sir.

[*Pointing to his forehead.*]

Aim. He has it there, you mean.

Bon. That's none of my business, he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—but I—cod, he's no better than—sir, my humble service to you. [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running-trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her—but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr. *Boniface*; pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the *French* officers.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Sim. O that's right, you have a good many of those gentlemen: pray, how do you like their company?

Ben. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em; they are full of money, and pay double for every thing they have; they know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the taking of 'em, and so they are willing to reimburse us a little: one of 'em lodges in my house.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Landlord, there are some *French* Gentlemen below, that ask for you.

Ben. I'll wait on 'em——Does your master stay long in town, as the saying is? [To Archer.]

Arch. I can't tell, as the saying is.

Ben. Come from *London*?

Arch. No!

Ben. Going to *London*, may hap?

Arch. No!

Ben. An odd fellow this; [*Bar bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon, I'll wait on you in half a minute. [Exit.]

Sim. The coast's clear, I see—Now, my dear *Archer*, welcome to *Leitchfield*.

Arch. I thank thee, my dear brother in iniquity.

Sim. Iniquity! prithee, leave canting; you need not change your style with your dress.

Arch. Don't mistake me, *Simwell*; for 'tis still my maxim, that there's no scandal like rags, nor any crimes so shameful as poverty. Men must not be poor; idleness is the root of all evil; the world's wide enough, let 'em bustle: fortune has taken the weak under her protection, but men of sense are left to their industry.

Sim. Upon which topick we proceed, and I think, luckily hitherto: would not any man swear now, that I am a man of quality, and you my servant, when, if our intrinsick value were known——

Arch. Come, come, we are the men of intrinsick value, who can strike our fortunes out of ourselves, whose worth is independent of accidents in life, or revolutions in government: we have heads to get money, and hearts to spend it.

Sim.

Aim. As to our hearts, I grant ye, they are as willing tits as any within twenty degrees; but I can have no great opinion of our heads from the service they have done us hitherto, unless it be that they brought us from *London* hither to *Lichfield*, made me a Lord, and you my servant.

Arch. That's more than you could expect already. But what money have we left?

Aim. But two hundred pounds.

Arch. And our horses, clothes, rings, &c. why we have very good fortunes now for moderate people; and let me tell you, that this two hundred pounds with the experience that we are now masters of, is a better estate than the ten thousand we have spent.—Our friends indeed began to suspect that our pockets were low, but we came off with flying colours, shewed no signs of want either in word or deed.

Aim. Ay, and our going to *Brussels* was a good pretence enough for our sudden disappearing; and, I warrant you, our friends imagine, that we are gone a volunteering.

Arch. Why, 'faith if this project fails, it must e'en come to that. I am for venturing one of the hundreds, if you will, upon this knight-errantry; but in case it should fail, we'll reserve the other to carry us to some counterescarp, where we may die as we lived, in a blaze.

Aim. With all my heart, and we have lived justly, *Archer*; we can't say that we have spent our fortunes, but that we have enjoyed 'em.

Arch. Right; so much pleasure for so much money; we have had our penny-worths; and had I millions, I would go to the same market again, *O London, London!* well, we have had our share, and let us be thankful: past pleasures, for aught I know, are best, such we are sure of; those to come may disappoint us. But you command for the day, and so I submit:—At *Nottingham*, you know, I am to be master.

Aim. And at *Lincoln*, I again.

Arch. Then, at *Norwich* I mount, which, I think, shall be our last stage; for, if we fail there, we'll embark for *Holland*, bid adieu to *Venus*, and welcome *Mars*.

Aim. A match; [*Enter Boniface.*] Mum.

Bon. What will your worship please to have for supper?

Cher. Whoever he is, friend, he'll be but little the better for't.

Arch. I hope so, for, I'm sure, you did not think of me.

Cher. Suppose I had?

Arch. Why then you're but even with me; for the minute I came in, I was considering in what manner I should make love to you.

Cher. Love to me, friend! *Arch.* Yes, child.

Cher. Child! manners; if you kept a little more distance, friend, it would become you much better.

Arch. Distance! good night, saucebox. [*Going.*]

Cher. A pretty fellow; I like his pride.—Sir, pray, sir, you see, sir, [*Archer returns*] I have the credit to be intrusted with your master's fortune 'here, which sets me a degree above his footman; I hope, sir, you an't affronted.

Arch. Let me look you full in the face, and I'll tell you whether you can affront me or no.—'Sdeath, child, you have a pair of delicate eyes, and you don't know what to do with 'em.

Cher. Why, sir, don't I see every body?

Arch. Ay, but if some women had 'em, they would kill every body.—Pr'ythee instruct me; I would fain make love to you, but I don't know what to say.

Cher. Why, did you never make love to any body before?

Arch. Never to a person of your figure, I can assure you, madam; my addressees have been always confined to people within my own sphere, I never aspired so high before. [*Archer sings.*]

*But you look so bright,
And are dress'd so tight,
That a man would fear your right,
As arm was e'er laid over.*

Cher. Will you give me that song, sir?

Arch. Ay, my dear, take it while it is warm. [*Kisses her.*] Death and fire! her lips are honey-combs.

Cher. And I wish there had been a swarm of bees too, to have sting you for your impudence.

Arch. There's a swarm of *Cupids*, my little *Venus*, that has done the business much better.

Cher. This fellow is mi'th'gotten as well as I. [*Aside.*] What's your name, sir?

Arch.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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Arch. Name! egad I have forgot it. [*Aside.*] Oh! *Martin*.

Cher. Where were you born?

Arch. In *St. Martin's* parish.

Cher. What was your father?

Arch. Of—of—*St. Martin's* parish.

Cher. Then friend, good-night.

Arch. I hope not.

Cher. You may depend upon't.

Arch. Upon what?

Cher. That you're very impudent.

Arch. That you're very handsome.

Cher. That you're a footman.

Arch. That you're an angel.

Cher. I shall be rude. *Arch.* So shall I.

Cher. Let go my hand. *Arch.* Give me a kiss.

[*Kisses her.* *Boniface* calls without *Cherry*, *Cherry*:

Cher. I'm—My father calls; you plaguy devil, how durst you stop my breath so?—Offer to follow me one step, if you dare. [*Exit.*

Arch. A fair challenge, by this light; this is a pretty fair opening of an adventure; but we are knight-errants, and so fortune be our guide. [*Exit.*

A C T II.

S C E N E *a Gallery in Lady Bountiful's House.*

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda meeting.

Dor. **M**orrow, my dear sister; are you for church this morning?

Mrs. Sul. Any where to pray; for Heaven alone can help me: but I think, *Dorinda*, there's no form of prayer in the Liturgy against bad husbands.

Dor. But there's a form of law at *Doctors Commons*; and I swear, sister *Sullen*, rather than see you thus continually discontented, I would advise you to apply to that: for besides the part that I bear in your vexatious broils, as being sister to the husband, and friend to the wife, your examples give me such an impression of matrimony, that I shall be apt to condemn my person to a long vacation all its life—But supposing, madam, that you brought

brought it to a case of separation, what can you urge against your husband? my brother is, first, the most constant man alive.

Mrs. Sul. The most constant husband, I grant ye.

Dor. He never sleeps from you.

Mrs. Sul. No, he always sleeps with me.

Dor. He allows you a maintenance suitable to your quality.

Mrs. Sul. A maintenance! do you take me, madam, for an hospital child, that I must sit down and bless my benefactor, for meat, drink, and clothes? As I take it, madam, I brought your brother ten thousand pounds, out of which I might expect some pretty things, called pleasures.

Dor. You share in all the pleasures that the country affords.

Mrs. Sul. Country pleasures! racks and torments! dost think, child, that my limbs were made for leaping of ditches, and clambering over stiles; or that my parents, wisely foreseeing my future happiness in country pleasures, had early instructed me in rural accomplishments of drinking fat ale, playing at whist, and smoking tobacco with my husband; or of spreading of plaisters, brewing of diet-drinks, and stilling rosemary-water, with the good old gentlewoman my mother-in-law?

Dor. I'm sorry, madam, that it is not more in our power to divert you; I could wish, indeed, that our entertainments were a little more polite, or your taste a little less refined: but pray, madam, how came the poets and philosophers, that labour'd so much in hunting after pleasure, to place it at last in a country life?

Mrs. Sul. Because they wanted money, child, to find out the pleasures of the town: Did you ever hear of a poet or philosopher worth ten thousand pounds? if you can shew me such a man, I'll lay you fifty pounds you'll find him somewhere within the weekly bills. Not that I disapprove rural pleasures, as the poets have painted them in their landscapes; every *Phyllis* has her *Corydon*, every murmuring stream, and ev'ry flow'ry mead give fresh alarms to love—Besides, you'll find, that their couples were never married:—But yonder, I see my
Corydon,

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

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Corydon, and a sweet swain it is, Heaven knows—Come, *Dorinda*, don't be angry, he's my husband, and your brother, and between both, is he not a sad brute?

Dor. I have nothing to say to your part of him, you're the best judge.

Mrs. Sul. O sister, sister! if ever you marry, beware of a sullen, silent sot, one that's always musing, but never thinks—There's some diversion in a talking blockhead; and since a woman must wear chains, I would have the pleasure of hearing 'em rattle a little.—Now you shall see; but take this by the way, he came home this morning at his usual hour of four, waked me out of a sweet dream of something else, by tumbling over the tea-table, which he broke all to pieces; after his man and he has rowl'd about the room like sick passengers in a storm, he comes flounce into bed, dead as a salmon into a fishmonger's basket; his feet cold as ice, his breath hot as a furnace, and his hands and his face as greasy as his flannel night-cap—Oh matrimony! matrimony!—He tosses up the clothes with a barbarous swing over his shoulders, disorders the whole œconomy of my bed, leaves me half naked, and my whole night's comfort is the tuneable serenade of that wakeful nightingale, his nose.—O the pleasure of counting the melancholy clock by a snoring husband!—But now, sister, you shall see how handsomely, being a well-bred man, he will beg my pardon.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. My head akes consumedly.

Mrs. Sul. Will you be pleased, my dear, to drink tea with us this morning? it may do your head good.

Sul. No.

Dor. Coffee, brother?

Sul. Pshaw?

Mrs. Sul. Will you please to dress, and go to church with me? the air may help you.

Sul. Scrub.

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. What day o'th' week is this?

Scrub. Sunday, an't please your worship.

Sul. Sunday! bring me a dram; and, d'ye hear, set
out

out the venison-pasty, and a tankard of strong beer upon the hall table, I'll go to breakfast. [Going.]

Dor. Stay, stay, brother, you shan't get off so; you were very naught last night, and must make your wife reparation: come, come, brother, won't you ask pardon?

Sul. For what?

Dor. For being drunk last night.

Sul. I can afford it, can't I?

Mrs. Sul. But I can't, sir.

Sul. Then you may let it alone.

Mrs. Sul. But I must tell you, sir, that this is not to be borne.

Sul. I'm glad on't.

Mrs. Sul. What is the reason, sir, that you use me thus inhumanly?

Sul. Scrub!

Scrub. Sir!

Sul. Get things ready to shave my head. [Exit.]

Mrs. Sul. Have a care of coming near his temples, *Scrub*, for fear you meet something there that may turn the edge of your razor. [Exit *Scrub*.] Inveterate stupidity! did you ever know so hard, so obstinate a spleen as his? O sister, sister! I shall never have good of the beast till I get him to town; *London*, dear *London* is the place for managing and breaking a husband.

Dor. And has not a husband the same opportunities there for humbling a wife?

Mrs. Sul. No, no, child, 'tis a standing maxim in conjugal discipline, that when a man would enslave his wife, he hurries her into the country; and when a lady would be arbitrary with her husband, she wheedles her booby up to town:—A man dare not play the tyrant in *London*, because there are so many examples to encourage the subject to rebel, O *Derinda*, *Dorinda*! a fine woman may do any thing in *London*: On my conscience, she may raise an army of forty thousand men.

Dor. I fancy, sister, you have a mind to be trying your power that way here in *Lichfield*; you have drawn the *French* Count to your colours already.

Mrs. Sul. The *French* are a people that can't live without their gallantries.

Dor. And some *English* that I know, sister, are not averse to such amusements.

Mrs.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister, since the truth must out, it may do as well now as hereafter; I think, one way to rouse my lethargick, sottish husband, is to give him a rival; security begets negligence in all people, and men must be alarm'd to make 'em alert in their duty: women are like pictures, of no value in the hands of a fool, till he hears men of sense bid high for the purchase.

Dor. This might do, sister, if my brother's understanding were to be convinced into a passion for you; but, I believe, there's a natural aversion of his side, and I fancy, sister, that you do'nt come much behind him, if you dealt fairly.

Mrs. Sul. I own it; we are united contradictions, fire and water. But I could be contented, with a great many other wives, to humour the censorious vulgar, and give the world an appearance of living well with my husband, could I bring him but to dissemble a little kindness to keep me in countenance.

Dor. But how do you know, sister, but that instead of rousing your husband by this artifice to a counterfeit kindness, he should awake in a real fury?

Mrs. Sul. Let him:—If I can't entice him to the one, I would provoke him to the other.

Dor. But how must I behave myself between ye?

Mrs. Sul. You must assist me.

Dor. What, against my own brother?

Mrs. Sul. He is but a half-brother, and I'm your entire friend: If I go a step beyond the bounds of honour, leave me; till then, I expect you should go along with me in every thing; while I trust my honour in your hands, you may trust your brother's in mine—The count is to dine here to-day.

Dor. 'Tis a strange thing, sister, that I can't like that man.

Mrs. Sul. You like nothing, your time is not come; love and death have their fatalities, and strike home one time or other:— You'll pay for all one day, I warrant ye—But come, my lady's tea is ready, and 'tis almost church time.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, *the Inn.*

Enter Aimwell dress'd, and Archer.

Aim. And was she the daughter of the house?

Arch.

Arch. The landlord is so blind as to think so; but I dare swear she has better blood in her veins.

Am. Why dost think so?

Arch. Because the baggage has a pert *Je-ne-sai-qui*, she reads plays, keeps a monkey, and is troubled with vapours.

Am. By which discoveries, I guess that you know more of her.

Arch. Not yet, 'faith; the lady gives herself airs, forsooth, nothing under a gentleman.

Am. Let me take her in hand.

Arch. Say one word more o'that, and I'll declare myself, spoil your sport there, and every where else; look ye, *Amarelli*, every man in his own sphere.

Am. Right, and therefore you must pimp for your master.

Arch. In the usual forms, good sir, after I have served myself—But to our business—You are so well dress'd, *Tim*, and make so handsome a figure, that I fancy you may do execution in a country church; the exterior part strikes first, and you're in the right to make that impression favourable.

Am. There's something in that which may turn to advantage: the appearance of a stranger is a country-church, draws as many gazers as a blazing star; no sooner he come into the cathedral, but a train of whispers runs buzzing round the congregation in a moment:—Who is he? whence comes he? do you know him?—Then, I, sir, tips the vergers half a crown; he pockets the simony, and inducts me into the best pew in the church; I pull out my snuff-box, turn myself round, bow to the Bishop or the Dean, if he be the commanding officer; single out a beauty, rivet both my eyes to hers, set my nose a bleeding by the strength of imagination, and shew the whole church my concern, by my endeavouring to hide it: after the sermon, the whole town gives me to her for a lover, and by persuading the lady that I am a dying for her, the tables are turn'd, and she in good earnest falls in love with me.

Arch. There's nothing in this, *Tim*, without a precedent; but instead of riveting your eyes to a beauty, try to fix 'em upon a fortune; that's our business at present.

Am.

r. Pshaw, no woman can be a beauty without a for—
—Let me alone for a marksman.

b. Tom! *Aim.* Ay!

b. When were you at church before, pray?

m. Um—I was there at the coronation.

b. And how can you expect a blessing by going to
h now?

m. Blessing? nay, *Frank*, I ask but for a wife! [*Exit.*

b. Truly, the man is not very unreasonable in his
nds. [*Exit at the opposite door.*

Enter Boniface and Cherry.

r. Well, daughter, as the saying is, have you brought
in to confess?

rr. Pray, father, don't put me upon getting any
out of a man; I'm but young, you know, father,
on't understand wheedling.

r. Young! why you jade, as the saying is, can any
in wheedle that is not young? Your mother was
at five-and-twenty! Would you make your mother
ore, and me a cuckold, as the saying is? I tell you,
e confesses it, and his master spends his money so
, and is so much a gentleman every manner of way,
e must be a highwayman.

Enter Gibbet in a Clook.

b. Landlord, landlord, is the coast clear?

r. O Mr. *Gibbet*, what's the news?

b. No matter, ask no questions, all fair and honour-
here, my dear *Cherry*, [*Gives her a bag.*] Two
ed sterling pounds, as good as ever hang'd or saved
ie; lay 'em by with the rest, and here—Three
ng—or mourning rings, 'tis much the same you
——Here, two silver-hilted swords; I took those
fellows that never shew any part of their swords but
its! here is a diamond necklace which the lady hid
privatest place in the coach, but I found it out:
old watch I took from a pawn-broker's wife, it was
her hands by a person of quality, there's the arms
the case.

r. But who had you the money from?

r. Ah! poor woman! I pitied her; — From a poor
ust eloped from her husband, she had made up her
, and was bound for *Ireland*, as hard as she could
drive;

drive; she told me of her husband's barbarous usage, and so faith I left her half a crown. But I had almost forgot, my dear *Cherry*, I have a present for you.

Cher. What is't?

Gib. A pot of ceruse, my child, that I took out of a lady's under petticoat pocket.

Cher. What, Mr. *Gibbet*, do you think that I paint!

Gib. Why, you jade, your betters do; I'm sure the lady that I took it from had a coronet upon her handkerchief.—Here, take my cloak, and go, secure the premises.

Cher. I will secure 'em.

[*Exit.*

Bon. But hark'e, where's *Hounslow* and *Bagshot*?

Gib. They'll be here to-night.

Bon. D'ye know of any other gentlemen o'the pad on this road?

Gib. No.

Bon. I fancy that I have two that lodge in the house just now.

Gib. The devil! how d'ye smock 'em?

Bon. Why, the one is gone to church.

Gib. To church! that's suspicious, I must confess.

Bon. And the other is now in his master's chamber; he pretends to be a servant to the other, we'll call him out and pump him a little.

Gib. With all my heart.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*! Mr. *Martin*!

Enter Archer brushing a bat and finging.

Gib. The roads are consumed deep, I'm as dirty as *Old Brentford* at *Christmas*—A good pretty fellow; who's servant are you, friend?

Arch. My master's.

Gib. Really? *Arch.* Really.

Gib. That's much—The fellow has been at the bar by his evasions:—But pray, sir, what is your master's name?

Arch. Tall, all, dall; [*Sings and brushes the bat.*] This is the most obstinate spot—

Gib. I ask you his name?

Arch. Name, sir,—Tall, all, dall—I never ask'd him his name in my life. Tall, all, dall.

Bon. What think you now?

Gib.

THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

23

. Plain, plain, he talks now as if he were before a
but pray, friend, which way does your master

b. A horseback.

. Very well again, an old offender right——But, I
does he go upwards or downwards?

b. Downwards, I fear, sir! Tall, all.

. I'm afraid thy fate will be a contrary way.

. Ha, ha, ha! Mr. *Martin*, you're very arch——
gentleman is only travelling towards *Chester*, and
be glad of your company, that's all——Come, cap-
tain! I'll shew you a
er——Come, captain.

. Farewel, friend——[*Exeunt* *Gibbet* and *Boniface*.]

b. Captain, your servant——Captain! a pretty
! 'Sdeath, I wonder that the officers of the army
conspire to beat all scoundrels in red but their own.

Enter Cherry.

r. Gone, and *Martin* here! I hope he did not
; I would have the merit of the discovery all my
because I would oblige him to love me. [*Afide.*]

Martin, who was that man with my father?

b. Some recruiting-serjeant, or whipt out trooper,
ose.

r. All's safe, I find. [*Afide.*]

b. Come, my dear, have you conn'd over the cate-
I taught you last night?

r. Come, question me.

b. What is love?

r. Love is I know not what, it comes I know not
and goes I know not when.

b. Very well, an apt scholar. [*Chucks her under the*
Where does love enter?

r. Into the eyes.

b. And where go out?

r. I won't tell you.

b. What are the objects of that passion?

r. Youth, beauty, and clean linen.

b. The reason?

r. The two first are fashionable in nature, and the
at court.

b. That's my dear: What are the signs and tokens
it passion?

Cher.

Cher. A stealing look, a stammering tongue, words improbable, designs impossible, and actions impracticable.

Arch. That's my good child, kiss me.—What must a lover do to obtain his mistress?

Cher. He must adore the person that disdains him, he must bribe the chambermaid that betrays him, and court the footman that laughs at him!—He must, he must—

Arch. Nay, child, I must whip you if you don't mind your lesson; he must treat his——

Cher. O! ay, he must treat his enemies with respect, his friends with indifference, and all the world with contempt; he must suffer much, and fear more; he must desire much, and hope little; in short, he must embrace his ruin, and throw himself away.

Arch. Had ever man so hopeful a pupil as mine? Come, my dear, why is love call'd a riddle?

Cher. Because being blind, he leads those that see; and though a child, he governs a man.

Arch. Mighty well—And why is love pictured blind?

Cher. Because the painters out of their weakness, or privilege of their art, chose to hide those eyes they could not draw.

Arch. That's my dear little scholar, kiss me again.—And why should love, that's a child, govern a man?

Cher. Because that a child is the end of love.

Arch. And so ends love's catechism—And now, my dear, we'll go in, and make my master's bed.

Cher. Hold, hold, Mr. *Martin*—You have taken a great deal of pains to instruct me, and what d'ye think I have learn'd by it?

Arch. What?

Cher. That your discourse and your habit are contradictions, and it would be nonsense in me to believe you a footman any longer.

Arch. 'Oons, what a witch it is!

Cher. Depend upon this, sir, nothing in that garb shall ever tempt me; for though I was born to servitude, I hate it:—Own your condition, swear you love me, and then—

Arch. And then we shall go make my master's bed?

Cher. Yes.

Arch.

Arch. You must know then, that I am born a gentleman, my education was liberal; but I went to *London* a younger brother, fell into the hands of sharpers, who stripped me of my money; my friends disown'd me, and now my necessity brings me to what you see.

Cher. Then take my hand—promise to marry me before you sleep, and I'll make you master of two thousand pounds.

Arch. How!

Cher. Two thousand pounds that I have this minute in my own custody; so throw off your livery this instant, and I'll go find a parson?

Arch. What said you? a parson!

Cher. What! Do you scruple?

Arch. Scruple! No, no, but—two thousand pounds, you say?

Cher. And better.

Arch. 'Sdeath, what shall I do?—But heark'e, child, what need you make me master of yourself and money, when you may have the same pleasure out of me, and still keep your fortune in your own hands?

Cher. Then you won't marry me?

Arch. I would marry you, but——

Cher. O sweet sir, I'm your humble servant, you're fairly caught: Would you persuade me that any gentleman who could bear the scandal of wearing a livery, would refuse two thousand pounds, let the condition be what it would?—No, no, sir,—but I hope you'll pardon the freedom I have taken, since it was only to inform myself of the respect that I ought to pay you. [Going.

Arch. Fairly bit, by *Jupiter*—Hold, hold! and have you actually two thousand pounds?

Cher. Sir, I have my secrets as well as you—when you please to be more open, I shall be more free, and be assured that I have discoveries that will match yours, be they what they will—In the mean while be satisfied that no discovery I make shall ever hurt you, but beware of my father—— [Exit.

Arch. So—we're like to have as many adventures in our inn, as *Don Quixote* had in his—Let me see—two thousand pounds! if the wench would promise to die when the money were spent, egad, one would marry her; but

but the fortune may go off in a year or two, and the wife may live—Lord knows how long! then an inn-keeper's daughter; ay, that's the devil—there my pride brings me off.

*For whatt'ever the fates charge on pride,
The angels fall, and twenty faults beside,
On earth, I'm sure, 'mong us of mortal calling,
Pride jakes man oft, and woman too from falling.*

[Exit.

ACT III. SCENE, *Lady Bountiful's House.*

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. **H**A, ha, ha! my dear sister, let me embrace thee, now we are friends indeed; for I shall have a secret of yours, as a pledge for mine—now you'll be good for something, I shall have you conversable in the subjects of the sex.

Dor. But do you think that I am so weak as to fall in love with a fellow at first sight?

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw! now you spoil all, why should not we be as free in our friendships as the men? I warrant you the gentleman has got to his confidant already, has avow'd his passion, toasted your health, call'd you ten thousand angels, has run over your lips, eyes, neck, shape, air, and every thing, in a description that warms their mirth to a second enjoyment.

Dor. Your hand, sister, I an't well.

Mrs. Sul. So—she's breeding already—come, child, up with it—hem a little—so—now tell me, don't you like the gentleman that we saw at church just now?

Dor. The man's well enough.

Mrs. Sul. Well enough! Is he not a demi-god, a *Narcissus*, a star, the man i' the moon?

Dor. O sister, I'm extremely ill.

Mrs. Sul. Shall I send to your mother, child, for a little of her cephalick plaister to put to the soles of your feet; or shall I send to the gentleman for something for you?—Come, unloosen yourself—the man is perfectly a pretty fellow, I saw him when he first came into church.

Dor. I saw him too, sister, and with an air that shone, methought, like rays, about his person.

Mrs.

rs. *Sul.* Well said, up with it.

r. No forward coquet behaviour, no airs to set him
to studied looks nor artful posture,—but nature
: all——

rs. *Sul.* Better and better—One touch more; come—

r. But then his looks—did you observe his eyes?

rs. *Sul.* Yes, yes, I did—his eyes; well, what of his

r. Sprightly, but not wandering; they seemed to
but never gazed on any thing but me—and then
looks so humble were, and yet so noble, that they
l to tell me that he could with pride die at my feet,
gh he scorned slavery any where else.

rs. *Sul.* The physic works purely—How d'ye find
elf now, my dear?

r. Hem! much better, my dear—O here comes our
ury! [*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, what news of the
eman?

rub. Madam, I have brought you a whole packet of

r. Open it quickly; come.

rub. In the first place I enquired who the gentleman
They told me he was a stranger. *Secondly*, I asked
the gentleman was? They answered and said, That
never saw him before. *Thirdly*, I enquired what
tryman he was? They replied, 'twas more than they
t. *Fourthly*, I demanded whence he came? Their
er was, they could not tell. And *Fifthly*, I ask'd
her he went? And they replied, they knew nothing
e matter.—And this is all I could learn.

rs. *Sul.* But what do the people say? can't they guess?

rub. Why some think he's a spy, some guess he's a
ntebank, some say one thing, some another; but for
own part, I believe he's a jesuit.

or. A jesuit! Why a jesuit?

rub. Because he keeps his horses always ready saddle,
, and his footman talks *French*.

rs. *Sul.* His footman!

rub. Ay, he and the Count's footman were jabber-
French like two intriguing ducks in a mill-pond; and
lieve they talk'd of me, for they laugh'd consumedly.

or. What sort of livery has the footman?

Scrub. Livery! Lord, madam, I took him for a captain, he's so bedizen'd with lace, and then he has a silver-headed cane dangling at his knuckles—he carries his hands in his pockets, and walks just so—[*Walks in a French air*] and has fine long hair tied up in a bag—Lord, madam, he's clear another sort of man than I.

Mrs. Sul. That may easily be—but what shall we do now, sister?

Dor. I have it—This fellow has a world of simplicity, and some cunning, the first hides the latter by abundance—*Scrub.*

Scrub. Madam.

Dor. We have a great mind to know who this gentleman is, only for our satisfaction.

Scrub. Yes, madam, it would be a satisfaction, no doubt.

Dor. You must go and get acquainted with his footman, and invite him hither to drink a bottle of your ale, because you're butler to-day.

Scrub. Yes, madam, I am butler every Sunday.

Mrs. Sul. O brave sister! o' my conscience, you understand the mathematicks already—'Tis the best plot in the world; your mother, you know, will be gone to church, my spouse will be got to the ale-house with his scoundrels, and the house will be our own—so we drop in by accident, and ask the fellow some questions ourselves. In the country, you know, any stranger is company, and we're glad to take up with the butler in a country dance, and happy if he'll do us the favour.

Scrub. Oh! madam, you wrong me; I never refused your ladyship the favour in my life.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Ladies, dinner's upon table.

Dor. *Scrub.* we'll excuse your waiting—Go where we ordered you.

Scrub. I shall.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE changes to the Inn.

Enter Aimwell and Archer.

Arch. Well, Tom, I find you are a marksman.

Aim. A marksman! who so blind could be as not discern a swan among the ravens?

Arch. Well, but heark'e, *Aimwell!*

Aim.

Aim. Aimwell! call me *Oroondates, Cesario, Amadis*, all that romance can in a lover paint, and then I'll answer. O *Archer*, I read her thousands in her looks, she look'd like *Ceres* in her harvest, corn, wine and oil, milk and honey, gardens, groves and purling streams, play'd on her plenteous face.

Arch. Her face! her pocket, you mean: the corn, wine and oil lies there. In short, she has twenty thousand pounds, that's the *English* on't.

Aim. Her eyes —

Arch. Are demi-cannons to be sure; so I won't stand their battery. [Going.

Aim. Pray excuse me, my passion must have vent.

Arch. Passion! what a plague, d'ye think these romantick airs will do your business? Were my temper as extravagant as yours, my adventures have something more romantick by half.

Aim. Your adventures!

Arch. Yes.

*The nymph, that with her twice ten hundred pounds,
With brazen engine hot, and coif clear starch'd,
Can fire the guest in warming of the bed —*

There's a touch of sublime *Milton* for you, and the subject but an inn-keeper's daughter: I can play with a girl as an angler does with his fish; he keeps it at the end of his line, runs it up the stream, and down the stream, till at last, he brings it to hand, tickles the trout, and so whips it into his basket.

Enter Boniface.

Bon. Mr. *Martin*, as the saying is—yonder's an honest fellow below, my Lady *Bountiful's* butler, who begs the honour that you would go home with him and see his cellar.

Arch. Do my *baissimains* to the gentleman, and tell him I will do myself the honour to wait on him immediately, as the saying is.

Bon. I shall do your worship's commands, as the saying is. [Exit, bowing obliquely.

Aim. What do I hear? soft *Orpheus* play, and fair *Tostida* sing?

Arch. Pshaw! damn your raptures; I tell you here's

a pump going to be put into the vessel, and the ship will get into harbour, my life on't. You say, there's another lady very handsome there?

Aim. Yes, faith.

Arch. I'm in love with her already.

Aim. Can't you give me a bill upon *Cherry* in the mean time.

Arch. No, no, friend, all her corn, wine and oil, is ingrossed to my market—And once more I warn you to keep your anchorage clear of mine; for if you fall foul on me, by this light, you shall go to the bottom.—What! make prize of my little frigate, while I am upon the cruize for you! [Exit.

Enter Boniface.

Aim. Well, well, I won't—Landlord, have you any tolerable company in the house? I don't care for dining alone.

Bon. Yes, sir, there's a captain below, as the saying is, that arrived about an hour ago.

Aim. Gentlemen of his coat are welcome every-where; will you make him a compliment from me, and tell him I should be glad of his company?

Bon. Who shall I tell him, sir, would——

Aim. Ha! that stroke was well thrown in—I'm only a traveller, like himself, and would be glad of his company, that's all.

Bon. I obey your commands, as the saying is. [Exit.

Enter Archer.

Arch. 'Sdeath! I had forgot; what title will you give yourself?

Aim. My brother's, to be sure; he would never give me any thing else, so I'll make bold with his honour this bout—you know the rest of your cue.

Arch. Ay, ay. [Exit.

Enter Gibbet.

Gib. Sir, I'm yours.

Aim. 'Tis more than I deserve, sir, for I don't know you.

Gib. I don't wonder at that, sir, for you never saw me before—I hope. [Aside.

Aim. And pray, sir, how came I by the honour of seeing you now?

Gib.

Gib. Sir, I scorn to intrude upon any gentleman—but my landlord—

Aim. O, sir, I ask your pardon, you're the captain he told me of?

Gib. At your service, sir.

Aim. What regiment? may I be so bold?

Gib. A marching regiment, sir, an old corps.

Aim. Very old, if your coat be regimental. [*Aside.*] You have served abroad, sir?

Gib. Yes, sir, in the plantations, 'twas my lot to be sent into the worst service; I would have quitted it indeed, but a man of honour, you know—Besides, 'twas for the good of my country that I should be abroad—Any thing for the good of one's country—I'm a *Roman* for that.

Aim. One of the first, I'll lay my life [*Aside.*] You found the *West-Indies* very hot, sir?

Gib. Ay, sir, too hot for me.

Aim. Pray, sir, han't I seen your face at *Will's* coffee-house?

Gib. Yes, sir, and at *White's* too.

Aim. And where is your company now, captain?

Gib. They a'nt come yet.

Aim. Why, d'ye expect 'em here?

Gib. They'll be here to-night, sir.

Aim. Which way do they march?

Gib. Across the country—The devil's in't, if I han't said enough to encourage him to declare—but I'm afraid he's not right, I must tack about. [*Aside.*]

Aim. Is your company to quarter at *Lichfield*?

Gib. In this house, sir.

Aim. What! all?

Gib. My company's but thin, ha, ha, ha! we are but three, ha, ha, ha,

Aim. You're merry, sir.

Gib. Ay, sir, you must excuse me, sir, I understand the world, especially the art of travelling: I don't care, sir, for answering questions directly upon the road—for I generally ride with a charge about me.

Aim. Three or four, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Gib. I am credibly inform'd that there are highwaymen upon this quarter; not, sir, that I could suspect a gentleman

Gentleman of your figure—But truly, sir, I have got such a way of evasion upon the road, that I don't care for speaking truth to any man.

Aim. Your caution may be necessary—then I presume you're no captain.

Gib. Not I, sir; captain is a good travelling name, and so I take it; it stops a great many foolish inquiries that are generally made about gentlemen that travel; it gives a man an air of something, and makes the drawers obedient—And thus far I am a captain, and no farther.

Aim. And pray, sir, what is your true profession?

Gib. O, sir, you must excuse me—upon my word, sir, I don't think it safe to tell ye.

Aim. Ha, ha, ha! upon my word, I commend you.

Enter Boniface.

Well, Mr. *Boniface*, what's the news?

Bon. There's another gentleman below, as the saying is, that hearing you were but two, would be glad to make the third man, if you'd give him leave.

Aim. What is he?

Bon. A clergyman, as the saying is.

Aim. A clergyman! is he really a clergyman? or, is it only his travelling name, as my friend the captain has it?

Bon. O, sir, he's a priest, and chaplain to the *French* officers in town.

Aim. Is he a *Frenchman*?

Bon. Ye, sir, born at *Brussels*.

Gib. A *Frenchman*, and a priest! I won't be seen in his company, sir; I have a value for my reputation, sir.

Aim. Nay, but captain, since we are by ourselves—can he speak *English*, landlord?

Bon. Very well, sir; you may know him, as the saying is, to be a foreigner by his accent, and that's all.

Aim. Then he has been in *England* before?

Bon. Never, sir, but he's a master of languages, as the saying is—he talks *Latin*, it does me good to hear him talk *Latin*.

Aim. Then you understand *Latin*, Mr. *Boniface*?

Bon. Not I, sir, as the saying is; but he talks it so very fast, that I'm sure it must be good.

Aim. Pray desire him to walk up.

Bon.

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Bon. Here he is, as the saying is.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, gentlemens bote.

Aim. A *Frenchman*! sir, your most humble servant.

Foig. Cch, dear joy, I am your most faithful servant, and yours alsho.

Gib. Doctor, you talk very good *English*, but you have a mighty twang of the foreigner

Foig. My *English* is very well for the words, but we foreigners, you know, cannot bring our tongues about the pronunciation so soon.

Aim. A foreigner! a downright teague, by this light. [*Aside.*] Were you born in *France*, Doctor?

Foig. I was educated in *France*, but I was borned at *Brussels*: I am a subject of the King of *Spain*, joy.

Gib. What King of *Spain*, sir? speak.

Foig. Upon my shoul, joy, I cannot tell you as yet.

Aim. Nay, captain, that was too hard upon the doctor, he's a stranger.

Foig. O let him alone, dear joy, I am of a nation that is not easily put out of countenance.

Aim. Come, gentlemen, I'll end the dispute ——— Here, landlord, is dinner ready?

Bon. Upon the table, as the saying is.

Aim. Gentlemen—pray—that door.——

Foig. No, no, fait, the captain must lead.

Aim. No, doctor, the church is our guide.

Gib. Ay, ay, so it is ———

[*Exit Foigard foremost, they follow.*]

SCENE changes to a gallery in *Lady Bountiful's house*.

Enter Archer and Scrub, singing and hugging one another; Scrub with a tankard in his hand, Gipsley listening at a distance.

Scrub. Tal, all, dal——come, my dear boy——let us have that song once more.

Arch. No, no, we shall disturb the family:——But will you be sure to keep the secret?

Scrub. Pho! upon my honour, as I'm a gentleman.

Arch. 'Tis enough——you must know then, that my master is the Lord Viscount *Aimwell*; he fought a duel

Another day in *London*, wounded his man so dangerously, that he thinks fit to withdraw till he hears whether the gentleman's wounds be mortal or not: He never was in this part of *England* before, so he chose to retire to this place, that's all.

Gipsy. And that's enough for me. [Exit.

Scrub. And where were you when your master fought?

Arch. We never know of our masters quarrels.

Scrub. No! if our masters in the country here receive a challenge, the first thing they do, is to tell their wives; the wife tells the servants, the servants alarm the tenants, and in half an hour, you shall have the whole country up in arms.

Arch. To hinder two men from doing what they have no mind for—but if you should chance to talk now of this business——

Scrub. Talk! ah, sir, had I not learn'd the knack of holding my tongue, I had never lived so long in a great family.

Arch. Ay, ay, to be sure, there are secrets in all families.

Scrub. Secrets, O lud!—but I'll say no more—come, sit down, we'll make an end of our tankard: Here—

Arch. With all my heart; who knows but you and I may come to be better acquainted, eh?—Here's your ladies health; you have three, I think, and to be sure there must be secrets among 'em.

Scrub. Secrets! ah! friend, friend, I wish I had a friend.——

Arch. Am not I your friend? Come, you and I will be sworn brothers.

Scrub. Shail we?

Arch. From this minute——give me a kiss——and now, brother *Scrub*.——

Scrub. And now, brother *Martin*, I will tell you a secret that will make your hair stand an end:—You must know that I am consumedly in love.

Arch. That's a terrible secret, that's the truth on't.

Scrub. That jade, *Gipsy*, that was with us just now in the cellar, is the arrantest whore that ever wore a petticoat, and I'm dying for love of her.

Arch.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha!—are you in love with her person, or her virtue, brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. I should like virtue best, because it is more durable than beauty; for virtue holds good with some women long, and many a day after they have lost it.

Arch. In the country, I grant ye, where no woman's virtue is lost, till a bastard be found.

Scrub. Ay, could I bring her to a bastard, I should have her all to myself; but I dare not put it upon that lay, for fear of being sent for a soldier.—Pray, brother, how do you gentlemen in *London* like that same pressing-act?

Arch. Very ill, brother *Scrub*;—'tis the worst that ever was made for us;—formerly I remember the good days when we could dun our masters for our wages, and if they refused to pay us, we cou'd have a warrant to carry 'em before a justice; but now if we talk of eating, they have a warrant for us, and carry us before three justices.

Scrub. And to be sure we go, if we talk of eating; for the justices won't give their own servants a bad example. Now this is my misfortune—I dare not speak in the house, while that jade, *Gipsy*, dings about like a fury—once I had the better end of the staff.

Arch. And how comes the change now?

Scrub. Why, the mother of all this mischief is a priest.

Arch. A priest!

Scrub. Ay, a damn'd son of a whore of *Babylon*, that came over hither to say grace to the *French* officers, and eat up our provisions—There's not a day goes over his head without a dinner or supper in this house.

Arch. How came he so familiar in the family?

Scrub. Because he speaks *English* as if he had lived here all his life, and tells lies as if he had been a traveller from his cradle.

Arch. And this priest, I'm afraid, has converted the affection of your *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Converted! ay, and perverted, my dear friend—for, I'm afraid, he has made her a whore and a papist—but this is not all; there the *French* Count and Mrs. *Sullen*, they're in the confederacy, and for some private ends of their own too, to be sure.

on *Wednesday* I follow the hounds, a *Thursday* I tenants, on *Friday* I go to market, on *Saturday* warrants, and a *Sunday* I draw beer.

Arch. Ha, ha, ha! if variety be a pleasure you have enough on't, my dear brother——the ladies are there?

Sarah. Ours, ours; that upon the right hand *Sullen*, and the other *Mrs. Dorinda*——don't n fit bill, man——

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda.

Mrs. Sul. I have heard my brother talk of my *Lucy*, but they say that his brother is the finer ge

Dor. That's impossible. sister.

Mrs. Sul. He's vastly rich, and very close, the

Dor. No matter for that; if I can creep into I'll open his breast. I warrant him: I have h that people may be guess'd at by the behaviour servants; I could wish we might talk to that fel

Mrs. Sul. So do I; for I think he's a ve fellow: come this way, I'll throw out a lure presently.

[*They walk a turn towards the opposite side of*

Mrs. Sullen drops her fan, Archer runs, to and gives it to her.]

Arch. Corn, wine and oil indeed——but, I t

Arch. [*Aside.*] That project, for aught I know, had been better than ours——Brother *Scrub*, why don't you introduce me?

Scrub. Ladies, this is the strange gentleman's servant that you saw at church to-day; I understood he came from *London*, and so I invited him to the cellar, that he might shew me the newest flourish in whetting my knives.

Dor. And I hope you have made much of him?

Arch. O yes, madam, but the strength of your ladyship's liquor is a little too potent for the constitution of your humble servant.

Mrs. Sul. What, then you don't usually drink ale?

Arch. No, madam, my constant drink is tea, or a little wine and water; 'tis prescribed me by the physician for a remedy against the spleen.

Scrub. O la! O la!—A footman have the spleen——

Mrs. Sul. I thought that distemper had been only proper to people of quality.

Arch. Madam, like all other fashions it wears out, and so descends to their servants; though in a great many of us, I believe, it proceeds from some melancholy particles in the blood, occasioned by the stagnation of wages.

Dor. How affectedly the fellow talks——How long, pray, have you served your present master?

Arch. Not long; my life has been mostly spent in the service of the ladies.

Mrs. Sul. And pray, which service do you like best?

Arch. Madam, the ladies pay best; the honour of serving them is sufficient wages; there is a charm in their looks that delivers a pleasure with their commands, and gives our duty the wings of inclination.

Mrs. Sul. That flight was above the pitch of a livery; and sir, would not you be satisfied to serve a lady again?

Arch. As groom of the chambers, madam, but not as a footman.

Mrs. Sul. I suppose you served as footman before?

Arch. For that reason I would not serve in that post again; for my memory is too weak for the load of messages that the ladies lay upon their servants in *London*: my Lady *Howd'ye*, the last mistress I served, call'd me

up one morning, and told me, *Martin*, go to my Lady *Allright* with my humble service; tell her I was to wait on her ladyship yesterday, and left word with *Mrs. Rebecca*, that the preliminaries of the affair she knows of, are stopt 'till we know the concurrence of the person that I know of, for which there are circumstances wanting which we shall accommodate at the old place; but that in the mean time there is a person about her ladyship, that from several hints and surmises, was accessary at a certain time to the disappointments that naturally attend things, that to her knowledge are of more importance —

Mrs. Sul. } Ha, ha! where are you going, fir?
Dor. }

Arch. Why, I han't half done — — The whole howd'ye was about half an hour long; so happen'd to misplace two syllables, and was turn'd off, and render'd incapable —

Dor. The pleasantest fellow, sister, I ever saw. — But, friend, if your master be married, — I presume you still serve a lady.

Arch. No, madam, I take care never to come into a married family; the commands of the master and mistress are always so contrary, that 'tis impossible to please both.

Dor. There's a main point gain'd. — My lord is not married, I find. [*Aside.*]

Mrs. Sul. But I wonder, friend, that in so many good services, you had not a better provision made for you.

Arch. I don't know how, madam — I am very well as I am. —

Mrs. Sul. Something for a pair of gloves.

[*Offering him money.*]

Arch. I humbly beg leave to be excused: my master, madam, pays me; nor dare I take money from any other hand, without injuring his honour, and disobeying his commands.

Scrub. Brother *Martin*, brother *Martin*.

Arch. What do you say, brother *Scrub*?

Scrub. Take the money, and give it to me.

[*Exeunt Arch. and Scrub.*]

Dor.

sr. This is surprizing: did you ever see so pretty a bred fellow?

rs. Sul. The devil take him for wearing that li-

sr. I fancy, sister, he may be some gentleman, a d of my lord's, that his lordship has pitch'd upon his courage, fidelity, and discretion, to bear him any in this dress, and who, ten to one, was his id.

rs. Sul. It is so, it must be so, and it shall be so—I like him.

sr. What! better than the count?

rs. Sul. The count happen'd to be the most agree-man upon the place; and so I chose him to serve in my design upon my husband——But I should this fellow better in a design upon myself.

sr. But now, sister, for an interview with this lord, this gentleman; how shall we bring that about?

rs. Sul. Patience! you country ladies give no quar——Would you prevent their desires, and give the ws no wishing time?——Look'e, *Dorinda*, if my *Aimwell* loves you or deserves you, he'll find a way e you, and there we must leave it.——My business is now upon the tapis.——Have you prepared your ier?

sr. Yes, yes.

rs. Sul. And how did he relish it?

sr. He said little, mumbled something to himself, promised to be guided by me: but here he comes.——

Enter Sullen.

l. What singing was that I heard just now?

rs. Sul. The singing in your head, my dear, you plain'd of it all day.

l. You're impertinent.

rs. Sul. I was ever so, since I became one flesh with

l. One flesh! rather two carcases join'd unnaturally her.

rs. Sul. Or rather a living soul coupled to a dead

sr. So, this is fine encouragement for me!

Sul.

Sul. Yes, my wife shews you what you must do!

Mrs. Sul. And my husband shews you what you must suffer.

Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you be silent?

Mrs. Sul. 'Sdeath, why can't you talk?

Sul. Do you talk to any purpose?

Mrs. Sul. Do you think to any purpose?

Sul. Sister, heark'e—[*Whispers.*] I shan't be home till it be late. [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. What did he whisper to ye?

Dor. That he would go round the back-way, come into the closet, and listen, as I directed him.—But let me beg once more, dear sister, to drop this project; for, as I told you before, instead of awaking him to kindness, you may provoke him to rage; and then who knows how far his brutality may carry him?

Mrs. Sul. I'm provided to receive him, I warrant you. Away. [Exit.

A C T. IV.

S C E N E continues.

Enter Lady Bountiful and Mrs. Sullen, Dorinda meeting them.

Dor. **N**EWS, dear sister, news, news!

Enter Archer running.

Arch. Where, where is my Lady Bountiful?—Pray, which is the old Lady of you three?

L. Boun. I am.

Arch. O madam, the fame of your Ladyship's charity, goodness, benevolence, skill and ability, have drawn me hither to implore your Ladyship's help in behalf of my unfortunate master, who is at this moment breathing his last.

L. Boun. Your master! where is he?

Arch. At your gate, madam, drawn by the appearance of your handsome house to view it nearer, and walking up the avenue within five paces of the court yard, he

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he was taken ill of a sudden with a sort of I know not what; but down he fell, and there he lies.

L. Boun. Here, *Scrub*, *Gipsy*.

Enter Scrub and Gipsy.

All run, get my easy-chair down stairs, put the gentleman in it, and bring him in quickly, quickly.

Arch. Heaven will reward your Ladyship for this charitable act.

L. Boun. Is your master used to these fits?

Arch. O yes, madam, frequently—I have known him have five or six of a night.

L. Boun. What's his name?

Arch. Lord, madam, he's a dying; a minute's care or neglect may save or destroy his life.

L. Boun. Ah, poor gentleman! come, friend, shew me the way; I'll see him brought in myself.

[Exit with Archer.]

Dor. O, sister, my heart flutters about strangely, I can hardly forbear running to his assistance.

Mrs. Sul. And I'll lay my life he deserves your assistance more than he wants it: did not I tell you that my Lord would find a way to come at you? Love's his distemper, and you must be the physician; put on all your charms, summon all your fire into your eyes, plant the whole artillery of your looks against his breast, and down with him.

Dor. O, sister, I'm but a young gunner, I shall be afraid to shoot, for fear the piece should recoil, and hurt myself.

Mrs. Sul. Never fear, you shall see me shoot before you, if you will.

Dor. No, no, dear sister, you have miss'd your mark so unfortunately, that I shan't care for being instructed by you.

Enter Aimwell in a chair, carried by Archer and Scrub, Lady Bountiful, Gipsy. Aimwell counterfeiting a swoon.

L. Boun. Here, here, let's see the hartshorn drops—*Gipsy*, a glass of fair water, his fit's very strong.—Bless me, how his hands are clench'd!

Arch.

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Arch. For shame, ladies, what d'ye do? why don't you help us?——Pray, madam, [*To Dorinda*] take his hand and open it, if you can, whilst I hold his head.

[*Dorinda takes his hand.*]

Dor. Poor gentleman—Oh—he has got my hand within his, and squeezes it unmercifully——

L. Boun. 'Tis the violence of his convulsion, child.

Arch. Oh, madam, he's perfectly possess'd in these cases—he'll bite you if you don't have a care.

Dor. Oh, my hand! my hand!

L. Boun. What's the matter with the foolish girl? I have got this hand open you see with a great deal of ease.

Arch. Ay, but, madam, your daughter's hand is somewhat warmer than your ladyship's, and the heat of it draws the force of the spirits that way.

Mrs. Sul. I find, friend, you're very learned in these sort of fits.

Arch. 'Tis no wonder, madam, for I'm often troubled with them myself; I find myself extremely ill at this minute.

[*Looking hard at Mrs. Sullen.*]

Mrs. Sul. [*Aside.*] I fancy I could find a way to cure you.

L. Boun. His fit holds him very long.

Arch. Longer than usual, madam.——

L. Boun. Where did his illness take him first, pray?

Arch. To-day at church, madam.

L. Boun. In what manner was he taken?

Arch. Very strangely, my lady. He was of a sudden touch'd with something in his eyes, which at the first he only felt, but could not tell whether 'twas pain or pleasure.

L. Boun. Wind, nothing but wind.——Your master should never go without a bottle to smell to——Oh!——he recovers——the lavender-water——some feathers to burn under his nose——Hungary water to rub his temples——O, he comes to himself. Hem a little, fir, hem——*Gipsy*, bring the cordial-water.

[*Aimwell seems to awake in amazement.*]

Dor. How do you, fir?

Aim.

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Aim. Where am I?

[*Rising.*

Sure I have pass'd the gulph of silent death,

And now am landed on the *Elysian* shore.

Behold the goddess of those happy plains,

Fair *Proserpine*—let me adore thy bright divinity.

[*Kneels to Dorinda, and kisses her hand.*

Mrs. Sul. So, so, so, I knew where the fit would end.

Aim. *Eurydice* perhaps——

How could thy *Orpheus* keep his word,

And not look back upon thee;

No treasure but thyself could sure have brib'd him
To look one minute off thee.

L. Boun. Delirious, poor gentleman.

Arch. Very delirious, madam, very delirious.

Aim. *Martin's* voice, I think.

Arch. Yes, my lord—How does your lordship?

L. Boun. Lord! did you mind that, girls?

Aim. Where am I?

Arch. In very good hands, sir—You were taken just
now with one of your old fits, under the trees, just by
his good lady's house; her ladyship had you taken in,
and has miraculously brought you to yourself, as you
are——

Aim. I am so confounded with shame, madam, that I
can now only beg pardon——And refer my acknowledgments
for your ladyship's care till an opportunity
offers of making some amends—I dare be no longer
subtle—*Martin*, give two guineas to the servants.

[*Going.*

Dor. Sir, you may catch cold by going so soon into
the air; you don't look, sir, as if you were perfectly re-
covered

[*Here Archer talks to Lady Bountiful in dumb show.*

Aim. That I shall never be, madam; my present
nervousness is so rooted, that I must expect to carry it to my
grave.

L. Boun. Come, sir, your servant has been telling me
that you're apt to relapse, if you go into the air—Your
odd manners shan't get the better of ours—You shall sit
down again, sir:—Come, sir, we don't mind ceremonies
in the country—Here, Gipsy, bring the cordial water.—

Here,

Here, sir, my service t'ye——You shall taste my water; 'tis a cordial, I can assure you, and of my own making.

Scrub. Yes, my lady makes very good water.

L. Beau. Drink it off, sir: [*Aimwell drinks.*] And how d'ye find yourself now, sir:

Aim. Somewhat better——tho' very faint still.

L. Beau. Ay, ay, people are always faint after these fits. Come, girls, you shall shew the gentleman the house; 'tis but an old family building, sir; but you had better walk about, and cool by degrees, than venture immediately into the air——You'll find some tolerable pictures——*Dorinda*, shew the gentleman the way. I must go to the poor woman below. [*Exit.*]

Dor. This way, sir.

Aim. Ladies, shall I beg leave for my servant to wait on you, for he understands pictures very well.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, we understand originals, as well as he does pictures, so he may come along.

[*Ex. Mrs. Sul. Aim. Arch. Aim. leads Dor.*] *Scrub* sits down.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Save you, master *Scrub*.

Scrub. Sir, I won't be sav'd your way——I hate a priest, I abhor the *French*, and I defy the devil——Sir, I'm a bold *Briton*, and will spill the last drop of my blood to keep out popery and slavery.

Foig. Master *Scrub*, you would put me down in politics, and so I would be speaking with Mrs. *Gipsy*.

Scrub. Good Mr. Priest, you can't speak with her; she's sick, sir; she's gone abroad, sir; she's—dead two months ago, sir.

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. How now, impudence! How dare you talk so saucily to the doctor? Pray, sir, don't take it ill; for the common people of *England* are not so civil to strangers, as——

Scrub. You lie, you lie;—'tis the common people, such as you are, that are civilest to strangers.

Gip. Sirrah, I have a good mind to—Get you out, I say!

Scrub. I won't!

Gip.

Gip. You won't, sauce-box!—Pray, doctor, what is the captain's name that came to your inn last night?

Scrub. The captain! ah, the devil, there she hampers me again;—the captain has me on one side, and the priest on t'other:—So between the gown and sword, I have a fine time on't—But, *cedant arma togæ.* [Going.

Gip. What, sirrah, won't you march?

Scrub. No, my dear, I won't march—but I'll walk:—And I'll make bold to listen a little too.

[Goes behind the side-scene, and listens.

Gip. Indeed, doctor, the count has been barbarously treated, that's the truth on't.

Foig. Ah, Mrs. *Gipse*y, upon my shoul, now *Gra*, his complainings would mollify the marrow in your bones, and move the bowels of your commiseration; he weeps, and he dances, and he sisses, and he swears, and he laughs, and he stamps, and he sings: in conclusion, joy, he's afflicted, *à la François*, and a stranger would not know whider to cry or to laugh with him.

Gip. What would you have me do, doctor?

Foig. Nothing, joy, but only hide the count in Mrs. *Sullen*'s closet, when it is dark.

Gip. Nothing! Is that nothing? it would be both a sin and a shame, doctor.

Foig. Here is twenty *louis*dores, joy, for your shame; and I will give you an absolution for the shin.

Gip. But won't that money look like a bribe?

Foig. Dat is according as you shall tauk it—If you receive the money before hand, 'twill be *logic*d, a bribe; but if you stay till afterwards, 'twill be only a gratification.

Gip. Well, doctor, I'll take it *logic*d——But what must I do with my conscience, sir?

Foig. Leave dat wid me, joy; I am your priest, *Gra*; and your conscience is under my hands.

Gip. But should I put the count into the closet——

Foig. Vell, is dere any shin for a man's being in a closet? one may go to prayers in a closet.

Gip. But if the lady should come into her chamber and go to bed?

Foig.

Faig. Vel, and is dere any shin in going to bed, joy?

Gip. Ah, but if the parties should meet, doctor?

Faig. Vel den—the parties must be responsible.—Do you be gone after putting the count in the closet; and leave the shins wid themselves—I will come with the count to instruct you in your chamber.

Gip. Well, doctor, your religion is so pure, that I'm resolved to die a martyr to't—Here's the key of the garden-door; come in the back-way, when 'tis late—I'll be ready to receive you; but don't so much as whisper, only take hold of my hand; I'll lead you, and do you lead the count, and follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. What witchcraft now have these two imps of the devil been a hatching here?—There's twenty *louisd'ors*; I heard that, and saw the purse: but I must give room to my betters. [Exit.]

Enter Aimwell leading Dorinda, and making love in dumb show. Mrs. Sullen and Archer.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, [*to Archer*] how d'ye like that piece?

Arch. O, 'tis *Leda*—You find, madam, how *Jupiter* came disguised to make love—

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, what head is that in the corner there?

Arch. O, madam, 'tis poor *Ovid* in his exile.

Mrs. Sul. What was he banish'd for?

Arch. His ambitious love, madam. [*Bowing.*] His misfortune touches me.

Mrs. Sul. Was he successful in his amours?

Arch. There he has left us in the dark—He was too much a gentleman to tell.

Mrs. Sul. If he were secret, I pity him.

Arch. And if he were successful, I envy him.

Mrs. Sul. How d'ye like that *Venus* over the chimney?

Arch. Venus! I protest, madam, I took it for your picture; but now I look again, 'tis not handsome enough.

Mrs. Sul. Oh, what a charm is flattery! if you would
see

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see my picture, there it is, over that cabinet—How d'ye like it?

Arch. I must admire any thing, madam, that has the least resemblance of you—But methinks, madam,—
[*He looks at the picture and Mrs. Sullen three or four times, by turns.*] Pray, madam, who drew it?

Mrs. Sul. A famous hand, sir.

[*Here Aimwell and Dorinda go off.*]

Arch. A famous hand, madam! Your eyes, indeed, are featured there; but where's the sparkling moisture, shining fluid, in which they swim? The picture, indeed, has your dimples; but where's the swarm of killing *Cupids* that should ambush there? The lips too are figured out: but where's the carnation dew, the pouting ripeness that tempts the taste in the original?

Mrs. Sul. Had it been my lot to have match'd with such a man?

[*Aside.*]

Arch. Your breasts too; presumptuous man! what! paint heaven! *A-propos*, madam, in the very next picture is *Salmonius*, that was struck dead with lightning, for offering to imitate *Jove's* thunder; I hope you served the painter so, madam.

Mrs. Sul. Had my eyes the power of thunder, they should employ their lightning better.

Arch. There's the finest bed in that room, madam; I suppose 'tis your ladyship's bed-chamber?

Mrs. Sul. And what then, sir?

Arch. I think the quilt is the richest that ever I saw—I can't at this distance, madam, distinguish the figures of the embroidery: will you give me leave, madam?

Mrs. Sul. The devil take his impudence—Sure, if I gave him an opportunity, he durst not offer it—I have a great mind to try.—[*Going. Returns.*] 'Sdeath, what am I doing?—And alone too!—Sister, sister.

[*Exit.*]

Arch. I'll follow her close—

*For where a Frenchman durst attempt to storm,
A Briton, sure may well the work perform.*

[*Going.*]

Enter

Enter Scrub.

Scrub. Morten, Brother Martin.

Arch. O brother *Scrub*, I beg your pardon, I was not a going : here's a guinea my master order'd you.

Scrub. A guinea ; hi, hi, hi, a guinea ! eh——by this light it is a guinea ; but I suppose you expect one and twenty shillings in change.

Arch. Not at all ; I have another for *Gipsy*.

Scrub. A guinea for her ! Fire and faggot for the witch.—Sir, give me that guinea, and I'll discover a plot.

Arch. A plot ?

Scrub. Ay, sir, a plot, a horrid plot—First, it must be a plot, because there's a woman in't : secondly, it must be a plot, because there's a priest in't : thirdly, it must be a plot, because there's *French* gold in't : and fourthly, it must be a plot, because I don't know what to make on't.

Arch. Nor any body else, I'm afraid, brother *Scrub*.

Scrub. Truly I'm afraid so too ; for where there's a priest and a woman, there's always a mystery and a riddle—This, I know, that here has been the doctor with a temptation in one hand, and an absolution in the other, and *Gipsy* has sold herself to the devil ; I saw the price paid down, my eyes shall take their oath on't.

Arch. And is all this bustle about *Gipsy* ?

Scrub. That's not all ; I could hear but a word here and there ; but I remember they mention'd a count, a closet, a back-door, and a key.

Arch. The count ! did you hear nothing of Mrs. *Sullen* ?

Scrub. I did hear some word that sounded that way : but whether it was *Sullen* or *Dorinda* I could not distinguish.

Arch. You have told this matter to nobody, brother ?

Scrub. Told ! no, sir, I thank you for that ; I'm resolved never to speak one word, *pro* nor *con*, till we have a peace.

Arch. You're i'th' right, brother *Scrub* ; here's a treaty a-foot between the count and the lady.—The priest and the chamber-maid are plenipotentiaries——It shall go hard,

hard, but I'll find a way to be included in the treaty.
Where's the doctor now?

Scrub. He and *Gipsey* are this moment devouring my lady's marmalade in the closet.

Aim. [From without.] *Martin, Martin!*

Arch. I come, sir, I come.

Scrub. But you forget the other guinea, brother *Martin*.

Arch. Here I give it with all my heart. [Exit *Archer*.]

Scrub. And I take it with all my soul. I'cod, I'll spoil your plotting, Mrs. *Gipsey*; and if you should set the captain upon me, these two guineas will buy me off.
[Exit *Scrub*.]

Enter Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda, meeting.

Mrs. Sul. Well, sister.

Dor. And well, sister.

Mrs. Sul. What's become of my lord?

Dor. What's become of his servant?

Mrs. Sul. Servant! he's a prettier fellow and a finer gentleman by fifty degrees than his master.

Dor. O' my conscience, I fancy you could beg that fellow at the gallows-foot.

Mrs. Sul. O' my conscience, I could, provided I could put a friend of yours in his room.

Dor. You desired me, sister, to leave you, when you transgressed the bounds of honour.

Mrs. Sul. Thou dear censorious country girl—What dost mean? You can't think of the man without the bed-fellow, I find.

Dor. I don't find any thing unnatural in that thought; while the mind is conversant with flesh and blood, it must conform to the humours of the company.

Mrs. Sul. How a little love and conversation improve a woman? Why, child, you begin to live—you never spoke before.

Dor. Because I was never spoke to before: my lord has told me, that I have more wit and beauty than any of my sex; and truly I begin to think the man is sincere.

Mrs. Sul. You're in the right, *Dorinda*; pride is the life of a woman, and flattery is our daily bread—But I'll lay

has you a guinea that I had finer things said to me than you had.

Dor. Done——What did your fellow say to ye?

Mrs. Sal. My fellow took the picture of *Fanny* for mine.

Dor. But my lover took me for *Fanny* herself.

Mrs. Sal. Comment canst' had my spark call'd me a *Fanny* directly, I should have believed him a footman in good earnest.

Dor. But my lover was upon his knees to me.

Mrs. Sal. And mine was upon his uppers to me.

Dor. Mine would have done for me.

Mrs. Sal. Mine swore to die with me.

Dor. Mine kiss'd my hand ten thousand times.

Mrs. Sal. Mine has a l that pleasure to come.

Dor. Mine spoke the best of moving things.

Mrs. Sal. Well, my mine had his moving things too.

Dor. Mine offer'd marriage.

Mrs. Sal. O lord! d'ye call that a moving thing?

Dor. The sharpest arrow in his quiver, my dear sister;—Why my twenty thousand pounds may lie brooding here this seven years, and hatch nothing at last but some ill natured clown like yours:—Whereas, if I marry my lord *Amwell*, there will be title, place and precedence, the park, the play, and the drawing-room, splendor, equipage, noise and flambeaux—Hcy, my lady *Amwell*'s servants there—Lights, lights to the stairs—My lady *Amwell*'s coach, put forward—Stand by; make room for her ladyship—Are not these things moving? What! melancholy of a sudden?

Mrs. Sal. Happy, happy sister! your angel has been watchful for your happiness, whilst mine has slept, regardless of his charge—Long smiling years of circling joys for you, but not one hour for me! [*Weeps.*]

Dor. Come, my dear, we'll talk of something else.

Mrs. Sal. O *Dorinda*, I own myself a woman, full of my sex, a gentle, generous soul,—easy and yielding to soft desires; a spacious heart, where love and all his train might lodge; and must the fair apartment of my breast be made a stable for a brute to lie in?

Dor.

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Meaning your husband, I suppose?

Sul. Husband! No,—Even husband is too soft for him.—But come, I expect my brother here at or to-morrow; he was abroad when my father died me; perhaps he'll find a way to make me easy.

Will you promise not to make yourself easy in an time with my lord's friend?

Sul. You mistake me, sister—It happens with us young men, the greatest talkers are the greatest liars: and there's a reason for it; those spirits even in prattle, which might do more mischief if they took another course.—'Though, to confess the truth, I love that fellow;—and if I met him dressed as he is, and I undressed as I should be—Looke, sister, no supernatural gifts;—I can't swear I could resist the temptation,—though I can safely promise to do it; and that's as much as the best of us can do.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Inn.*

Enter Aimwell and Archer laughing.

b. And the awkward kindness of the good modest old gentlewoman.——

a. And the coming easiness of the young one——
b. 'tis pity to deceive her.

b. Nay, if you adhere to those principles, stop where you are.

a. I can't stop; for I love her to distraction.

b. 'Sdeath, if you love her a hair's breadth beyond reason, you must go no farther.

a. Well, well, any thing to deliver us from sauntering away our idle evenings at *White's*, *Tom's*, or elsewhere.—But now——

b. Ay, now is the time to prevent all this—Strike while the iron is hot—The priest is the luckiest part of the adventure; he shall marry you, and pimp for me.

a. But I should not like a woman that can be so easily won by a *Frenchman*.

b. Alas, sir, necessity has no law; the lady may be distressed.—If the plot lies as I suspect—I must put it to the gentleman——But here comes the doctor: I shall fly.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

Arch. Come, my dear cussen, come along.

Frog. Arra the devil take our relation. [Exit.

*Enter Boniface, Hounslow, and Bagshot at one door,
Gibbet at the opposite.*

Gib. Well, gentlemen, 'tis a fine night for our enter-
prize.

Hounslow. Dark as hell.

Bag. And blow like the devil; our landlord here has
shoveled the window where we must break in, and tells
us the plate stands in the wainscot cupboard in the
parlour.

Ben. Ay, ay, Mr. *Bagshot*, as the saying is, knives
and forks, cups, and cans, tumblers and tankards.—
There's one tankard, as the saying is, that's near upon
as big as me; it was a present to the squire from his
god-mother, and smells of nutmeg and toast, like as
East-India ship.

Hounslow. Then you say we must divide at the stair-head.

Ben. Yes, Mr. *Hounslow*, as the saying is—at one
end of the gallery lies my Lady *Beautiful* and her
daughter, and at the other, Mrs. *Sutton*—as for the
squire——

Gib. He's safe enough, I have fairly enter'd him, and
he's more than half seas over already—But such a parcel
of scoundrels are got about him there, that egad I was
asham'd to be seen in their company.

Ben. 'Tis now twelve, as the saying is—gentlemen,
you must set out at once.

Gib. *Hounslow*, do you and *Bagshot* see our arms fix'd,
and I'll come to you presently.

Hounslow and *Bag.* We will. [Exit *Hounslow* and *Bag.*

Gib. Well, my dear *Bonny*, you assure me that *Scrub*
is a coward.

Ben. A chicken, as the saying is—you'll have no
creature to deal with but the ladies.

Gib. And I can assure you, friend, there's a great deal
of address and good manners in robbing a lady: I am
the most gentleman that way that ever travelled the
road—but, my dear *Bonny*, this prize will be a galleon,
a *Nipzo* business—I warrant you we shall bring off three
or four thousand pound.

Ben.

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Bon. In plate, jewels, and money, as the saying is, you may.

Gib. Why then, *Tyburn*, I defy thee: I'll get up to town, sell off my horse and arms, buy myself some pretty employment in the law, and be as snug and as honest as e're a long gown of 'em all.

Bon. And what think you then of my daughter *Cherry* for a wife?

Gib. Look'e, my dear *Bonny*, *Cherry* is the Goddess I adore, as the song goes; but it is a maxim, that man and wife should never have it in their power to hang one another; for if they should, the Lord have mercy upon 'em both. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

S C E N E *continues.* *Knocking without.*

Enter Boniface.

Bon. **C**oming, coming—a coach and six foaming horses at this time o'night! some great man, as the saying is, for he scorns to travel with other people.

Enter Sir Charles Freeman.

Sir Ch. What, fellow! a public house, and a-bed when other people sleep?

Bon. Sir, I an't a-bed, as the saying is.

Sir Ch. I see that, as the saying is! Is Mr. *Sullen's* family a-bed, think ye?

Bon. All but the 'squire himself, sir, as the saying is, he's in the house.

Sir Ch. What company has he?

Bon. Why, sir, there's the constable, Mr. *Gage* the exciseman, the hunch-back'd barber, and two or three other gentleman.

Sir Ch. I find my sister's letters gave me the true picture of her spouse.

Enter Sullen drunk.

Bon. Sir, here's the 'squire.

Sul. The puppies left me asleep—sir.

Sir Ch. Well, sir.

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Sul. Sir, I am an unfortunate man—I have three thousand pounds a year, and I can't get a man to drink a cup of ale with me.

Sir Ch. That's very hard.

Sul. Ay, sir,—and unless you have pity upon me, and smoke one pipe with me, I must e'en go home to my wife, and I had rather go to the devil by half.

Sir Ch. But I presume, sir, you won't see your wife to night, she'll be gone to bed — you don't use to lie with your wife in that pickle.

Sul. What! not lie with my wife! Why, sir, do you take me for an atheist, or a rake?

Sir Ch. If you hate her, sir, I think you had better lie from her.

Sul. I think so too, friend——but I am a justice of peace, and must do nothing against the law.

Sir Ch. Law! as I take it, Mr. Justice, no body observes law for law's sake, only for the good of those for whom it was made.

Sul. But if the law orders me to send you to gaol, you must lie there, my friend.

Sir Ch. Not unless I commit a crime to deserve it.

Sul. A crime! oons, an't I married?

Sir Ch. Nay, sir, if you call marriage a crime, you must outlaw it for a law.

Sul. Eh! — I must be acquainted with you, sir,—but, sir, I should be very glad to know the truth of this matter.

Sir Ch. Truth, sir, is a profound sea, and few there be that dare wade deep enough to find out the bottom on't. Besides, sir, I'm afraid the line of your understanding mayn't be long enough.

Sul. Look'e, sir, I have nothing to say to your sea of truth, but if a good parcel of land can entitle a man to a little truth, I have as much as any he in the county.

Ben. I never heard your worship, as the saying is, talk so much before.

Sul. Because I never met with a man that I liked before.

Ben. Pray, sir, as the saying is, let me ask you one question: are not man and wife one flesh?

Sir Ch. You and your wife, Mr. *Guts*, may be one flesh,

flesh, because you are nothing else—but rational creatures have minds that must be united.

Sul. Minds!

Sir Cb. Ay, minds, sir; don't you think that the mind takes place of the body?

Sul. In some people.

Sir Cb. Then the interest of the master must be consulted before that of his servant.

Sul. Sir, you shall dine with me to-morrow—oons, I always thought that we were naturally one.

Sir Cb. Sir, I know that my two hands are naturally one, because they love one another, kiss one another, help one another in all the actions of life; but I could not say so much if they were always at cuffs.

Sul. Then 'tis plain that we are two.

Sir Cb. Why don't you part with her, sir?

Sul. Will you take her, sir?

Sir Cb. With all my heart.

Sul. You shall have her to-morrow morning, and a venison-patty into the bargain.

Sir Cb. You'll let me have her fortune too?

Sul. Fortune! why, sir, I have no quarrel to her fortune—I only hate the woman, sir, and none but the woman shall go.

Sir Cb. But her fortune, sir——

Sul. Can you play at whist, sir?

Sir Cb. No, truly, sir.

Sul. Not at all-fours?

Sir Cb. Neither.

Sul. Oons! where was this man bred? [*Aside.*] Burn me, sir, I can't go home, 'tis but two o'clock.

Sir Cb. For half an hour, sir, if you please—but you must consider 'tis late.

Sul. Late! that's the reason I can't go to bed——
Come, sir—— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cherry, runs across the stage, and knocks at Aimwell's chamber-door. Enter Aimwell.

Aim. What's the matter? you tremble, child, you're frightened!

Cher. No wonder, sir—but in short, sir, this very
C 4 minute

my dear a party of rogues are gone to rob my Lady Bountiful's house.

Jim. I'll go.

Chas. I dropp'd 'em to the very door, and left 'em looking up me.

Ann. Have you alarm'd any body else with the news?

Chas. Not, no, sir, I wanted to have discover'd the whole plot, and variety of other things, to your man *Martino*; but I have searched the whole house, and can't find him, where is he?

Ann. No matter, child; will you guide me immediately to the house?

Chas. With all my heart, sir; my Lady Bountiful is my god-mother, and I love Mrs. *Dorinda* so well—

Ann. *Dorinda*? The name inspires me, the glory and the danger shall be all my own—Come, my life, let me but get my sword. [Exit.

S C E N E changes to the Bed-chamber in Lady Bountiful's House.

Mrs. Sullen and Dorinda discover'd; a Table and Lights.

Dor. 'Tis very late, sister; no news of your spouse yet?

Mrs. Sul. No, I'm condemn'd to be alone till towards four, and then perhaps I may be executed with his company.

Dor. Well, my dear, I'll leave you to your rest; you'd go directly to bed, I suppose.

Mrs. Sul. I don't know what to do; hey-ho!

Dor. That's a desiring sigh, sister.

Mrs. Sul. This is a languishing hour, sister.

Dor. And might prove a critical minute if the pretty fellow were here.

Mrs. Sul. Here? what in my bed-chamber, at two o'clock in the morning, I undress'd, the family asleep, my hated husband abroad, and my lovely fellow at my feet—O gad, sister.

Dor. Thoughts are free, sister, and them I allow you—So, my dear, good night. [Exit.

Mrs. Sul. A good rest to my dear *Dorinda*—Thoughts free! are they too? why then suppose him here, doesn't like a youthful, gay, and burning bridegroom, [Here

[*Here Archer steals out of the closet*] with tongue enchanting, eyes bewitching, knees imploring. [*Turns a little on one side, and sees Archer in the posture she describes.*] Ah! [*Shrieks, and runs to the other side of the stage.*] Have my thoughts raised a spirit? What are you, sir, a man or a devil?

Arch. A man, a man, madam.

[*Rising.*]

Mrs. Sul. How shall I be sure of it?

Arch. Madam, I'll give you demonstration this minute.

[*Takes her hand.*]

Mrs. Sul. What, sir! do you intend to be rude?

Arch. Yes, madam, if you please.

Mrs. Sul. In the name of wonder, whence came ye?

Arch. From the skies, madam—I'm a Jupiter in love, and you shall be my Alcmena.

Mrs. Sul. How came you in?

Arch. I flew in at the window, madam; your cousin Cupid lent me his wings, and your sister Venus open'd the casement.

Mrs. Sul. I'm struck dumb with admiration.

Arch. And I with wonder. [*Looks passionately at her.*]

Mrs. Sul. What will become of me?

Arch. How beautiful she looks!—the teeming jolly spring smiles in her blooming face, and when she was conceived, her mother smelt to roses, look'd on lilies—

Lilies unfold their white, their fragrant charms,

When the warm sun thus darts into their arms.

[*Runs to her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Ah! [*Shrieks.*]

Arch. Oons, madam, what do you mean? you'll raise the house.

Mrs. Sul. Sir, I'll wake the dead before I bear this. What! approach me with the freedoms of a keeper! I'm glad on't, your impudence has cured me.

Arch. If this be impudence, [*Kneels.*] I leave to your partial self; no panting pilgrim, after a tedious, painful voyage, e'er bowed before his saint with more devotion.

Mrs. Sul. Now, now, I'm ruin'd if he kneels. [*Aside.*] If thou prostrate engineer, not all thy undermining skill shall reach my heart. Rise, and know I am a woman without my sex; I can love to all the tenderness of a wife, sighs and tears—But go no farther—Still to con-

since you that I'm more than woman, I can speak my
 truths, confess my weakness even for——But——

Arch. For me!

[*Going to lay hold on her.*]

Mrs. Sul. Hold, sir, build not upon that—for my not
 mortal hatred follows, if you disobey what I command
 you now—leave me this minute—If he denies, I'm lost.

[*Aside.*]

Arch. Then you'll promise——

Mrs. Sul. Any thing another time.

Arch. When shall I come?

Mrs. Sul. To-morrow, when you will.

Arch. Your lips must seal the promise.

Mrs. Sul. Pshaw?

Arch. They must, they must, [*Kisses her.*] Raptures and
 paradise! and why not now, my angel? The time, the
 place, silence and secrecy, all conspire—And the now
 conscious stars have pre-ordained this moment for my
 happiness.

[*Takes her in his arms.*]

Mrs. Sul. You will not, cannot, sure.

Arch. If the sun rides fast, and disappoints not mor-
 tals of to-morrow's dawn, this night shall crown my
 joy.

Mrs. Sul. My sex's pride assist me.

Arch. My sex's strength help me.

Mrs. Sul. You shall kill me first.

Arch. I'll die with you.

[*Carrying her off.*]

Mrs. Sul. Thieves, thieves, murder——

[*Enter Scrub in his Breeches, and one Shoe.*]

Scrub. Thieves, thieves, murder, popery!

Arch. Ha!

[*Draws and offers to stab Scrub.*]

Scrub. [*Knocking.*] O pray, sir, spare all I have, and
 take my life

Mrs. Sul. [*Holding Archer's Hand.*] What does the
 fellow mean?

Scrub. O madam, down upon your knees, your mar-
 row bones——he's one of them.

Arch. Of whom?

Scrub. One of the rogues——I beg your pardon, one
 of the honest gentlemen that just now are broke into the
 house.

Arch. How!

Mrs. Sul. I hope you did not come to rob me?

Arch.

Arch. Indeed I did, madam, but I would have taken nothing but what you might very well have spared ; but your crying thieves, has waked this dreaming fool, and so he takes 'em for granted.

Scrub. Granted ! 'tis granted sir ; take all we have.

Mrs. Sul. The fellow looks as if he were broke out of Bedlam.

Scrub. Oons, madam, they're broke into the house with fire and sword ; I saw them, heard them, they'll be here this minute.

Arch. What, thieves !

Scrub. Under favour, sir, I think so.

Mrs. Sul. What shall we do, sir ?

Arch. Madam, I wish your ladyship a good night.

Mrs. Sul. Will you leave me ?

Arch. Leave you ! lord, madam, did not you command me to be gone just now, upon pain of your immortal hatred.

Mrs. Sul. Nay, but pray, sir ———

[Takes hold of him.]

Arch. Ha, ha, ha ! now comes my turn to be ravish'd —You see now, madam, you must use men one way or other ; but take this by the way, good, madam, that none but a fool will give you the benefit of his courage, unless you'll take his love along with it—How are they arm'd, friend ?

Scrub. With sword and pistol, sir.

[He gets under the table.]

Arch. Hush !—I see a dark lanthorn coming through the gallery—Madam, be assured I will protect you, or lose my life.

Mrs. Sul. Your life ! no, sir, they can rob me of nothing that I value half so much ; therefore now, sir, let me intreat you to be gone.

Arch. No, madam, I'll consult my own safety, for the sake of yours ; I'll work by stratagem : have you courage enough to stand the appearance of 'em ?

Mrs. Sul. Yes, yes, since I have escaped your hands, I can face any thing.

Arch. Come hither, brother *Scrub* ; don't you know me ?

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Scrub. Eh! my dear brother, let me kiss thee.

[*Kisses Archer*]

Ar. b. This way——Here——

[*Archer and Scrub bid*

Enter Gibbet, with a dark lantern in one hand, and Pistol in t'other.

Gib. Ay, ay, this is the chamber, and the lady alone

Mrs. Sul. Who are you, sir? What would you have D'ye come to rob me?

Gib. Rob you! alack-a-day, madam, I'm only younger brother, madam; and so, madam, if you make a noise, I'll shoot you through the head: but don't be afraid, madam, [*Laying his lantern and pistol upon the table.*] These rings, madam; don't be concern'd, madam; I have a profound respect for you, madam, your keys, madam; don't be frightened, madam, I'm the most gentleman: [*Searching her pockets.*] This necklace, madam; I never was rude to any lady! I have a veneration.—for this necklace—[*Here Archer having come round and, with the pistol, takes Gibbet by the collar, trips up behind, and claps the pistol to his breast.*]

Ar. b. Hold, profane villain, and take the reward of thy sacrilege.

Gib. Oh! pray, sir, don't kill me; I an't prepared.

Ar. b. How many is there of 'em, *Scrub*?

Scrub. Five and-forty, sir.

Ar. b. Then I must kill the villain, to have him out of the way.

Gib. Hold! hold! sir; we are but three, upon my honour.

Ar. b. *Scrub*, will you undertake to secure him?

Scrub. Not I, sir; kill him, kill him.

Ar. b. Run to *Gipsy's* chamber, there you'll find the doctor; bring him hither presently.

[*Exit Scrub, running*

Come, rogue, if you have a short prayer, say it.

Gib. Sir, I have no prayer at all; the government has provided a chaplain to say prayers for us on these occasions.

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sir, don't kill him:—You fright me as much as him.

Ar. b. The dog shall die, madam, for being the occasion

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of my disappointment—Sirrah, this moment is
ast.

b. Sir, I'll give you two hundred pounds to spare
se.

b. Have you no more, rascal ?

b. Yes, sir, I can command four hundred ; but I
reserve two of 'em to save my life at the sessions.

Enter Scrub and Foigard.

b. Here, doctor : I suppose *Scrub* and you, be-
you, may manage him :—— Lay hold of him.

[Foigard lays hold of Gibbet.]

b. What ! turn'd over to the priest already——

e, doctor, you come before your time ; I an't con-
d yet, I thank ye.

g. Come, my dear joy, I vil secure your body and
houl too ; I will make you a good catholick, and
you an absolution.

b. Absolution ! Can you procure me a pardon,
?

g. No, joy.——

b. Then you and your absolution may go to the

b. Convey him into the cellar, there bind him :—
the pistol, and if he offers to resist, shoot him thro'
ad,—and come back to us with all the speed you

ub. Ay, ay ; come, doctor, do you hold him fast,
'll guard him. *[Exeunt Scrub, Gib. and Foig.]*

s. *Sul.* But how came the doctor ?

b. In short, madam———*[Sbrickling without.]*

th ! the rogues are at work with the other ladies :—
ex'd I parted with the pistol ; but I must fly to their
nee—Will you stay here, madam, or venture your-
ith me ?

s. *Sul.* O, with you, dear sir, with you.

[Takes him by the arm, and exeunt.]

SCENE *another apartment.*

Hounslow and Bagshot with swords drawn, drag-
ging in lady Bountiful and Dorinda.

usf. Come, come, your jewels, mistress.

g. Your keys, your keys, old gentlewoman.

Enter

Enter Aimwell.

Aim. Turn this way, villains; I durst engage an army in such a cause. [*He engages 'em both.*]

Enter Archer and Mrs. Sullen.

Ar. b. Hold, hold, my lord; every man his bird, pray. [*They engage man to man; the rogues are thrown down and disarmed.*]

Arch. Shall we kill the rogues?

Aim. No, no; we'll bind them.

Arch. Ay, ay; here, madam, lend me your garter.

[*To Mrs. Sullen, who stands by him.*]

Mrs. Sul. The devil's in this fellow; he fights, loves, and banters all in a breath: here's a cord that the rogues brought with 'em, I suppose.

Arch. Right, right, the rogue's destiny, a rope to hang himself—Come, my lord,—this is but a scandalous sort of an office, [*Binding the rogues together*] if our adventures should end in this sort of hangman-work; but I hope there is something in prospect that—[*Enter Scrub.*] Well, *Scrub*, have you secured your *Tartar*?

Scrub. Yes, sir, I left the priest and him disputing about religion.

Aim. And pray carry these gentlemen to reap the benefit of the controversy. [*Delivers the prisoners to Scrub, who leads 'em out.*]

Mrs. Sul. Pray, sister, how came my lord here?

Dor. And pray, how came the gentleman here?

Mrs. Sul. I'll tell you the greatest piece of villainy—
[*They talk in dumb show.*]

Aim. I fancy, *Archer*, you have been more successful in your adventure than the house-breakers.

Arch. No matter for my adventure, yours is the principal——Pursue her this minute to marry you,——now while she's hurried between the palpitation of her fear, and the joy of her deliverance, now while the tide of her spirits are at high-flood;——throw yourself at her feet, speak some *romantick* nonsense or other;—confound her senses, bear down her reason, and away with her:—The priest is now in the cellar, and dare not refuse to do the work.

Aim. But how shall I get off without being observed?

Arch.

Arch. You a lover ! and not find a way to get off—
Let me see.

Aim. You bleed, *Archer*.

Arch. 'Sdeath, I'm glad on't ; this wound will do the business—I'll amuse the old lady and *Mrs. Sullen* about dressing my wound, while you carry off *Dorinda*.

L. Boun. Gentlemen, could we understand how you would be gratified for the services ———

Arch. Come, come, my lady, this is no time for compliments ; I'm wounded, madam.

L. Boun. and *Mrs. Sul.* How ! wounded !

Dor. I hope, sir, you have received no hurt ?

Aim. None but what you may cure——

[*Makes love in dumb show.*]

L. Boun. Let me see your arm, sir—I must have some powder-sugar to stop the blood — O me ! an ugly gash, upon my word, sir, you must go into bed.

Arch. Ay, my lady, a bed would do very well——
Madam, [*To Mrs. Sullen*] will you do me the favour to conduct me to a chamber.

L. Boun. Do, do, daughter,——while I get the lint, and the probe, and plaister ready.

[*Runs out one way, Aimwell carries off Dorinda another.*]

Arch. Come, madam, why don't you obey your mother's commands ?

Mrs. Sul. How can you, after what is past, have the confidence to ask me ?

Arch. And if you go to that, how can you, after what is past, have the confidence to deny me ?——Was not this blood shed in your defence, and my life exposed for your protection ?——Look'e, madam, I'm none of your romantick fools, that fight giants and monsters for nothing ; my valour is downright *Swiss* ; I am a soldier of fortune, and must be paid.

Mrs. Sul. 'Tis ungenerous in you, sir, to upbraid me with your services.

Arch. 'Tis ungenerous in you, madam, not to reward 'em.

Mrs. Sul. How ! at the expence of my honour.

Arch. Honour ! Can honour consist with ingratitude ?
If you would deal like a woman of honour, do like a

man

man of honour: O ye think I would deny you in such a case?

Enter Gipsy.

Gip. Madam, my lady order'd me to tell you, that your brother is below at the gate.

Mrs. Sul. My brother! Heavens be praised:—Sir, he shall thank you for your services; he has it in his power.

Arch. Who is your brother, madam?

Mrs. Sul. Sir Charles Freeman:—You'll excuse me, sir; I must go and receive him. *[Exit.*

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman! 'Sdeath and hell!—My old acquaintance. Now, unless *Aimwell* has made good use of his time, all our fair machine goes down into the sea, like an *Edystone*. *[Exit.*

C. C. R. N. changes to the gallery in the same house.

Enter Aimwell and Dorinda.

Dor. Well, well, my lord, you have conquered; your late generous action will, I hope, plead for my easy yielding; though I must own, your lordship had a friend in the fort before.

Aim. The sweets of *Hybla* dwell upon her tongue—Here, doctor—

Enter Foigard with a book.

Foug. Are you prepared here?

Dor. I'm ready: but first, my lord, one word—I have a frightful example of a hasty marriage in my own family, when I reflect upon't, it shocks me. Pray, my lord, consider a little—

Aim. Consider! Do you doubt my honour, or my love?

Dor. Neither: I do believe you equally just as brave—And were your whole sex drawn out for me to chuse, I should not call a book upon the multitude if you were absent. But, my lord, I'm a woman; colours, concealments may hide a thousand faults in me—therefore know me better first; I hardly dare affirm I know myself in any thing, except my love.

Aim. Such goodness who could injure! I find myself unequal to the task of villain; she has gain'd my soul,
and

and made it honest like her own—I cannot hurt her. [*Aside.*] Doctor, retire. [*Exit Foigard.*] Madam, behold your lover, and your profelyte, and judge of my passion by my conversion.—I'm all a lie, nor dare I give a fiction to your arms; I'm all a counterfeit except my passion.

Dor. Forbid it, heaven! A counterfeit!

Aim. I am no lord, but a poor needy man, come with a mean, a scandalous design to prey upon your fortune:—But the beauties of your mind and person have so won me from myself, that, like a trusty servant, I prefer the interest of my mistress to my own.

Dor. Pray, sir, who are you?

Aim. Brother to the man whose title I usurp'd, but stranger to his honour or his fortune.

Dor. Matchless honesty!—Once I was proud, sir, of your wealth and title, but now am prouder that you want it: now I can shew, my love was justly level'd, and had no aim but love. Doctor, come in.

Enter Foigard at one door, Gipsy at another, who whispers Dorinda.

Your pardon, sir; we shan't want you now, sir. You must excuse me—I'll wait on you presently.

[*Exit with Gipsy.*]

Foig. Upon my shoul, now, dis is foolish. [*Exit.*]

Aim. Gone! and bid the priest depart—It has an ominous look.

Enter Archer.

Arch. Courage, Tom—Shall I wish you joy?

Aim. No.

Arch. Oons! man, what ha' you been doing?

Aim. O Archer, my honesty, I fear, has ruin'd me.

Arch. How! *Aim.* I have discover'd myself.

Arch. Discover'd! and without my consent? What! have I embark'd my small remains in the same bottom with yours, and you dispose of all without my partnership?

Aim. O Archer, I own my fault.

Arch. After conviction—'tis then too late for pardon—You may remember, Mr. *Aimwell*, that you proposed this folly—As you begun, so end it—Henceforth I'll hunt my fortune single—so farewell.

Aim. Stay, my dear Archer, but a minute.

Arch.

Arch. Stay! What to be despised, exposed, and laugh'd at!—No, I would sooner change conditions with the worst of the rogues we just now bound, than bear one scornful smile from the proud knight that once I treated as my equal.

Aim. What knight?

Arch. Sir Charles Freeman, brother to the lady that I had almost——But no matter for that, 'tis a cursed night's work, and so I leave you to make the best on't.

Aim. Freeman!——One word, *Archer*. Still I have hopes; methought she received my confession with pleasure.

Arch. 'sdeath, who doubts it?

Aim. She consented after to the match; and still I dare believe she will be just.

Arch. To herself, I warrant her, as you should have been.

Aim. By all my hopes she comes, and smiling comes.

Enter Dorinda gaily.

Dor. Come, my dear lord—I fly with impatience to your arms——The minutes of my absence was a tedious year. Where's this priest?

Enter Foigard.

Arch. Oone, a brave girl!

Dor. I suppose, my lord, this gentleman is privy to our affairs?

Arch. Yes, yes, madam, I'm to be your father.

Dor. Come, priest, do your office.

Arch. Make haste, make haste; couple 'em any way.
[Takes Aimwell's Hand.] Come, madam, I'm to give you——

Dor. My mind's alter'd; I won't.

Arch. Eh——

Aim. I'm confounded.

Foig. Upon my shoul, and so is my self.

Arch. What's the matter now, madam?

Dor. Look'e, sir, one generous action deserves another.——This gentleman's honour oblig'd him to hide nothing from me; my justice engages me to conceal nothing from him: in short, sir, you are the person that you thought you counterfeited; you are the true Lord Viscount *Aimwell*, and I wish your lordship joy. Now, priest,

riest, you may be gone; if my lord is now pleased with the match, let his lordship marry me in the face of the world.

Aim. *Archer*, what does she mean?

Dor. Here's a witness for my truth.

Enter Sir Charles and Mrs. Sullen.

Sir Cb. My dear Lord *Aimwell*, I wish you joy.

Aim. Of what?

Sir Cb. Of your honour and estate. Your brother died the day before I left *London*; and all your friends have writ after you to *Brussels*; among the rest I did myself the honour.

Arch. Heark'e, sir knight, don't you banter now?

Sir Cb. 'Tis truth, upon my honour.

Aim. Thanks to the pregnant stars that form'd this accident.

Arch. Thanks to the womb of time that brought it forth; away with it.

Aim. Thanks to my guardian angel that led me to the prize—

[*Taking Dorinda's Hand.*

Arch. And double thanks to the noble *Sir Charles Freeman*. My lord, I wish you joy. My lady, I wish you joy.—Egad, *Sir Freeman*, you're the honestest fellow living.—'Sdeath, I'm grown strangely airy upon this matter—My lord, how d'ye?—A word, my lord: don't you remember something of a previous agreement, that entitles me to the moiety of this lady's fortune, which, I think, will amount to ten thousand pounds?

Aim. Not a penny, *Archer*: you would ha' cut my throat just now, because I would not deceive this lady.

Arch. Ay, and I'll cut your throat still, if you should deceive her now.

Aim. That's what I expect; and to end the dispute, the lady's fortune is twenty thousand pounds, we'll divide stakes; take the twenty thousand pounds, or the lady.

Dor. How! is your lordship so indifferent?

Arch. No, no, no, madam, his lordship knows very well, that I'll take the money; I leave you to his lordship, and so we're both provided for.

Enter Foigard.

Foig. Arra fait, de people do say you be all robb'd, joy.

Aim.

64 THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Ann. The ladies have been in some danger, sir, as you saw.

Fig. Upon my shoal our inn be rob too.

Ann. Our inn! by whom?

Fig. Upon my salvation, our landlord has robb'd himself, and run away wid da money.

Ann. R. robb'd himself!

Fig. A. that! and me too of a hundred pounds.

Ann. R. robb'd you of a hundred pound!

Fig. Yes tait honey, that I did owe to him.

Ann. Our money's gone, *Frank*.

Arch. Rot the money, my wench is gone—*Sganiz*
vous qu'il se change de Mademoiselle Cherry?

Enter Tapster with a strong box and a letter.

Tap. Is there one *Martin* here?

Arch. Ay, ay,—who wants him?

Tap. I have a box here and a letter for him.

Arch. [*Taking the box.*] Ha, ha, ha! what's here?
Legrandman! By this light, my lord, our money again?
But this unfolds the riddle. [*Opening the letter, reads.*]
Hum, hum, hum—O, 'tis for the public good, and must
be communicated to the company.

Mr. Martin,

M^r Father being afraid of an impeachment by the rogues
that are taken to-night, is gone off; but if you can
procure him a pardon, he'll make great discoveries that may
be useful to the country: Could I have met you instead of
your master to-night, I would have delivered myself into
your hands, with a sum that much exceeds that in your strong
box, which I have sent you, with an assurance to my dear
Martin, that I shall ever be his most faithful friend till
death,
Cherry Boniface.

There's a billet-doux for you—As for the father, I
think he ought to be encouraged, and for the daughter—
Pray, my lord, persuade your bride to take her into her
service.

Ann. I can assure you, madam, your deliverance was
owing to her discovery.

Dor. Your command, my lord, will do without the
obligation. I'll take care of her.

Sir Ch. This good company meets opportunely in fa-
vour

your of a design I have in behalf of my unfortunate sister:
I intend to part her from her husband—gentlemen, will
you assist me?

Arch. Assist you! 'sdeath, who would not?

Feig. Ay, upon my shoul, we'll all assist.

Enter Sullen.

Sul. What's all this?—They tell me, spouse, that
you had like to have been robb'd.

Mrs. Sul. Truly, spouse, I was pretty near it—Had
not these two gentlemen interpos'd.

Sul. How came these gentlemen here?

Mrs. Sul. That's his way of returning thanks, you
must know.

Feig. Ay, but upon my confidence de question be
à-propos for all dat.

Sir Ch. You promised last night, fir, that you would
deliver your lady to me this morning.

Sul. Humph.

Arch. Humph! what do you mean by humph!—
Sir, you shall deliver her—In short, fir, we have saved
you and your family; and if you are not civil, we'll un-
bind the rogues, join with 'em, and set fire to your house—
What does the man mean? Not part with his wife!

Feig. Arra, not part wid your wife! upon my shoul
de man dosh not understand common shivility.

Mrs. Sul. Hold, gentlemen, all things here must move
by consent; compulsion would spoil us: let my dear and
I talk the matter over, and you shall judge it between us.

Sul. Let me know first who are to be our judges:—
Pray, fir, who are you?

Sir Ch. I am Sir Charles Freeman, come to take away
your wife.

Sul. And you, good fir?

Aim. Thomas Viscount Aimwell, come to take away
your sister.

Sul. And you, pray fir?

Arch. Francis Archer, Esq. come—

Sul. To take away my mother, I hope—Gentlemen,
you're heartily welcome: I never met with three more
obliging people since I was born—And now, my dear,
if you please, you shall have the first word.

Arch. And the last, for five pounds.

[*Aside.*

Mrs.

70 THE BEAUX STRATAGEM.

Mrs. Sall. Spare.

Sall. Pray.

Mrs. Sall. How long have you been married?

Sall. By the Almanack, fourteen months;—but by my account, fourteen years.

Mrs. Sall. 'Tis thereabout by my reckoning.

Arg. Up to my confidence dere accounts vil agree.

Mrs. Sall. Pray, Sir, what did you marry for?

Sall. To get an heir to my estate.

Sall. And have you succeeded?

Sall. No.

Arg. The condition fails of his side.—Pray, madam, what do you marry for?

Mrs. Sall. To support the weakness of my sex by the strength of his, and to enjoy the pleasures of an agreeable society.

Sall. Are your expectations answer'd?

Mrs. Sall. No.

Arg. How many'st, a clear caase, a clear caase!

Sall. What are the bars to your mutual contentment?

Mrs. Sall. In the first place, I can't drink ale with him.

Sall. Nor can I drink tea with her.

Mrs. Sall. I can't hunt with you.

Sall. Nor can I dance with you.

Mrs. Sall. I hate cooking and racing.

Sall. And I abhor ombre and picquet.

Mrs. Sall. Your silence is intolerable.

Sall. Your prating is worse.

Mrs. Sall. Is there on earth a thing we can agree in?

Sall. Yes ——— to part.

Mrs. Sall. With all my heart.

Sall. Your hand.

Mrs. Sall. Here.

Sall. These hands joind us, these shall part us——

Arg. ———

Mrs. Sall. I shall.

Sall. I shall.

Mrs. Sall. I shall.

And scurvy far as the poles asunder.

Arg. Upon my throne, a very pretty theremong.

Sall. Now, Mrs. Sall, there wants only my sister's fortune to make us easy.

Sul. Sir *Charles*, you love your sister, and I love her fortune ; every one to his fancy.

Arch. Then you won't refund ?

Sul. Not a stiver.

Arch. What is her portion ?

Sir Ch. Ten thousand pounds, sir.

Arch. I'll pay it : my lord, I thank him, has enabled me, and if the lady pleases, she shall go home with me. This night's adventure has prov'd strangely lucky to us all—For Captain *Gibbet*, in his walk, has made bold, Mr. *Sullen*, with your study and scrutoire, and has taken out all the writings of your estate, all the articles of marriage with your lady, bills, bonds, leases, receipts, to an infinite value ; I took 'em from him, and will deliver them to Sir *Charles*.

Sul. How, my writings ! my head akes consumedly. —Well, gentlemen, you shall have her fortune, but I can't talk. If you have a mind, Sir *Charles*, to be merry, and celebrate my sister's wedding and my divorce, you may command my house ! but my head akes consumedly ;—*Scrub*, bring me a dram.

Foig. And put a sup in the top for myself.

[*Exit Foigard and Sullen.*]

Arch. 'Twould be hard to guess which of these parties is the better pleased, the couple join'd, or the couple parted ; the one rejoicing in hopes of an untasted happiness, and the other in their deliverance from an experienced misery.

Both happy in their several states, we find :

Those parted by consent, and those conjoin'd.

Consent, if mutual, saves the lawyer's fee ;

Consent is law enough to set you free.

Exeunt Omnes.

End of the Fifth Act.

EPILOGUE.

*If to our play your judgment can be lent,
 Let it a expiring author pity lend:
 Survey his mournful case with melting eyes,
 Nor let the bard be damn'd before he dies.
 Forbear, you fair, on his last scene to frown,
 But his true exit with a plaudits crown;
 Then shall the dying poet cease to fear
 The dreadful knell, while your applauses be near.
 As Leuctra so the conqu'ring Theban died,
 Claim'd his friends praises, but their tears denied:
 Pleas'd in the pangs of death, he greatly thought
 Conquest with loss of life but cheaply bought.
 The difference this, the Greek was one would fight,
 As brave, tho' not so gay, as Serjeant Kite:
 To sons of Will's, what's that to those who write?
 To Theltes alone the Grecian ow'd his bays,
 You may the bard above the hero raise,
 Since yours is greater than Athenian praise.*

F I N I S.





Entered 27. 1782

*W. Wilson & M. Mattocks in the Characters of Ben &
 But pray, Miss why are you so scornful?*

Printed by W. B. 1782.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A

COMEDY.

WRITTEN BY

MR. CONGREVE.

Marked with the Variations in the

MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre-Royal in Covent-Garden.

L O N D O N :

Printed for W. LOWNDES ; J. NICHOLLS ; W.
NICOLL ; S. BLADON ; and J. BARKER.

MDCCLXXXVIII.

canon English

•• The Reader is desired to observe, that the passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatres are here preserved, and marked with inverted Commas ; as from Line 35, in Page 3, to Line 5, in Page 4.

P R O L O G U E.

THE husbandman in vain renews his toil,
 To cultivate each year a hungry soil;
 And fondly hopes for rich and generous fruit,
 When what should feed the tree devours the root:
 Th' unladen boughs, he says, bode certain dearth,
 Unless transplanted to more kindly earth.
 So, the poor husbands of the stage, who found
 Their labours lost upon ungrateful ground,
 This last and only remedy have prov'd;
 And hope new fruit from ancient stocks remov'd.
 Well may they hope, when you so kindly aid,
 We'll plant a soil, which you so rich have made.
 As Nature gave the world to man's first age,
 So from your bounty we receive this stage;
 The freedom man was born to, you've restor'd,
 And to our world such plenty you afford,
 It seems, like Eden, fruitful of its own accord.
 But since in Paradise frail flesh gave way,
 And when but two were made, both went astray;
 Forbear your wonder, and the fault forgive,
 If, in our larger family, we grieve
 One falling Adam, and one tempted Eve.
 We who remain would gratefully repay,
 What our endeavours can, and bring this day,
 The first-fruit offering of a virgin play:
 We hope there's something that may please each taste,
 And tho' of homely fare we make the feast,
 Yet you will find variety at least.
 There's humour, which for cheerful friends we got,
 And for the thinking party there's a plot.
 We've something too, to gratify ill-nature
 (If there be any here)—and that is satire.
 Tho' satire scarce dares grin, 'tis grown so mild,
 Or only shews its teeth, as if it smil'd.
 As asses thistles, poets mumble wit,
 And dare not bite, for fear of being bit.
 They hold their pens, as swords are held by fools,
 And are afraid to use their own edge-tools.
 Since the Plain Dealer's scenes of manly rage,
 Not one has dar'd to lash this crying age.

This

Dramatis Personæ.

M. E. N.

Sir Sampson Legend, father to Valentine and Ben,
Valentine, in love with Angelica. —
Society, his friend, a free speaker, —
Tangle, a half-breeded bean. —
Ben, Sir Sampson's youngest son. —
Forelight, an intimate old fellow, —
Jeremy, servant to Valentine, —
Trapland, a knave, —
Buckram, a lawyer. —

W. O. M. E. N.

Angelica, niece to Forelight, —
Mrs. Forelight, second wife to Forelight, —
Mrs. Frail, sister to Mrs. Forelight, —
Miss Prue, daughter to Forelight, by a former wife, —
Nurse to Miss, —
Jenny. —

AT DREARY LANE,

Mr. Moody. —
Mr. Kemble. —
Mr. Bensley. —
Mr. Fannister, jun. —
Mr. King. —
Mr. Parsons. —
Mr. Baddeley. —
Mr. Waldron. —

AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Flaxon. —
Mr. Holman. —
Mr. Farren. —
Mr. Lewis. —
Mr. Ryder. —
Mr. Quick. —
Mr. Davies. —
Mr. Booth. —

Miss Farren. —
Mrs. Ward. —
Miss Pope. —
Mrs. Jordan. —
Mrs. Love. —

Mrs. Pope. —
Mrs. Bates. —
Mrs. Mattocks. —
Mrs. Brown. —
Mrs. Pitt. —

A Steward, Officers, Sailors, and several Servants.

The SCENE in LONDON.

LOVE FOR LOVE.

A C T I.

Valentine, in his Chamber, reading; Jeremy waiting.

Several Books upon the Table.

Val. JEREMY!

Jer. Sir.

Val. Here, take away; I'll walk a turn, and digest what I have read.—

Jer. You'll grow devilish fat upon this paper diet!

[Aside, and taking away the books.]

Val. And, d'ye hear? go you to breakfast—There's a page doubled down in Epictetus, that is a feast for an emperor.

Jer. Was Epictetus a real cook, or did he only write receipts?

Val. Read, read, firrah, and refine your appetite; learn to live upon instruction; feast your mind, and mortify your flesh. Read, and take your nourishment in at your eyes; shut up your mouth, and chew the cud of understanding. So Epictetus advises.

Jer. O Lord! I have heard much of him, when I waited upon a gentleman at Cambridge. Pray what was that Epictetus?

Val. A very rich man—not worth a groat.

Jer. Humph! and so he has made a very fine feast, where there is nothing to be eaten.

Val. Yes.

Jer. Sir, you're a gentleman, and probably understand this fine feeding: but, if you please, I had rather be at board-wages. Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be

bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement, and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, sir, what do you mean, to mew yourself up here with three or four mussy books, in commendation of starving and poverty?

Val. Why, sirrah, I have no money, you know it; and therefore resolve to rail at all that have: and in that I but follow the examples of the wisest and wittiest men in all ages—these poets and philosophers, whom you naturally hate, for just such another reason; because they abound in sense, and you are a fool.

Jer. Ay, sir, I am a fool, I know it: and yet, Heaven help me, I'm poor enough to be a wit.—But I was always a fool, when I told you what your expences would bring you to; your coaches and your liveries; your treats and your balls; your being in love with a lady that did not care a farthing for you in your prosperity; and keeping company with wits, that cared for nothing but your prosperity, and now when you are poor, hate you as much as they do one another.

Val. Well; and now I am poor, I have an opportunity to be revenged on them all; I'll pursue Angelica with more love than ever, and appear more notoriously her admirer in this restraint, than when I openly rivalled the rich fops that made court to her. So shall my poverty be a mortification to her pride, and perhaps make her compassionate the love, which has principally reduced me to this lowliness of fortune. And for the wits, I'm sure I am in a condition to be even with them.

Jer. Nay, your condition is pretty even with theirs, that's the truth on't.

Val. I'll take some of their trade out of their hands.

Jer. Now Heaven of mercy continue the tax upon paper!—You don't mean to write?

Val. Yes, I do; I'll write a play.

Jer. Hem!—Sir, if you please to give me a small certificate of three lines—only to certify those whom it may concern, 'That the bearer hereof, Jeremy Fetch by name, has for the space of seven years truly and faithfully served Valentine Legend, Esquire; and that he is not now
turned

turned away for any misdemeanour ; but does voluntarily dismiss his master from any future authority over him—

Val. No, sirrah ; you shall live with me still.

Jer. Sir, it's impossible—I may die with you, starve with you, or be damned with your works : but to live, even three days, the life of a play, I no more expect it, than to be canonized for a muse after my decease.

Val. You are witty, you rogue, I shall want your help—I'll have you learn to make couplets, to tag the ends of acts. D'ye hear ? get the maids to crambo in an evening, and learn the knack of rhiming ; you may arrive at the height of a song sent by an unknown hand, or a chocolate-house lampoon.

Jer. But, sir, is this the way to recover your father's favour ? Why Sir Sampson will be irreconcilable. If your younger brother should come from sea, he'd never look upon you again. You're undone, sir ; you're ruined ; you won't have a friend left in the world, if you turn poet.—Ah, pox confound that Will's coffee-house, it has ruined more young men than the Royal Oak lottery !—Nothing thrives that belongs to it. The man of the house would have been an alderman by this time with half the trade, if he had set up in the city.—For my part, I never sit at the door, that I don't get double the stomach that I do at a horse-race. The air upon Banstead Downs is nothing to it for a whetter ; yet I never see it, but the spirit of famine appears to me—sometimes like a decayed porter, worn out with pimping, and carrying billet-doux and songs ; not like other porters for hire, but for the jest's sake.—Now like a thin chairman, melted down to half his proportion, with carrying a poet upon tick, to visit some great fortune ; and his fare to be paid him, like the wages of sin, either at the day of marriage, or the day of death.

Val. Very well, sir ; can you proceed ?

Jer. Sometimes like a bilked bookseller, with a meagre terrified countenance, that looks as if he had written for himself, or were resolved to turn author, and bring the rest of his brethren into the same condition. And lastly, in the form of a worn-out punk, with verses in her hand, which her vanity had preferred to settlements, without a

' will de tatter to her tail, but as ragged as one of the muses;
 ' or a girl the wren carrying her linen to the paper-mill, to be
 ' converted into folio books of warning to all young maids,
 ' not to prefer poetry to good sense; or lying in the arms
 ' of a ready wit, before the embraces of a wealthy fool.'

Enter Scandal.

Scand. What! Jeremy holding forth?

Val. The rogue has (with all the wit he could muster up) been declaiming against wit.

Scand. Ay? Why then I'm afraid Jeremy has wit: for whatever it is, it's always contriving its own ruin.

Jer. Why to I have been telling my master, sir. Mr. Scandal, for heaven's sake, sir, try if you can dissuade him from turning poet.

Scand. Poet! He shall turn soldier first, and rather depend upon the outside of his head, than the lining! Why, what the devil! has not your poverty made you enemies enough? must you needs shew your wit to get more?

Jer. Ay, more indeed: for who cares for any body that has more wit than himself?

Scand. Jeremy speaks like an oracle. Don't you see how worthless great men and dull rich rogues avoid a witty man of small fortune? Why, he looks like a writ of inquiry into their titles and estates; and seems commissioned by Heaven to seize the better half.

Val. Therefore I would rail in my writings, and be revenged.

Scand. Rail! at whom? the whole world? Impotent and vain! Who would die a martyr to sense, in a country where the religion is folly? You may stand at bay for a while; but, when the full cry is against you, you sha'nt have fair play for your life. If you can't be fairly run down by the hounds, you will be treacherously shot by the huntsmen.—No, turn pimp, flatterer, quack, lawyer, ' parson, be chaplain to an atheist, or stallion to an old woman,' any thing but poet. A modern poet is worse, more servile, timorous, and fawning, than any I have named: without you could retrieve the ancient honours of the name, recal the stage of Athens, and be allowed the force of open honest satire.

Val. You are as inveterate against our poets, as if your character

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character had been lately exposed upon the stage.—Nay, I am not violently bent upon the trade.—[*one knocks.*] Jeremy, see who's there. [*Jer. goes to the door.*]—But tell me what you would have me do?—What do the world say of me, and my forced confinement?

Scand. The world behaves itself, as it uses to do on such occasions. Some pity you, and condemn your father: others excuse him, and blame you. Only the ladies are merciful, and wish you well: since love and pleasurable expence have been your greatest faults.

Jeremy returns.

Val. How now?

Jer. Nothing new, sir. I have dispatched some half a dozen duns with as much dexterity as an hungry judge does causes at dinner-time.

Val. What answer have you given them?

Scand. Patience, I suppose—the old receipt!

Jer. No, faith, sir: I have put them off so long with patience and forbearance, and other fair words, that I was forced to tell them in plain downright English—

Val. What?

Jer. That they should be paid.

Val. When?

Jer. To-morrow.

Val. And how the devil do you mean to keep your word?

Jer. Keep it? Not at all: it has been so very much stretched, that I reckon it will break of course by to-morrow, and nobody be surpris'd at the matter!—[*knocking.*]—Again! Sir, if you don't like my negociation, will you be pleas'd to answer these yourself?

Val. See who they are. [*Exit Jeremy.*] By this, Scandal, you may see what it is to be great. Secretaries of state, presidents of the council, and generals of an army, lead just such a life as I do; have just such crowds of visitants in a morning, all soliciting of past promises; which are but a civiler sort of duns, that lay claim to voluntary debts.

Scand. And you, like a truly great man, having engaged their attendance, and promised more than ever you intended to perform, are more perplexed to find evasions,

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than you would be to invent the honest means of keeping your word, and gratifying your creditors.

Val. Scandal, learn to spare your friends, and do not provoke your enemies. This liberty of your tongue will one day bring a confinement on your body, my friend.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. O, sir, there's Trapland the scrivener, with two suspicious fellows like lawful pads, that would knock a man down with pocket-tiptaws!—And there's your father's steward; and the nurse, with one of your children, from Twit'nam.

Val. Pox on her! could she find no other time to sling my sins in my face? Here I give her this, [*gives money*] and bid her trouble me no more; 'a thoughtless, 'two-handed whore! She knows my condition well 'enough, and might have over-laid the child a fortnight 'ago, if she had had any forecast in her.'

Scand. What, is it bouncing Margery, with my godson?

Jer. Yes, sir.

Scand. My blessing to the boy, with this token [*gives money*] of my love. 'And (d'ye hear?) bid Margery put 'more flocks in her bed, shift twice a week, and not work 'so hard, that she may not smell so vigorously.—I shall 'take the air shortly.'

Val. 'Scandal, don't spoil my boy's milk.'—Bid Trapland come in. If I can give that Cerberus a fop, I shall be at rest for one day.

[*Jeremy goes out and brings in Trapland.*]

Val. O Mr. Trapland! my old friend! welcome.—Jeremy, a chair quickly: a bottle of sack and a toast—fly—a chair first.

Trapl. A good morning to you, Mr. Valentine; and to you, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. The morning's a very good morning, if you don't spoil it.

Val. Come, sit you down; you know his way.

Trapl. [*sits.*] There is a debt, Mr. Valentine, of fifteen hundred pounds, of pretty long standing—

Val.

Val. I cannot talk about business with a thirsty palate.
—Sirrah! the sack!

Trapl. And I desire to know what course you have taken for the payment.

Val. Faith and troth, I am heartily glad to see you—my service to you! fill, fill, to honest Mr. Trapland—fuller!

Trapl. Hold! sweetheart—this is not to our business.
—My service to you, Mr. Scandal!—*[drinks]*—I have forborn as long—

Val. T'other glass, and then we'll talk—Fill, Jeremy.

Trapl. No more, in truth—I have forborn, I say—

Val. Sirrah! fill! when I bid you.—And how does your handsome daughter?—Come, a good husband to her!
[drinks.]

Trapl. Thank you—I have been out of this money—

Val. Drink first. Scandal, why do you not drink?
[they drink.]

Trapl. And, in short, I can be put off no longer.

Val. I was much obliged to you for your supply: it did me signal service in my necessity. But you delight in doing good. Scandal, drink to me, my friend Trapland's health. An honest man lives not, nor one more ready to serve his friend in distress; though I say it to his face. Come, fill each man his glass.

Scand. What? I know Trapland has been a whore-master, and loves a wench still. You never knew a whore-master, that was not an honest fellow.

Trapl. Fie, Mr. Scandal, you never knew!—

Scand. What don't I know?—I know the buxom black widow in the Poultry—Eight hundred pounds a year jointure, and twenty thousand pounds in money. Ahah! old Trap!

Val. Say you so, i'faith? Come, we'll remember the widow: I know whereabouts you are; come, to—the widow.

Trapl. No more indeed.

Val. What! the widow's health? Give it him—off with it. *[they drink.]*—A lovely girl, i'faith, black sparkling eyes, soft pouting ruby lips! Better sealing there, than a bond for a million, ha!

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Trapl. No, no, there's no such thing; we'd better mind our business!—You're a wag!

Fal. No, faith, we'll mind the widow's business: fill again.—Pretty round heaving breasts,—a Barbary shape, and a jut with her bum, would stir an Anchorite; and the prettiest foot! Oh, if a man could but fasten his eyes to her feet, as they steal in and out, and play at bo-peep under her petticoats—ha! Mr. Trapland?

Trapl. Verily, give me a glass—you're a wag—and her's to the widow. [drinks.]

Scand. He begins to chuckle—ply him close, or he'll elapse into a dun.

Enter Officer.

Officer. By your leave, gentlemen.—Mr. Trapland, if we must do our office, tell us.—We have half a dozen gentlemen to arrest in Pall Mall and Covent Garden; and if we don't make haste, the chairmen will be abroad, and block up the chocolate-houses; and then our labour's lost.

Trapl. Odsso, that's true. Mr. Valentine, I love mirth; but business must be done; are you ready to—

Fal. Sir, your father's steward says, he comes to make proposals concerning your debts.

Fal. Bid him come in: Mr. Trapland, send away your officer; you shall have an answer presently.

Trapl. Mr. Snap, stay within call. [Exit Officer.]

Enter Steward, who whispers Valentine.

Scand. Here's a dog now, a traitor in his wine! Sirrah, refund the sack: Jeremy, fetch him some warm water; or I'll rip up his stomach, and go the shortest way to his conscience.

Trapl. Mr. Scandal, you are uncivil. I did not value your sack; but you cannot expect it again, when I have drunk it.

Scand. And how do you expect to have your money again, when a gentleman has spent it?

Fal. You need say no more. I understand the conditions; they are very hard, but my necessity is very pressing: I agree to them. Take Mr. Trapland with you, and let him draw the writing.—Mr. Trapland, you know this man; he shall satisfy you.

Trapl. Sincerely, I am loth to be thus pressing ; but my necessity—

Val. No apology, good Mr. Scrivener ; you shall be paid.

Trapl. I hope you forgive me ; my business requires—
[*Exeunt Trapland, Steward, and Jeremy.*]

Scand. He begs pardon like a hangman at an execution.

Val. But I have got a reprieve.

Scand. I am surpris'd ; what, does your father relent ?

Val. No ; he has sent me the hardest conditions in the world. You have heard of a booby brother of mine, that was sent to sea three years ago ? This brother, my father hears, is landed ; whereupon he very affectionately sends me word, “ If I will make a deed of conveyance of my right to his estate after his death to my younger brother, he will immediately furnish me with four thousand pounds, to pay my debts, and make my fortune.” This was once propos'd before, and I refus'd it ; but the present impatience of my creditors for their money, and my own impatience of confinement, and absence from Angelica, force me to consent.

Scand. A very desperate demonstration of your love to Angelica ! and I think she has never given you any assurance of hers.

Val. You know her temper ; she never gave me any great reason either for hope or despair.

Scand. Women of her airy temper, as they seldom think before they act, so they rarely give us any light to guess at what they mean : but you have little reason to believe that a woman of this age, who has had an indifference for you in your prosperity, will fall in love with your ill fortune. Besides, Angelica has a great fortune of her own ; and great fortunes either expect another great fortune, or a fool.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. More misfortunes, sir.

Val. What, another dun ?

Jer. No, sir ; but Mr. Tattle is come to wait upon you.

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Val. Well, I cannot help it—you must bring him up; he knows I don't go abroad.

Exit Jer.

Scarl. Pox on him, I'll be gone.

Val. No, prithee stay: Tattle and you should never be abroad; you are light and shadow, and shew one another. He is perfectly thy reverse both in humour and understanding; and as you set up for defamation, he is an order of reputations.

Scarl. A mender of reputations! ay, just as he is a keeper of secrets, another virtue that he sets up for in the same manner. For the rogue will speak aloud in the posture of a whisper; and deny a woman's name, while he gives you the marks of her person. 'He will forever receive a letter from her, and at the same time shew you her hand in the superscription; and yet perhaps he has counterfeited her hand too, and sworn to a truth; but he hopes not to be believed; and refuses the reputation of a lady's favour, as a doctor says no to a bishoprick, only that it may be granted him.'—In short, he is a public professor of secrecy, and makes proclamation that he holds private intelligence.—He is here.

Enter Tattle.

Val. Valentine, good morrow: Scandal, I am yours that is, when you speak well of me.

Scarl. That is, when I am yours; for while I am my own, or any body's else, that will never happen.

Val. How villain!

Tat. Why, Tattle, you need not be much concerned at any thing that he says: for to converse with Scandal, is to play at Telling Loadum; you must lose a good name to him, before you can win it for yourself.

Val. But how barbarous that is, and how unfortunate for him, that the world shall think the better of any person for his edumiation!—I thank Heaven, it has always been a part of my character, to handle the reputations of others very tenderly indeed.

Scarl. Ay, such rotten reputations as you have to deal with are to be handled tenderly indeed.

Val. Nay, why rotten? why should you say rotten, when you know not the persons of whom you speak? How cruel that is!

Scand.

Scand. Not know them? Why, thou never hadst to do with any body that did not stink to all the town.

Tatt. Ha, ha, ha! nay, now you make a jest of it indeed. For there is nothing more known, than that nobody knows any thing of that nature of me. As I hope to be saved, Valentine, I never exposed a woman, since I knew what woman was.

Val. And yet you have conversed with several?

Tatt. To be free with you, I have—I don't care if I own that—nay, more (I'm going to say a bold word now), I never could meddle with a woman that had to do with any body else.

Scand. How!

Val. Nay, faith, I'm apt to believe him—except her husband, Tattle.

Tatt. Oh that—

Scand. What think you of that noble commoner, Mrs. Drab?

Tatt. Pooh, I know Madam Drab has made her brags in three or four places, that I said this and that, and writ to her, and did I know not what—but, upon my reputation, she did me wrong—well, well, that was malice—but I know the bottom of it. She was bribed to that by one we all know—a man too—only to bring me into disgrace with a certain woman of quality—

Scand. Whom we all know.

Tatt. No matter for that—Yes, yes, every body knows—no doubt on't, every body knows my secrets!—But I soon satisfied the lady of my innocence; for I told her—Madam, says I, there are some persons who make it their business to tell stories, and say this and that of one and the other, and every thing in the world; and, says I, if your grace—

Scand. Grace!

Tatt. O Lord, what have I said?—My unlucky tongue!

Val. Ha, ha, ha!

Scand. Why, Tattle, thou hast more impudence than one can in reason expect: I shall have an esteem for thee—well, and ha, ha, ha! well, go on, and what did you say to her grace?

Fal. I confess, this is something extraordinary.

Tatt. Not a word, as I hope to be saved; an *arrant leppus lingua*!—Come, let us talk of something else.

Fal. Well, but how did you acquit yourself?

Tatt. Pooh, pooh, nothing at all, I only rallied with you.—A woman of ordinary rank was a little jealous of me, and I told her something or other—faith, I know not what.—Come, let's talk of something else.

[*hum a song.*]

Sand. Hang him, let him alone; he has a mind we should inquire.

Tatt. Valentine, I supped last night with your mistress, and her uncle old Foresight: I think your father lies at Foresight's.

Fal. Yes.

Tatt. Upon my soul, Angelica's a fine woman.—And so is Mrs. Foresight, and her sister Mrs. Frail.

Sand. Yes, Mrs. Frail is a very fine woman; we all know her.

Tatt. Oh, that is not fair.

Sand. What?

Tatt. To tell.

Sand. To tell what? Why, what do you know of Mrs. Frail?

Tatt. Who I? Upon honour I don't know whether she be man or woman; but by the smoothness of her chin, and roundness of her hips.

Sand. No!

Tatt. No.

Sand. She says otherwise.

Tatt. Impossible!

Sand. Yes, faith. Ask Valentine else.

Tatt. Why then, as I hope to be saved, I believe a woman only obliges a man to secrecy, that she may have the pleasure of telling herself.

Sand. No doubt on it. Well, but has she done you wrong, or no? You have had her? ha?

Tatt. Though I have more honour than to tell first; I have more manners than to contradict what a lady has declared.

Sand. Well, you own it?

Tatt.

Tatt. I am strangely surprised! Yes, yes, I cannot deny it, if she taxes me with it.

Scand. She'll be here by and by; she sees Valentine every morning.

Tatt. How!

Val. She does me the favour—I mean, of a visit sometimes. I did not think she had granted more to any body.

Scand. Nor I, faith.—But Tattle does not use to believe a lady; it is contrary to his character.—How one may be deceived in a woman, Valentine!

Tatt. Nay, what do you mean, gentlemen?

Scand. I'm resolved I'll ask her.

Tatt. O barbarous! Why did you not tell me—

Scand. No, you told us.

Tatt. And bid me ask Valentine?

Val. What did I say? I hope you won't bring me to confess an answer, when you never asked me the question!

Tatt. But, gentlemen, this is the most inhuman proceeding.—

Val. Nay, if you have known Scandal thus long, and cannot avoid such a palpable decoy as this was; the ladies have a fine time, whose reputations are in your keeping.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. Sir, Mrs. Frail has sent, to know if you are stirring.

Val. Shew her up when she comes. [Exit Jer.]

Tatt. I'll be gone.

Val. You'll meet her.

Tatt. Is there not a back way?

Val. If there were, you have more discretion than to give Scandal such an advantage; why, your running away will prove all that he can tell her.

Tatt. Scandal, you will not be so ungenerous—O, I shall lose my reputation of secrecy for ever.—I shall never be received but upon public days; and my visits will never be admitted beyond a drawing-room: I shall never see a bed-chamber again, never be locked in a closet, nor run behind a screen, or under a table; never be distinguished

Mrs. F. Then let him marry, and reform.

Val. Marriage indeed may qualify the fury of his passion ; but it very rarely mends a man's manners.

Mrs. F. You are the most mistaken in the world ; there is no creature perfectly civil, but a husband : for in a little time he grows only rude to his wife ; and that is the highest good-breeding, for it begets his civility to other people. Well, I'll tell you news ; but, I suppose, you hear your brother Benjamin is landed. And my brother Foresight's daughter is come out of the country—I assure you, there's a match talked of by the old people.—Well, if he be but as great a sea beast, as she is a land monster, we shall have a most amphibious breed—the progeny will be all otters : he has been bred at sea, and she has never been out of the country.

Val. Pox take them ! their conjunction bodes me no good, I'm sure.

Mrs. F. Now you talk of conjunction, my brother Foresight has cast both their nativities, and prognosticates an admiral and an eminent justice of the peace to be the issue male of their two bodies. 'Tis the most superstitious old fool ! He would have persuaded me, that this was an unlucky day, and would not let me come abroad ; but I invented a dream, and sent him to Artemidorus for interpretation, and so stole out to see you. Well, and what will you give me now ? Come, I must have something.

Val. Step into the next room—and I'll give you something.

Scand. Ay, we'll all give you something.

Mrs. F. Well, what will you give me ?

Val. Mine's a secret.

Mrs. F. I thought you would give me something that would be a trouble to you to keep.

Val. And Scandal shall give you a good name.

Mrs. F. That's more than he has for himself. And what will you give me, Mr. Tattle ?

Tatt. I ? My soul, madam.

Mrs. F. Pooh, no, I thank you, I have enough to do to take care of my own. Well ; but I'll come and see you

you one of these mornings : I hear, you have a great many pictures.

Tatt. I have a pretty good collection, at your service ; some originals.

Scand. Hang him, he has nothing but the Seasons and the Twelve Cæsars, paltry copies ; and the Five Senses, as ill represented as they are in himself : and he himself is the only original you will see there.

Mrs. F. Ay, but I hear he has a closet of beauties.

Scand. Yes, all that have done him favours, if you will believe him.

Mr. F. Ay, let me see those, Mr. Tattle.

Tatt. Oh, madam, those are sacred to love and contemplation. No man but the painter and myself was ever blest with the sight.

Mrs. F. Well, but a woman—

Tatt. Nor woman, till she consented to have her picture there too—for then she is obliged to keep the secret.

Scand. No, no ; come to me if you'd see pictures.

Mrs. F. You ?

Scand. Yes, faith, I can shew you your own picture, and most of your acquaintance, to the life, and as like as at Kneller's.

Mrs. F. O lying creature !—Valentine, does not he lie ?—I can't believe a word he says.

Val. No, indeed, he speaks truth now : for, as Tattle has pictures of all that have granted him favours, he has the pictures of all that have refused him—if satires, descriptions, characters, and lampoons, are pictures.

Scand. Yes, mine are most in black and white—and yet there are some set out in their true colours, both men and women. I can shew you pride, folly, affectation, wantonness, inconstancy, covetousness, dissimulation, malice, and ignorance, all in one piece. Then I can shew you lying, foppery, vanity, cowardice, bragging, 'lechery, impotence,' and ugliness, in another piece ; and yet one of these is a celebrated beauty, and t'other a professed beau. I have paintings too, some pleasant enough.

Mrs. F. Come, let's hear them.

Scand.

Scand. Why, I have a beau in a bagnio, cupping for a complexion, and sweating for a shape.

Mrs. F. So!

Scand. Then I have a lady burning brandy in a cellar with a hackney-coachman.

Mrs. F. O devil! Well, but that story is not true.

Scand. I have some hieroglyphicks too. I have a lawyer, with a hundred hands, two heads, and but one face; a divine, with two faces, and one head; and I have a soldier, with his brains in his belly, and his heart where his head should be.

Mr. F. And no head?

Scand. No head.

Mrs. F. Pooh, this is all invention. Have you never a poet?

Scand. Yes, I have a poet, weighing words, and selling praise for praise; and a critic picking his pocket. 'I have another large piece too, representing a school; where there are huge-proportioned critics, with long wigs, laced coats, Steinkirk cravats, and terrible faces; with catcalls in their hands, and horn-books about their necks.' I have many more of this kind, very well painted, as you shall see.

Mrs. F. Well, I'll come, if it be but to disprove you.

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. Sir, here's the steward again from your father.

Val. I'll come to him.—Will you give me leave? I'll wait on you again presently.

Mrs. F. No, I'll be gone. Come, who squires me to the Exchange? I must call on my sister Foresight there.

Scand. I will: I have a mind to your sister.

Mrs. F. Civil!

Tatt. I will; because I have a *tendre* for your ladyship.

Mrs. F. That's somewhat the better reason, to my opinion.

Scand. Well, if Tattle entertains you, I have the better opportunity to engage your sister.

Val. Tell Angelica, I am about making hard conditions, to come abroad, and be at liberty to see her.

Scand. I'll give an account of you and your proceedings. If indiscretion be a sign of love, you are the most
a lover

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a lover of any body that I know. You fancy that parting with your estate will help you to your mistress—in my mind, he is a thoughtless adventurer,

*Who hopes to purchase wealth by selling land;
Or win a mistress with a losing hand.* [Exeunt.]

End of the First Act.

A C T II.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Enter Foresight and Servant.

For. **H** EY-DAY! What, are all the women of my family abroad? Is not my wife come home? nor my sister? nor my daughter?

Serv. No, sir.

For. Mercy on us! what can be the meaning of it! Sure the moon is in all her fortitudes! Is my niece Angelica at home?

Serv. Yes, sir.

For. I believe you lie, sir.

Serv. Sir?

For. I say, you lie, sir. It is impossible that any thing should be as I would have it; for I was born, sir, when the crab was ascending; and all my affairs go backward.

Serv. I can't tell indeed, sir.

For. No, I know you can't, sir. But I can tell, and foretell, sir.

Enter Nurse.

For. Nurse, where's your young mistress?

Nurse. We'll hear! I know not, they're none of them come home yet. Poor child, I warrant she's fond of seeing the town!—Marry, pray Heaven they have given her any dinner!—Good luck-a-day, ha, ha, ha! O strange; I'll vow and swear now, ha, ha, ha! marry, and did you ever see the like?

For. Why, how now? what's the matter?

Nurse.

Nurse. Pray Heaven send your worship good luck ! marry, and amen, with all my heart ! for you have put on one stocking with the wrong side outward.

For. Ha, how ? Faith and troth, I'm glad of it : and so I have ; that may be good luck in troth ; in troth it may, very good luck : nay I have had some omens. I got out of bed backwards too this morning, without premeditation ; pretty good that too. But then I stumbled coming down stairs, and met a weasel ; bad omens those ! Some bad, some good ; our lives are checquered : Mirth and sorrow, want and plenty, night and day, make up our time.—But, in troth, I am pleased at my stocking—very well pleased at my stocking !—Oh, here's my niece !—Sirrah, go tell Sir Sampson Legend I'll wait on him if he's at leisure.—'Tis now three o'clock, a very good hour for business ; Mercury governs this hour.

[*Exit* Servant.]

Enter Angelica,

Ang. Is it not a good hour for pleasure too, uncle ? Pray lend me your coach ; mine's out of order.

For. What, would you be gadding too ? Sure all females are mad to-day.—It is of evil portent, and bodes mischief to the master of a family.—I remember an old prophecy, written by Messahalal the Arabian, and thus translated by a reverend Buckinghamshire bard :

*When housewives all the house forsake,
And leave good men to brew and bake,
Withouten guile, then be it said,
That house doth stand upon its head ;
And when the head is set in ground,
No mar'l, if it be fruitful found.*

Fruitful, the head fruitful : that bodes horns ; the fruit of the head is horns !—Dear niece, stay at home—for by the head of the house is meant the husband ; the prophecy needs no explanation.

Ang. Well, but I can neither make you a cuckold, uncle, by going abroad ; nor secure you from being one, by staying at home.

For. Yes, yes ; while there's one woman left, the prophecy is not in full force.

Ang.

Arg. But my inclinations are in force. I have a mind to go abroad; and if you won't lend me your coach, I'll take a hackney, or a chair; and leave you to erect a scheme, and find who's in conjunction with your wife. Why don't you keep her at home, if you're jealous of her when she's abroad? You know my aunt is a little retrograde (as you call it) in her nature. Uncle, I'm afraid you are not lord of the ascendant! ha, ha, ha!

Frr. Well, jill-flint, you are very pert—and always ridiculing that celestial science.

Arg. Nay, uncle, don't be angry.—If you are, I'll reap up all your false prophecies, ridiculous dreams, and idle divinations. I'll swear, you are a nuisance to the neighbourhood.—What a bulle did you keep against the last invisible eclipse, laying in provision as it were for a siege! What a world of fire and candle, matches and tinderboxes, did you purchase! One would have thought we were ever after to live under ground; or at least making a voyage to Greenland, to inhabit there all the dark season.

Frr. Why, you malapert flut!

Arg. Will you lend me your coach? or I'll go on.—No, I'll declare how you prophesied popery was coming, only because the butler had mislaid some of the noble spoons, and thought they were oil. Away went religion and common-sense together!—Indeed, uncle, I'll make you out for a wizard.

Frr. How, hussy! was there ever such a provoking mist?

Nurse. O merciful father, how she talks!

Arg. Yes, I can make oath of your unlawful midnight practice; you and the old nurse there.

Nurse. Marry, Heaven defend!—I at midnight practices!—O Lord, what's here to do?—I in unlawful doings with my master's worship!—Why, did you ever hear the like now?—Sir, did ever I do any thing of your midnight concerns—but warm your bed, and tuck you up, and set the candle and your tobacco-box and your urinal by you, and now and then rub the soles of your feet?—O Lord, I!—

Arg. Yes, I saw you together, through the key-hole
of

of the closet, one night, like Saul and the witch of Endor, turning the sieve and sheers, and pricking your thumbs, to write poor innocent servants names in blood, about a little nutmeg-grater, which she had forgot in the caudle-cup.—Nay, I know something worse, if I would speak of it!

For. I defy you, hussy; but I'll remember this. I'll be revenged on you, cockatrice; I'll hamper you—You have your fortune in your own hands—but I'll find a way to make your lover, your prodigal spendthrift galling, Valentine, pay for all, I will.

Ang. Will you? I care not; but all shall out then.—
 'Look to it, Nurse; I can bring witness that you have a
 'great unnatural teat under your left arm, and he ano-
 'ther; and that you suckle a young devil, in the shape
 'of a tabby cat, by turns; I can,

'*Nurse.* A teat, a teat, I an unnatural teat! O the
 'false slanderous thing! Feel, feel here, if I have any
 'thing but like another Christian!' [crying.]

For. I will have patience, since it is the will of the stars I should be thus tormented—this is the effect of the malicious conjunctions and oppositions in the third house of my nativity; there the curse of kindred was foretold.—But I will have my doors locked up—I'll punish you; not a man shall enter my house.

Ang. Do, uncle, lock them up quickly, before my aunt comes home—you'll have a letter for alimony to-morrow morning!—But let me be gone first; and then let no mankind come near the house: but converse with spirits and the celestial signs, the bull, and the ram, and the goat. Bless me, there are a great many horned beasts among the twelve signs, uncle! But cuckolds go to heaven!

For. But there's but one virgin among the twelve signs, spit-fire!—but one virgin!

Ang. Nor there had not been that one, if she had had to do with any thing but astrologers, uncle! That makes my aunt go abroad.

For. How! how! is that the reason? Come, you know something; tell me, and I'll forgive you; do, good niece.—Come, you shall have my coach and horses
—faith

—faith and truth, you smell.—Does my wife complain? Come, I know women tell one another.—She is young and forgiving, has a wanton hazel eye, and was born under Gemini, which may incline her to society; she has a mole upon her lip, with a moist palm, and an open liberality in the mount of Venus.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha!

Fos. Do you laugh?—Well, gentlewoman, I'll—But come, be a good girl, don't perplex your poor uncle! Tell me—would you speak? Odd, I'll—

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir Sampson is coming down, to wait upon you, Sir.

[Exit.]

Ant. Good bye, uncle.—Call me a chair.—I'll find out my aunt, and tell her, she must not come home.

[Exit.]

Fos. I am so perplexed and vexed, I am not fit to receive him; I shall scarce recover myself before the hour be past. Go, Nurse; tell Sir Sampson, I'm ready to wait on him.

Nurse. Yes, Sir.

[Exit.]

Fos. Well—why, if I was born to be a cuckold, there's no more to be said!—He is here already.

Enter Sir Sampson, Legend with a paper.

Sir S. No more to be done, old boy; that is plain—here it is, I have it in my hand, old Ptolemy; I'll make the ungrateful prodigal know who begat him; I will, old Netherdown. What, I warrant, my son thought nothing belonged to a father, but forgiveness and affection; no authority, no correction, no arbitrary power—nothing to be done, but for him to offend, and me to pardon! I warrant you, if he danced till doomsday, he thought I was to pay the piper. Well, but here it is under black and white, *signatum, sigillatum*, and *deliberatum*—that, as soon as my son Benjamin is arrived, he is to make over to him his right of inheritance. Where's my daughter that is to be—ha! old Merlin! Body of me, I'm so glad I'm revenged on this undutiful rogue!

Fos. Oddo, let me see; let me see the paper.—Ay, faith and truth, here it is, if it will but hold—I wish things

things were done, and the conveyance made.—When was this signed? what hour? Odsso, you should have consulted me for the time. Well, but we'll make haste.

Sir S. Haste! ay, ay, haste enough; my son Ben will be in town to-night—I have ordered my lawyer to draw up writings of settlement and jointure—all shall be done to-night.—No matter for the time; prythee, brother Forelight, leave superstition.—Pox o'th' time; there's no time but the time present; there's no more to be said of what's past; and all that is to come will happen. If the sun shine by day, and the stars by night—why, we shall know one another's faces without the help of a candle; and that's all the stars are good for.

For. How, how, Sir Sampson? that all? Give me leave to contradict you, and tell you, you are ignorant.

Sir S. I tell you, I am wise: and *sapiens dominabitur astris*; there's Latin for you to prove it, and an argument to confound your Ephemeris.—Ignorant!—I tell you I have travelled, old Fercu, and know the globe. I have seen the antipodes, where the sun rises at mid-night, and sets at noon-day.

For. But I tell you, I have travelled, and travelled in the celestial spheres; know the signs and the planets, and their houses; can judge of motions direct and retrograde, of sextiles, quadrates, trines and oppositions, fiery trigons, and aquatical trigons; know whether life shall be long or short, happy or unhappy; whether diseases are curable or incurable; if journees shall be prosperous, undertakings successful, or goods stolen recovered: I know—

Sir S. I know the length of the emperor of China's foot; have kissed the Great Mogul's slipper, and rid a hunting upon an elephant with the chain of Tartary.—Body o'me, I have made a cuckold of a king; and the present majesty of Bantam is the issue of these loins.

For. I know when travellers lie or speak truth, when they don't know it themselves.

Sir S. I have known an astrologer made a cuckold in the twinkling of a star; and seen a conjuror, that could not keep the devil out of his wife's circle.

For. What, does he twit me with my wife too? I

time he has been abroad since his confinement, and he comes to pay his duty to you.

Sir S. Well, Sir.

Enter Valentine.

Jer. He is here, Sir.

Val. Your blessing, Sir!

Sir S. You've had it already, fir; I think I sent it you to-day in a bill of four thousand pounds.—A great deal of money, brother Foresight!

For. Ay, indeed, Sir Sampson, a great deal of money for a young man; I wonder what he can do with it!

Sir S. Body o'me, so do I.—Hark ye, Valentine, if there be too much, refund the superfluity; dost hear, boy?

Val. Superfluity, fir! it will scarce pay my debts.—I hope you will have more indulgence, than to oblige me to those hard conditions which my necessity signed to.

Sir S. Sir! how? I beseech you, what were you pleased to intimate, concerning indulgence?

Val. Why, fir, that you would not go to the extremity of the conditions, but release me at least from some part.

Sir S. O, fir, I understand you—that's all, ha?

Val. Yes, fir, all that I presume to ask.—But what you, out of fatherly fondness, will be pleased to add, will be doubly welcome.

Sir S. No doubt of it, sweet fir; but your filial piety and my fatherly fondness would fit like two tallies.—Here's a rogue; brother Foresight, makes a bargain under hand and seal in the morning, and would be released from it in the afternoon; here's a rogue, dog; here's conscience and honesty! This is your wit now, this is the morality of your wit! You are a wit, and have been a beau, and may be a—Why, sirrah, is it not here under hand and seal?—Can you deny it?

Val. Sir, I don't deny it.

Sir S. Sirrah, you'll be hanged; I shall live to see you go up Holborn-hill.—Has he not a rogue's face?—Speak, brother; you understand physiognomy; a hanging look to me—of all my boys he most unlike me.

He has a damn'd Tyburn face, without the benefit of the clergy.

Fer. Hum!—truly, I don't care to discourage a young man—he has a violent death in his face; but I hope no danger of hanging.

Val. Sir, is this usage for your son?—For that old weather-headed fool, I know how to laugh at him; but you, sir——

Sir S. You, sir; and you, sir.—Why, who are you, sir?

Val. Your son, sir.

Sir S. That's more than I know, sir; and I believe not.

Val. Faith, I hope not.

Sir S. What, would you have your mother a whore? Did you ever hear the like? did you ever hear the like? body o'me—

Val. I would have an excuse for your barbarity and unnatural usage.

Sir S. Excuse?—Impudence! Why, firrah, mayn't I do what I please? are not you my slave? did not I beget you? and might not I have chosen whether I would have begot you or no? Oons, who are you? whence came you? what brought you into the world? how came you here, sir? here, to stand here, upon those two legs, and look erect with that audacious face, hah? Answer me that. Did you come a volunteer into the world? or did I, with the lawful authority of a parent, press you to the service?

Val. I know no more why I came, than you do why you called me. But here I am; and if you don't mean to provide for me, I desire you would leave me as you found me.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come, unsafe, strip, and go naked out of the world as you came into it.

Val. My clothes are soon put off—but you must also divest me of my reason, thought, passions, inclinations, affections, appetites, senses, and the huge train of attendants that you begot along with me.

Sir S. Body o'me, what a many-headed monster have I propagated!

Val,

Val. I am of myself, a plain, easy, simple creature ; and to be kept at small expence : but the retinue that you gave me are craving and invincible ; they are so many devils that you have raised, and will have employment.

Sir S. Oons, what had I to do to get children ?—can't a private man be born without all these followers ?—Why nothing under an emperor should be born with appetites—why, at this rate, a fellow that has but a groat in his pocket may have a stomach capable of a ten shilling ordinary.

Jer. Nay, that's as clear as the sun ; I'll make oath of it before any justice in Middlesex.

Sir S. Here's a cormorant too !—'Sheart, this fellow was not born with you ?—I did not beget him, did I ?

Jer. By the provision that's made for me, you might have begot me too.—Nay, and to tell your worship another truth, I believe you did ; for I find I was born with those same whorson appetites too that my master speaks of.

Sir S. Why look you there now !—I'll maintain it, that by the rule of right reason this fellow ought to have been born without a palate.—'Sheart, what should he do with a distinguishing taste ?—I warrant now, he'd rather eat a pheasant, than a piece of poor John—and smell, now ; why I warrant he can smell, and loves perfumes above a stink—why there's it ; and music—don't you love music, scoundrel ?

Jer. Yes, I have a reasonable good ear, sir, as to jigs and country dances, and the like ; I don't much matter your solo's or sonata's ; they give me the spleen.

Sir S. The spleen ? ha, ha, ha ! a pox confound you !—Solo's or sonata's ? Oons, whose son are you ? how were you engendered, muckworm ?

Jer. I am, by my father, the son of a chairman ; my mother sold oysters in winter, and cucumbers in summer ; and I came up stairs into the world ; for I was born in a cellar.

For. By your looks, you shall go up stairs out of the world too, friend.

Sir S. And if this rogue were anatomized now, and dissected, he has his vessels of digestion and concoction,

and so forth, large enough for the inside of a card; this is on of a cucumber!—These things are unaccountable and unreasonable.—Body o' me, why was not I a be that my cubs might have lived upon sucking their paw Nature has been provident only to bears and spiders; t' one has its nutriment in its own hands; and the oth' spins its habitation out of its own entrails.

Fad. If it was; provident enough to supply all the necessities of my nature, if I had my right inheritance.

Sir S. Aspinall Gore, hasn't you four thousand pounds?—If I had it again, I would not give thee a groat.—What, wouldst thou have me turn pelican, and feed three out of my own vitals?—Odheart, live by your wife—you were always fond of the wife.—Now let's see if you have wit enough to keep yourself.—Your brother will be in town to-night, or to-morrow morning; and then look you perform your covenants: and so your friend and servant.—Come, brother Foresight.

[*Exeunt Sir Sampson and Foresight.*]

John. I told you what your visit would come to.

Fad. 'Tis as much as I expected.—I did not come to find her, I came to Angelica; but since she was gone already, I must sit here till she comes that way, and at least hold my vigil for my sake.—What's here? Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail! They are earnest—I'll avoid them.—Come this way, and go and inquire when Angelica will return.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Enter Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail.*]

Mrs. F. What have you to do to watch me? 'Slife, I'll do what I please.

Mrs. For. You will?

Mrs. F. Yes, indeed, will I.—A great piece of business to go to Covent-garden, to take a turn in a hackney-coach with one's friend!

Mrs. For. Nay, two or three turns, I'll take my oath.

Mrs. F. Well, what if I took twenty!—I warrant, if you had been there, it had been only innocent recreation!—Lord, where's the comfort of this life, if we can't have the happiness of conversing where we like?

Mrs. For. But can't you converse at home?—I own it, I think there's no happiness like conversing with an agreeable

agreeable man; I don't quarrel at that, nor I don't think but your conversation was very innocent. But the place is public; and to be seen with a man in a hackney-coach is scandalous. What if any body else should have seen you alight, as I did?—How can any body be happy, while they are in perpetual fear of being seen and censured?—Besides, it would not only reflect upon you, sister, but me!

Mrs. F. Pooh, here's a clutter!—Why should it reflect upon you?—I don't doubt but you have thought yourself happy in a hackney-coach before now!—If I had gone to Knightsbridge, or to Chelsea, or to Spring-garden, or Barn-elms, with a man alone—something might have been said.

Mrs. For. Why, was I ever in any of those places?—What do you mean, sister?

Mrs. F. Was I? what do you mean?

Mrs. For. You have been at a worse place.

Mrs. F. I at a worse place, and with a man?

Mrs. For. I suppose you would not go alone to the World's-end.

Mrs. F. The World's-end! What, do you mean to banter me?

Mrs. For. Poor innocent! you don't know that there is a place called the World's-end? I'll swear, you can keep your countenance purely; you'd make an admirable playess!

Mrs. F. I'll swear you have a great deal of confidence, and in my mind too much for the stage.

Mrs. For. Very well, that will appear who has most. You never were at the World's-end?

Mrs. F. No.

Mrs. For. You deny it positively to my face?

Mrs. F. Your face! what's your face?

'Mrs. For. No matter for that; it's as good a face as yours.

'Mrs. F. Not by a dozen years wearing.' But I do deny it positively to your face then.

Mrs. For. I'll allow you now to find fault with my face; for I'll swear your impudence has put me out of countenance.

countenance.—But look you here now,—where did you lose this gold brooch?—Oh, sister, sister!

Mrs. F. My brooch?

Mrs. F. Nay, 'tis yours; look at it.

Mrs. F. Well, if you go to that, where did you find the brooch?—Oh, sister, sister!—sister every way!

Mrs. F. O, don't tell that I could not discover her, without being myself! [aside.]

Mrs. F. I have heard gentlemen say, sister, that one should take great care, when one makes a thrust in fencing, not to lay open one's self.

Mrs. F. It is very true, sister. Well, since all's out, and, as you say, since we are both wounded, let us do what is often done in duels, take care of one another, and grow better friends than before.

Mrs. F. With all my heart. 'Ours are but slight flesh wounds; and if we keep them from air, not at all dangerous.' Well, give me your hand, in token of sisterly secrecy and affection.

Mrs. F. Here it is, with all my heart.

Mrs. F. Well, as an earnest of friendship and confidence, I'll acquaint you with a design that I have.—'To tell truth, and speak openly one to another,' I'm afraid the world have observed us more than we have observed one another. You have a rich husband, and are provided for: I am at a loss, and have no great stock either of fortune or reputation, and therefore must look sharply about me. Sir Sampson has a son, that is expected to-night; and by the account I have heard of his education, can be no conjuror. The estate, you know, is to be made over to him.—Now, if I could wheedle him, sister, ha? you understand me?

Mrs. F. I do; and will help you, to the utmost of my power.—And I can tell you one thing that falls out luckily enough; my awkward daughter-in-law, who, you know, is designed to be his wife, is grown fond of Mr. Tattle; now, if we can improve that, and make her have an aversion for the booby, it may go a great way towards his liking you. Here they come together; and let us contrive some way or other to leave them together.

Enter

Enter Tattle and Miss Prue.

Miss P. Mother, mother, mother, look you here.

Miss. *For.* Fie, fie, miss, how you bawl!—Besides, I have told you, you must not call me mother.

Miss P. What must I call you then? are you not my father's wife?

Mrs. *For.* Madam; you must say madam.—By my soul, I shall fancy myself old indeed, to have this great girl call me mother.—Well, but, miss, what are you so overjoyed at?

Miss P. Look you here, madam, then, what Mr. Tattle has given me.—Look you here, cousin; here's a snuff-box; nay, there's snuff in't—here, will you have any?—Oh good! how sweet it is!—Mr. Tattle is all over sweet; his peruke is sweet, and his gloves are sweet—and his handkerchief is sweet, pure sweet, sweeter than roses,—smell him, mother—madam, I mean.—He gave me this ring, for a kiss.

Tatt. O fie, miss; you must not kiss, and tell.

Miss P. Yes; I may tell my mother—and he says he'll give me something to make me smell so.—Oh, pray lend me your handkerchief.—Smell, cousin; he says, he'll give me something that will make my smocks smell this way.—Is not it pure?—It's better than lavender, mun.—I'm resolved I won't let nurse put any more lavender among my smocks—ha, cousin?

Mrs. *F.* Fie, miss; amongst your linen you must say—you must never say smock.

Miss P. Why, it is not bawdy, is it, cousin?

Tatt. Oh, madam! you are too severe upon miss: you must not find fault with her pretty simplicity; it becomes her strangely.—Pretty miss, don't let them persuade you out of your innocence!

Mrs. *For.* Oh, damn you, toad!—I wish you don't persuade her out of her innocence.

Tatt. Who I, madam?—O Lord, how can your ladyship have such a thought?—sure you don't know me!

Mrs. *F.* Ah, devil, sly devil—He's as close, sister, as a confessor.—He thinks we don't observe him.

Mrs. *For.* A cunning cur! how soon he could find out a fresh harmless creature—and left us, sister, presently.

Tatt. Upon reputation—

Mrs. F. They're all so, sister, these men—they love to have the spoiling of a young creature; they are as fond of it, as of being first in the fashion, or of seeing a new play the first day.—I warrant it would break Mr. Tattle's heart, to think that any body else should be before-hand with him!

Tatt. Oh Lord, I swear I would not for the world—

Mrs. F. O, hang you; who'll believe you?—You'll be hang'd before you'd confess—we know you—she's very pretty!—Lord, what pure red and white!—she looks so wholesome;—ne'er stir, I don't know, but I fancy if I were a man—

Miss P. How you love to jeer one, cousin.

Mrs. For. Hark'ee, sister—by my soul, the girl is spoiled already—d'ye think she'll ever endure a great lubberly tawawlin!—Cad, I warrant you she won't let him come near her, after Mr. *Tattle*.

Mrs. F. On my soul, I'm afraid not—eh! filthy creature, that smells all of pitch and tar!—Devil take you, you confounded toad—why did you see her before she was married?

Mrs. For. Nay, why did we let him?—My husband will hang us—he'll think we brought them acquainted.

Mrs. F. Come, faith, let us be gone—If my brother *Forefight* should find us with them, he'd think so, sure enough.

Mrs. For. So he would—but then the leaving them together is as bad—and he's such a sly devil, he'll never miss an opportunity.

Mrs. F. I don't care; I won't be seen in it.

Mrs. For. Well, if you should, Mr. *Tattle*, you'll have a world to answer for: remember, I wash my hands of it; I'm thoroughly innocent.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Frail and Mrs. Forefight.*]

Miss P. What makes them go away, Mr. *Tattle*?—What do they mean, do you know?

Tatt. Yes, my dear—I think I can guess—but hang me if I know the reason of it.

Miss P. Come, must not we go too?

Tatt. No, no; they don't mean that.

Miss

Miss P. No! what then? What shall you and I do together?

Tatt. I must make love to you, pretty miss; will you let me make love to you?

Miss P. Yes, if you please.

Tatt. Frank; egad, at least. What a pox does Mrs. Foresight mean by this civility? Is it to make a fool of me? or does she leave us together out of good morality, and do as she would be done by?—Egad, I'll understand it so. *[aside.]*

Miss P. Well; and how will you make love to me?—Come, I long to have you begin.—Must I make love too? You must tell me how.

Tatt. You must let me speak, miss; you must not speak first. I must ask you questions, and you must answer.

Miss P. What, is it like the catechism?—Come then, ask me.

Tatt. D've think you can love me?

Miss P. Yes.

Tatt. Pooh, pox, you must not say yes already. I shan't care a farthing for you then, in a twinkling.

Miss P. What must I say then?

Tatt. Why you must say no; or, believe not; or, you can't tell.

Miss P. Why, must I tell a lie then?

Tatt. Yes, if you'd be well-bred. All well-bred persons lie—Besides, you are a woman; you must never speak what you think: your words must contradict your thoughts; but your actions may contradict your words. So, when I ask you, if you can love me, you must say no; but you must love me too.—If I tell you you are handsome, you must deny it, and say, I flatter you.—But you must think yourself more charming than I speak you—and like me for the beauty which I say you have, as much as if I had it myself.—If I ask you to kiss me, you must be angry; but you must not refuse me. If I ask you for more, you must be more angry—but more complying; and as soon as ever I make you say you'll cry out, you must be sure to hold your tongue.

Miss P. O Lord, I swear this is pure!—I like it bet

ter than our old-fashioned country way of speaking one's mind.—And must not you lie too?

Tatt. Hum!—Yes—but you must believe I speak truth.

Miss P. O Gemini! Well, I always had a great mind to tell lies—but they frightened me, and said it was a sin.

Tatt. Well, my pretty creature, will you make me happy by giving me a kiss?

Miss P. No, indeed; I'm angry at you!

[Runs and kisses him.]

Tatt. Hold, hold, that's pretty well—but you should not have given it me, but have suffered me to have taken it.

Miss P. Well, we'll do it again.

Tatt. With all my heart.—Now, then, my little angel!

[kisses her.]

Miss P. Pish!

Tatt. That's right.—Again, my charmer!

[kisses again.]

Miss P. O fie! nay, now I can't abide you.

Tatt. Admirable! That was as well as if you had been born and bred in Covent-garden.—And won't you shew me, pretty miss, where your bed-chamber is?

Miss P. No, indeed won't I: but I'll run there, and hide myself from you behind the curtains.

Tatt. I'll follow you.

Miss P. Ah, but I will hold the door with both hands, and be angry; and you shall push me down before you come in.

Tatt. No, I'll come in first, and push you down afterwards.

Miss P. Will you? then I'll be more angry, and more complying.

Tatt. Then I'll make you cry out.

Miss P. O but you shan't, for I'll hold my tongue.

Tatt. Oh, my dear apt scholar!

Miss P. Well, now I'll run, and make more haste than you.

Tatt. You shall not fly so fast as I'll pursue. *[Exeunt.]*

End of the Second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

Nurse alone.

MISS, miss, miss Prue!—Mercy on me, marry, and amen!—Why, what's become of the child?—Why, miss, miss Foresight!—Sure she has lockt herself up in her chamber, and gone to sleep, or to prayers!—Miss, miss!—I hear her.—Come to your father, child. Open the door.—Open the door, miss.—I hear you cry busht.—O Lord, whose there? [*peeps.*]—What's here to do?—O the Father! a man with her!—Why, miss, I say; God's my life, here's fine doings towards!—O Lord, we're all undone!—O you young harlotry!—[*knocks.*]—Ods my life! won't you open the door? I'll come in the back way. [*Exit.*]

Enter Tattle and Miss Prue.

Miss P. O Lord, she's coming—and she'll tell my father. What shall I do now?

Tatt. Pox take her! if she had staid two minutes longer, I should have wished for her coming.

Miss P. O dear, what shall I say? tell me, Mr. Tattle, tell me a lie.

Tatt. There's no occasion for a lie; I could never tell a lie to no purpose—But, since we have done nothing, we must say nothing, I think. I hear her—I'll leave you together, and come off as you can.

[*thrusts her in, and shuts the door.*]

Enter Valentine, Scandal, and Angelica.

Ang. You can't accuse me of inconstancy; I never told you that I loved you.

Val. But I can accuse you of uncertainty, for not telling me whether you did or not

Ang. You mistake indifference for uncertainty; I never had concern enough to ask myself the question.

Scan. Nor good-nature enough to answer him that did ask you: I'll say that for you, madam.

Ang. What, are you setting up for good-nature?

Scand. Only for the affectation of it, as the women do for ill-nature.

Ang. Persuade your friend that it is all affectation.

Scand.

Scand. I shall receive no benefit from the opinion : for I know no effectual difference between continued affection and reality.

Tatt. [coming up] Scandal, are you in private discourse? Any thing of secrets? *[aside to Scandal]*

Scand. Yes, but I dare trust you. We were talking of Angelica's love to Valentine ; you won't speak of it.

Tatt. Yes, no, not a syllable—I know that's a secret, for it is whispered every where.

Scand. He, he, ha!

Ang. What is, Mr. Tattle? I heard you say something was whispered every where.

Scand. Your love for Valentine.

Ang. How!

Tatt. No, madam ; his love for your ladyship—Gad stake me, I beg your pardon—for I never heard a word of your ladyship's passion till this instant.

Ang. My passion!—And who told you of my passion, pray, sir?

Scand. Why, is the devil in you? did not I tell it you for a secret?

Tatt. Gadso, but I thought she might have been trusted with her own affairs.

Scand. Is that your discretion? trust a woman with herself?

Tatt. You say true ; I beg your pardon—I'll bring all off.—It was impossible, madam, for me to imagine that a person of your ladyship's wit and gallantry could have so long received the passionate addresses of the accomplished Valentine, and yet remain insensible : therefore you will pardon me, if, from a just weight of his merit, with your ladyship's good judgment, I formed the balance of a reciprocal affection.

Val. O the devil! what damn'd coftive poet has given thee this lesson of fustian to get by rote?

Ang. I dare swear you wrong him ; it is his own—and Mr. Tattle only judges of the success of others, from the effects of his own merit ; for, certainly, Mr. Tattle was never denied any thing in his life.

Tatt. O Lord! yes indeed, madam, several times.

Ang.

' *Ang.* I swear I don't think it is possible.

' *Tatt.* Yes, I vow and swear, I have. Lord, madam, I'm the most unfortunate man in the world, and the most cruelly used by the ladies.

' *Ang.* Nay, now you're ungrateful.

' *Tatt.* No, I hope not.—It is as much ingratitude to own some favours, as to conceal others.

' *Val.* There, now it is out.

' *Ang.* I don't understand you now. I thought you had never asked any thing but what a lady might modestly grant, and you confess.

' *Scand.* So, faith, your business is done here ; now you may go brag somewhere else.

' *Tatt.* Brag ! O heavens ! Why, did I name any body ?

' *Ang.* No ; I suppose that is not in your power ; but you would if you could, no doubt on't.

' *Tatt.* Not in my power, madam ?—What ! does your ladyship mean, that I have no woman's reputation in my power ?

' *Scand.* Oons, why you won't own it, will you ?
[*aside.*]

' *Tatt.* Faith, madam, you are in the right ; no more I have, as I hope to be saved ; I never had it in my power to say any thing to a lady's prejudice in my life. —For, as I was telling you, madam, I have been the most unsuccessful creature living in things of that nature ; and never had the good fortune to be trusted once with a lady's secret ; not once.

' *Ang.* No ?

' *Val.* Not once, I dare answer for him.

' *Scand.* And I'll answer for him ; for, I'm sure if he had, he would have told me. I find, madam, you don't know Mr. Tattle.

' *Tatt.* No indeed, madam, you don't know me at all, I find ; for sure, my intimate friends would have known—

' *Ang.* Then it seems you would have told, if you had been trusted.

' *Tatt.* O pox, Scandal, that was too far put !—Never have told particulars, madam. Perhaps I might have talked as of a third person—or have introduced an
amuse.

'am out of my own, in conversation, by way of novel;
'but never have explained particulars.

'*Ang.* But whence comes the reputation of Mr. Tattle's secrecy, if he was never trusted?

'*Sarah.* Why thence it arises.—The thing is proverbially spoken; but may be applied to him.—As if we should say in general terms, He only is secret, who never was trusted; a satirical proverb upon our sex.—There is another upon yours—as, She is chaste, who was never asked the question. That's all.

'*Kal.* A couple of very civil proverbs, truly. It is hard to tell whether the lady or Mr. Tattle be the more obliged to you. For you found her virtue upon the backwardness of the men; and his secrecy upon the mistrust of the women.

'*Tatt.* God, it's very true, madam; I think we are obliged to acquit ourselves.—And for my part—but your ladyship is to speak first.

'*Ang.* Am I? Well, I freely confess, I have resisted a great deal of temptation.

'*Tatt.* And, *ex ad*, I have given some temptation that has not been resisted.

'*Kal.* Good.

'*Ang.* I cite Valentine here, to declare to the court, how truthfully he has found his endeavours, and to confess all his solicitations and my denials.

'*Kal.* I am ready to plead, Not Guilty, for you; and Guilty, for myself.

'*Sarah.* So, why this is fair! here's demonstration, with a witness.

'*Tatt.* Well, my witnesses are not present.—Yet, I confess, I have had favours from persons; but, as the favours are numberless, to the persons are nameless.

'*Sarah.* Pooh, this proves nothing.

'*Tatt.* No? I can shew letters, lockets, pictures, and rings; and, if there be occasion for witnesses, I can summon the maids at the chocolate-houses, all the porters at Pall-Mall and Covent-Garden, the door-keeper at the play-house, the drawers at Locket's, Portack, the Rummer, Spring-garden, my own landlady and valet de chambre; all who shall make oath, that I receive more
letters

‘ letters through the secretary’s office ; and that I have more
 ‘ vizor masks to inquire for me, than ever went to see the
 ‘ hermaphrodite, or the naked prince. And it is notori-
 ‘ ous, that, in a country church, once, an inquiry being
 ‘ made who I was, it was answered, I was the famous
 ‘ Tattle, who had ruined so many women.

‘ *Val.* It was there, I suppose, you got the nick-name
 ‘ of the Great Turk.

‘ *Tatt.* True ; I was called Turk Tattle all over the
 ‘ parish.—The next Sunday, all the old women kept their
 ‘ daughters at home, and the parson had not half his con-
 ‘ gregation. He would have brought me into the spiritual
 ‘ court: but I was revenged upon him, for he had a hand-
 ‘ some daughter, whom I initiated into the science. But
 ‘ I repented it afterwards ; for it was talked of in town.
 ‘ —And a lady of quality, that shall be nameless, in a
 ‘ raging fit of jealousy, came down in her coach and six
 ‘ horses, and exposed herself upon my account. Gad, I
 ‘ was sorry for it with all my heart.—You know whom I
 ‘ mean—you know where we raffled —

‘ *Scand.* Mum, Tattle !

‘ *Val.* ‘Sdeath, are not you ashamed ?

‘ *Ang.* O barbarous ! I never heard so insolent a piece
 ‘ of vanity !—Fie, Mr. Tattle !—I’ll swear I could not
 ‘ have believed it.—Is this your secrecy !

‘ *Tatt.* Gad so, the heat of my story carried me beyond
 ‘ my discretion, as the heat of the lady’s passion hurried
 ‘ her beyond her reputation.—But I hope you don’t know
 ‘ whom I mean ; for there were a great many ladies raffled.
 ‘ —Pox on’t, now could I bite off my tongue.

‘ *Scand.* No, don’t ; for then you’ll tell us no more.
 ‘ Come, I’ll recommend a song to you, upon the hint of
 ‘ my two proverbs ; and I see one in the next room that
 ‘ will sing it. [goes to the door.]

‘ *Tatt.* For Heaven’s sake, if you do guess, say nothing.
 ‘ Gad, I’m very unfortunate !

‘ *Scand.* Pray sing the first song in the last new play.

‘ SONG.

SONG.

I.

- *A nymph and a swain to Apollo once pray'd,*
- *The swain had been jilted, the nymph been betray'd :*
- *Their intent was, to try if his oracle knew*
- *E'er a nymph that was chaste, or a swain that was true.*

II.

- *Apollo was mute, and had like to have been pos'd,*
- *But sagely at length he this secret disclos'd :*
- *He alone wou'd betray, in whom none will confide ;*
- *And the nymph may be chaste, that has never been tried.*

Enter Sir Sampson, Mrs. Frail, Miss Prue, and
Servant.

Sir S. Is Ben come ? Oddo, my son Ben come ? Oddo, I'm glad on't.—Where is he ? I long to see him. Now, Mrs. Frail, you shall see my son Ben.—Body o'me, he's the hopes of my family—I han't seen him these three years—I warrant he's grown!—Call him in ; bid him make haste ! *Exit Servant.*—I'm ready to cry for joy.

Mrs. F. Now, Miss, you shall see your husband.

Miss P. Pith, he shall be none of my husband.

[aside to Frail.

Mrs. F. Hush ! Well, he shan't ; leave that to me —I'll beckon Mr. Tattle to us.

Ang. Won't you stay and see your brother ?

Val. We are the twin stars, and cannot shine in one sphere ; when he rises, I must set.—Besides, if I should stay, I don't know but my father in good-nature may press me to the immediate signing the deed of conveyance of my estate ; and I'll defer it as long as I can.—Well, you'll come to a resolution.

Ang. I cannot. Resolution must come to me, or I shall never have one.

Scand. Come, Valentine, I'll go with you ; I have something in my head, to communicate to you.

[Exit Scandal and Valentine.

Sr

Sir S. What ! is my son Valentine gone ? What ! is he sneaked off, and would not see his brother ? There's an unnatural whelp ! there's an ill-natured dog ! What ! were you here too, madam, and could not keep him ? could neither love, nor duty, nor natural affection, oblige him ? Odsbud, madam, have no more to say to him ; he is not worth your consideration. The rogue has not a drachm of generous love about him—all interest, all interest ! He's an undone scoundrel, and courts your estate. Body o'me, he does not care a doit for your person.

Ang. I am pretty even with him, Sir Sampson ; for, if ever I could have liked any thing in him, it should have been his estate too. But, since that's gone, the bait's off, and the naked hook appears.

Sir S. Odsbud, well spoken ; and you are a wiser woman than I thought you were : for most young women now-a-days are to be tempted with a naked hook.

Ang. If I marry, Sir Sampson, I am for a good estate with any man, and for any man with a good estate : therefore, if I were obliged to make a choice, I declare I'd rather have you than your son.

Sir S. Faith and troth, you are a wise woman ; and I'm glad to hear you say so. I was afraid you were in love with the reprobate. Odd, I was sorry for you with all my heart. Hang him, mongrel ; cast him off. You shall see the rogue shew himself, and make love to some desponding Cadua of fourscore for sustenance. Odd, I love to see a young spendthrift forced to cling to an old woman for support, like ivy round a dead oak—faith I do. I love to see them hug and cotton together, like down upon a thistle.

Enter Ben and Servant.

Ben. Where's father ?

Serv. There, sir ; his back's towards you. [*Exit.*]

Sir S. My son Ben ! Bless thee, my dear boy ! Body o'me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father ; and I'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy ; kiss me again and again, dear Ben. [*kisses him.*]

Ben. So, so, enough, father.—Meffs, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir

Sir S. And so thou shalt.—Mrs. Angelica, my wife Ben.

F. Forsooth, if you please! [Enter Mrs. F.]—Nay, my dear, I have been sleeping and dreaming about thee. [Exit Mrs. F.]—Nay, and you too, my dear, couldst thou not? [Exit Mrs. F.]

Ben. I shall be welcome there.

F. I shall be a true friend.

Sir S. I have had many a weary league, Ben, for this time.

F. I have been for enough, and that be all. Well, father, and how do all at home? how does brother Dick, and brother Vane?

Sir S. Dick's body a'mo, Dick has been dead these two years. I wist you wold, when you were at Leg-

Ben. Mef, that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick is dead, as you say.—Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you; well, you ben't married again, father, be you?

Sir S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben: I would not marry, for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?—An you marry again—why then, I'll go to see again, so there's one for t'other, an that be all.—Pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry, a God's name, an the wind fit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs. F. That would be pity, such a handsome young gentleman!

F. Handsome! he, he, he! Nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you; for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we said at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now a man that is married has, as it were, d'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he wold.

Sir S. Ben is a wag.

Ben.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man, than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors: he is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben is a very wag; only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs. F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily: it is plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman for a bed-fellow hugely. How say you, mistress? would you like going to sea? Mefs, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged, an you were but as well manned.

Mrs. F. I should not doubt that, if you were master of me.

Ben. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, or that lady—you mayn't carry so much sail o'your head—Top and top gallant, by the mefs!

Mrs. F. No? why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be overset: and then you'll carry your keels above water—he, he, he!

Ang. I swear, Mr. Benjamin is the veriest wag in nature; an absolute sea wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, they want a little polishing. You must not take any thing ill, madam.

Ben. No, I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I mean all in good part: for, if I give a jest, I'll take a jest; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended.—But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him alone with his mistress. Mr. Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tatt. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*aside to Miss.*

Sir S. Body o'me, madam, you say true.—Look you, Ben, this is your mistress.—Come, miss, you must not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss

may be shame-faced; some maidens, tho' they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will, I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all; nor never will, that's more. So, there's your answer for you; and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil.—As for your love, or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end—and mayhap I like you as little as you do me.—What I said was in obedience to father. Gad, I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing—if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o'nine tails laid cross your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me, of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, Gad, I don't think you are any more to compare to her, than a can of small-beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you; he will, you great sea-calf.

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket?—Let'n—let'n.—But, an he comes near me, mayhap I may giv'n a salt eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy?—Sea-calf? I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd, you. —Marry thee! Oons I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds, and wrecked vessels.

Miss P. I won't be call'd names, nor I won't be abused thus, so I won't.—If I were a man—[cries]—
you

For. Sir Sampson, we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

Sir S. With all my heart.

For. At ten o'clock; punctually at ten.

Sir S. To a minute, to a second; thou shalt set thy watch; and the bridegroom shall observe its motions; they shall be married to a minute, go to bed to a minute; and when the alarm strikes, they shall keep time like the figures of St. Dunstan's clock, and *consummatus est* shall ring all over the parish!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. Scandal desires to speak with you upon earnest business.

For. I go to him. Sir Sampson, your servant.

[*Exit.*]

Sir S. What's the matter, friend?

Serv. Sir, 'tis about your son Valentine; something has appeared to him in a dream, that makes him prophesy.

Enter Scandal.

Scand. Sir Sampson, sad news.

For. Bless us!

Sir S. Why, what's the matter?

Scand. Can't you guess at what ought to afflict you and him, and all of us, more than any thing else?

Sir S. Body o'me, I don't know any universal grievance, but a new tax, or the loss of the Canary fleet—unless Popery should be landed in the west, or the French fleet were at anchor at Blackwall.

Scand. No? Undoubtedly, Mr. Foresight knew all this, and might have prevented it.

For. 'Tis no earthquake?

Scand. No, not yet; nor whirlwind. But we don't know what it may come to—but it has had a consequence already that touches us all.

Sir S. Why, body o'me, out with it.

Scand. Something has appeared to your son Valentine—he's gone to bed upon't, and very ill.—He speaks little, yet he says he has a world to say. Asks for his father

‘father and the wife Foresight; talks of Raymond Lully,
 ‘and the ghost of Lilly. He has secrets to impart, I
 ‘suppose, to you two. I can get nothing out of him
 ‘but sighs. He desires he may see you in the morning;
 ‘but would not be disturbed to-night, because he has
 ‘some business to do in a dream.’

Sir. S. Hoity toity! what have I to do with his
 dreams, or his divination?—Body o’me, this is a trick,
 to defer signing the conveyance. I warrant the devil
 will tell him in a dream, that he must not part with
 his estate. But I’ll bring him a parson to tell him that
 the devil’s a liar—or, if that won’t do, I’ll bring a
 lawyer, that shall out-lie the devil; and so I’ll try
 whether my blackguard or his shall get the better of
 the day.

[Exit.

‘Scand. Alas! Mr. Foresight, I am afraid all is not
 ‘right.—You are a wise man, and a conscientious man;
 ‘a searcher into obscurity and futurity; and, if you com-
 ‘mit an error, it is with a great deal of consideration,
 ‘and discretion, and caution.

‘For. Ah, good Mr. Scandal.

‘Scand. Nay, nay, ’tis manifest; I do not flatter you.
 ‘—But Sir Sampson is hasty, very hasty—I’m afraid
 ‘he is not scrupulous enough, Mr. Foresight.—He has
 ‘been wicked; and Heaven grant he may mean well in
 ‘his affair with you!—But my mind gives me, these
 ‘things cannot be wholly insignificant. You are wise,
 ‘and should not be over-reached: methinks you should not.

‘For. Alas, Mr. Scandal—*Humanum est errare!*

‘Scand. You say true, man will err; mere man will
 ‘err—but you are something more.—There have been
 ‘wise men; but they were such as you—men who con-
 ‘sulted the stars and were observers of omens.—Solomon
 ‘was wise; but how? by his judgment in astrology.—
 ‘So says Pineda, in his third book and eighth chapter.

‘For. You are learned, Mr. Scandal.

‘Scand. A trifle—but a lover of art.—And the wise
 ‘men of the east owed their instruction to a star; which
 ‘is rightly observed by Gregory the Great, in favour of
 ‘astrology! And Albertus Magnus makes it the most
 ‘valuable science—because, says he, it teaches us to con-
 ‘sider the causation of causes, in the causes of things.

‘For.

'For. I protest, I honour you, Mr. Scandal.—I did not think you had been read in these matters.—Few young men are inclined——

'Scand. I thank my stars that have inclined me.—But I fear this marriage and making over the estate, this transferring of a rightful inheritance, will bring judgments upon us. I prophesy it; and I would not have the fate of Cassandra, not to be believed. Valentine is disturbed; what can be the cause of that? and Sir Sampson is hurried on by an unusual violence—I fear he does not act wholly from himself; and methinks he does not look as he used to do.

'For. He was always of an impetuous nature.—But as to this marriage, I have consulted the stars; and all appearances are prosperous.

'Scand. Come, come, Mr. Foresight; let not the prospect of worldly lucre carry you beyond your judgment, nor against your conscience.—You are not satisfied that you act justly.

'For. How!

'Scand. You are not satisfied, I say.—I am loth to discourage you—but it is palpable that you are not satisfied.

'For. How does it appear, Mr. Scandal? I think I am very well satisfied.

'Scand. Either you suffer yourself to deceive yourself, or you do not know yourself.

'For. Pray explain yourself.

'Scand. Do you sleep well o' nights?

'For. Very well.

'Scand. Are you certain? you do not look so.

'For. I am in health, I think.

'Scand. So was Valentine this morning; and looked just so.

'For. How! Am I altered any way? I don't perceive it.

'Scand. That may be; but your beard is longer than it was two hours ago.

'For. Indeed? bless me!

Enter Mrs. Foresight.

'Mrs. For. Husband, will you go to bed? it's ten o'clock. Mr. Scandal, your servant.

* *Scand.* Pox on her, she has interrupted my design—
 * but I must work her into the project.—You keep early
 * hours, madam.

* *Mr. For.* Mr. Foresight is punctual; we sit up after
 * him.

* *For.* My dear, pray lend me your glass, your little
 * looking-glass.

* *Scand.* Pray lend it him, madam—I'll tell you the
 * reason—[*She gives him the glass: Scandal and she*
 * *whisper*].—My passion for you is grown so violent—
 * that I am no longer master of myself—I was inter-
 * rupted in the morning, when you had charity enough
 * to give me your attention; and I had hopes of finding
 * another opportunity of explaining myself to you—but
 * was disappointed all this day; and the uneasiness that
 * has attended me ever since, brings me now hither at
 * this unseasonable hour.

* *Mrs. For.* Was there ever such impudence, to make
 * love to me before my husband's face? I'll swear, I'll
 * tell him.

* *Scand.* Do. I'll die a martyr rather than disclaim
 * my passion. But come a little farther this way; and
 * I'll tell you what project I had to get him out of the
 * way, that I might have an opportunity of waiting upon
 * you. [*Whisper. Foresight looking in the glass.*]

* *For.* I do not see any revolution here.—Methinks
 * I look with a serene and benign aspect,—pale, a little
 * pale—but the roses of these cheeks have been gathered
 * many years—Ha! I do not like that sudden flushing
 * —gone already!—Hem, hem, hem! faintish. My
 * heart is pretty good; yet it beats: and my pulses, ha!
 * —I have none—mercy on me!—hum!—Yes, here they
 * are.—Gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop, gallop!
 * hey, whither will they hurry me?—Now they're gone
 * again—and now I'm faint again; and pale again, and,
 * hem! and my, hem! —breath, and, hem! —grows
 * short; hem! he, he, hem!

* *Scand.* It takes: pursue it, in the name of love and
 * pleasure.

* *Mrs. For.* How do you do, Mr. Foresight?

* *For.*

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‘*For.* Hum, not so well as I thought I was. Lend me your hand.

‘*Scand.* Look you there now.—Your lady says your sleep has been unquiet of late.

‘*For.* Very likely!

‘*Mrs. For.* O, mighty restless! but I was afraid to tell him so.—He has been subject to talking and starting.

‘*Scand.* And did not use to be so?

‘*Mrs. For.* Never, never; till within these three nights, I cannot say that he has once broken my rest since we have been married.

‘*For.* I will go to bed.

‘*Scand.* Do so, Mr. Foresight, and say your prayers —He looks better than he did.

‘*Mrs. For.* Nurse, nurse!

‘*For.* Do you think so, Scandal?

‘*Scand.* Yes, yes; I hope this will be gone by morning: take it in time.

‘*For.* I hope so.

‘*Enter Nurse.*

‘*Mrs. For.* Nurse, your master is not well; put him to bed.

‘*Scand.* I hope you will be able to see Valentine in the morning.—You had best take a little diacodium and cowslip water, and lie upon your back; may be you may dream.

‘*For.* I thank you, Mr. Scandal; I will.—Nurse, let me have a watch-light, and lay *The Crumbs of Comfort* by me.

‘*Nurse.* Yes, sir.

[*Exit.*

‘*For.* And—hem, hem! I am very faint.

‘*Scand.* No, no, you look much better.

‘*For.* Do I? And, d’ye hear—bring me, let me see—within a quarter of twelve—hem—he, hem!—just upon the turning of the tide, bring me the urinal.—And I hope, neither the lord of my ascendant, nor the moon will be combust; and then I may do well.

‘*Scand.* I hope so—Leave that to me; I will erect a scheme; and I hope I shall find both Sol and Venus in the sixth house.

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• *Sarak*

Scand. I have no great opinion of myself; but I think I am neither deformed, nor a fool.

Mrs. For. But you have a villainous character; you are a libertine in speech, as well as practice.

Scand. Come, I know what you would say—you think it more dangerous to be seen in conversation with me, than to allow some other men the last favour. You mistake; the liberty I take in talking is purely affected, for the service of your sex. He that first cries out 'stop thief, is often he that stole the treasure. I am a juggler, that acts by confederacy; and if you please, we'll put a trick upon the world.

Mrs. For. Ay; but you are such an universal juggler—that I'm afraid you have a great many confederates,

Scand. Faith, I'm found.

Mrs. For. 'O fie!'—I'll swear you're impudent.

Scand. I'll swear you're handsome.

Mrs. For. Pish, you'd tell me so, though you did not think so.

Scand. And you'd think so, though I did not tell you so; and now I think we know one another pretty well.

Mrs. For. O Lord! who's here?

Enter Mrs. Frail and Ben.

Ben. Mefs, I love to speak my mind—Father has nothing to do with me. — Nay, I can't say that neither; he has something to do with me; but what does that signify? If so be, that I ben't minded to be steered by him; 'tis as thof he should strive against wind and tide.

Mrs. F. Ay, but, my dear, we must keep it secret, till the estate be settled; for, you know, marrying without an estate, is like sailing in a ship without ballast.

Ben. He, he, he! why that's true; just so for all the world, it is as like as two cable ropes.

Mrs. F. And though I have a good portion; you know one would not venture all in one bottom.

Ben. Why that's true again; for mayhap one bottom may spring a leak. You have hit it indeed; mefs, you've nick'd the channel.

Mrs. F. Well, but if you should forsake me after all, you'd break my heart.

Ben. Break your heart? I'd rather the Marygold should

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should break her cable in a storm, as well as I love her. I tell, you don't think I'm false-hearted, like a landman. A sailor would be honest, tho' mayhap he has never a penny of money in his pocket.—Mayhap I may not have so fair a face as a citizen or courtier; but, for all that, I've as good blood in my veins, and a heart as sound as a biscuit.

Mrs. F. And will you love me always?

Ben. Nay, an I love once, I'll stick like pitch; I'll tell you that. Come, I'll sing you a song of a sailor.

Mrs. F. Hold, there's my fiddle; I'll call her to hear it.

* Mrs. For. Well! I won't go to bed to my husband to-night; because I'll retire to my own chamber, and think of what you have said.

* Scand. Well; you'll give me leave to wait upon you to your chamber door; and leave you my last instructions?

* Mrs. For. Hold, here's my sister coming towards us.

* Mrs. J. If it won't interrupt you, Mr. Ben will entertain you with a song.

Ben. The song was made upon one of our ship's-crew's wife; our boatswain made the song; mayhap you know her, fr. Before she married she was called Buxom Joan of Deptford.

Scand. I have heard of her.

[Ben sings.

B A L L A D.

I.

*A Soldier and a sailor,
A tinker and a tailor,
Had once a doubtful strife, fir,
To make a maid a wife, fir,
Whose name was Buxom Joan.
For now the time was ended,
When she no more intended,
To lick her lips at men, fir,
And gnaw the sheets in vain, fir,
And lie o' nights alone.*

II.

*The soldier swore like thunder,
He lov'd her more than plunder;*

And

*And shew'd her many a scar, sir,
That he had brought from far, sir,
With fighting for her sake.
The tailor thought to please her,
With offering her his measure.
The tinker too with mettle
Said he could mend her kettle,
And stop up every leak.*

III.

*But while these three were prating,
The sailor slyly waiting,
Thought if it came about, sir,
That they should all fall out, sir,
He then might play his part :
And just e'en as he meant, sir,
To loggerheads they went, sir,
And then he let fly at her,
A shot 'twixt wind and water,
That won the fair maid's heart.*

Ben. If some of our crew that came to see me are
'not gone, you shall see that we sailors can dance
'sometimes, as well as other folks.—[*Whistles.*] I war-
'rant that brings them, an they be within hearing.

Enter Seamen.

'Oh, here they be!—and fiddles along with them. Come,
'my lads, let's have a round, and I'll make one. [*Dance.*]
'We're merry folks, we sailors; we han't much to care
'for.' Thus we live at sea; eat biscuit, and drink flip;
put on a clean shirt once a quarter—come home, and I'e
with our landladies once a year, get rid of a little money;
and then put off with the next fair wind. Howd'yelikeu?

Mrs. F. Oh, you are the happiest, merriest men alive!

Mrs. For. We're beholden to Mr. Benjamin for this
entertainment.—I believe it is late.

Ben. Why, forsooth, an you think so, you had best
go to bed. For my part, I mean to toss a can, and
remember my sweetheart, afore I turn in; mayhap I
may dream of her!

Mrs. For. Mr. Scandal, you had best go to bed, and
dream too.

Scand. Why, faith, I have a good lively imagination;

and can dream as much to the purpose as another, if I set about it. But dreaming is the poor retreat of a lazy, hopeless, and imperfect lover; 'tis the last glimpse of love to worn-out sinners, and the faint dawning of a bliss to wishing girls and growing boys.

** There's nought but willing waking love that can*

** Make blest the ripen'd maid and finish'd man.' [Exeunt.*

End of the Third Act.

A C T IV.

Valentine's Lodgings.

Enter Scandal and Jeremy.

Scand. **W**ELL, is your master ready? does he look madly, and talk madly?

Jer. Yes, sir; you need make no great doubt of that: he that was so near turning poet yesterday morning, can't be much to seek in playing the madman to-day.

Scand. Would he have Angelica acquainted with the design?

Jer. No, sir, not yet.—He has a mind to try whether his playing the madman won't make her play the fool, and fall in love with him; or at least own that she has loved him all this while, and concealed it.

Scand. I saw her take coach just now with her maid; and think I heard her bid the coachman drive hither.

Jer. Like enough, sir; for I told her maid this morning, my master was run stark mad, only for love of her mistress. I hear a coach stop: if it should be she, sir, I believe he would not see her, till he hears how she takes it.

Scand. Well, I'll try her—'tis she; here she comes.

Enter Angelica.

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I suppose you don't think it a novelty, to see a woman visit a man at his own lodgings in a morning?

Scand. Not upon a kind occasion, madam. But, when a lady comes tyrannically, to insult a ruined lover, and make manifest the cruel triumphs of her beauty, the barbarity of it something surprises me.

Ang. I don't like raillery from a serious face.—Pray tell me what is the matter?

Jer. No strange matter, madam; my master's mad, that's

that's all. I suppose your ladyship has thought him so a great while.

Ang. How d'ye mean, mad?

Jer. Why, faith, madam, he's mad for want of his wits, just as he was poor for want of money. His head is e'en as light as his pockets; and any body that has a mind to a bad bargain, can't do better than to beg him for his estate.

Ang. If you speak truth, your endeavouring at wit is very unseasonable.——

Scand. She's concern'd, and loves him! [*Aside.*]

Ang. Mr. Scandal, you can't think me guilty of so much inhumanity, as not to be concerned for a man I must own myself obliged to.—Pray tell me the truth.

Scand. Faith, madam, I wish telling a lie would mend the matter. But this is no new effect of an unsuccessful passion.

Ang. [*Aside.*] I know not what to think! Yet I should be vex'd to have a trick put upon me!—May I not see him?

Scand. I'm afraid the physician is not willing you should see him yet.—Jeremy, go in and inquire. [*Exit* Jeremy.]

Ang. Ha! I saw him wink and smile! I fancy a trick.—I'll try. [*Aside.*]—I would disguise to all the world, sir, a failing which I must own to you—I fear my happiness depends upon the recovery of Valentine. Therefore I conjure you, as you are his friend, and as you have compassion on one fearful of affliction, to tell me what I am to hope for—I cannot speak—But you may tell me, for you know what I would ask.

Scand. So, this is pretty plain!—Be not too much concerned, madam; I hope his condition is not desperate. An acknowledgment of love from you, perhaps, may work a cure, as the fear of your aversion occasioned his distemper.

Ang. Say you so? nay, then I'm convinced: and if I don't play trick for trick, may I never taste the pleasure of revenge! [*Aside.*]—Acknowledgment of love! I find you have mistaken my compassion, and think me guilty of a weakness I am a stranger to. But I have too much sincerity to deceive you, and too much charity to suffer

him to be deluded with vain hopes. Good nature and humanity oblige me to be concerned for him; but to love, is neither in my power nor inclination; 'and if he can't be 'cured without I suck the poison from his wounds, I'm 'afraid he won't recover his senses till I lose mine.'

Scand. Hey, brave woman, i'faith!—Won't you see him then, if he desires it?

Jeg. What signify a madman's desires? besides, 'twould make me uneasy—If I don't see him, perhaps my concern for him may lessen—If I forget him, 'tis no more than he has done by himself; and now the surprise is over, methinks I am not half so sorry as I was.

Scand. So, faith, good-nature works apace; you were confessing just now an obligation to his love.

Jeg. But I have considered that passions are unreasonable and involuntary. If he loves, he can't help it; and if I don't love I cannot help it; no more than he can help his being a man, or I my being a woman; or no more than I can help my want of inclination to stay longer here. [Exit.]

Scand. Humph!—An admirable composition, faith, this same womankind!

Enter Jeremy.

Jer. What, is she gone, sir?

Scand. Gone? why she was never here, nor any where else; nor I don't know her if I see her, nor you neither.

Jer. Good lack! what's the matter now? are any more of us to be mad? Why, sir, my master longs to see her; and is almost mad in good earnest with the joyful news of her being here.

Scand. We are all under a mistake.—Ask no questions, for I can't resolve you; but I'll inform your master. In the mean time, if our project succeed no better with his father than it does with his mistress, he may descend from his exaltation of madness into the road of common sense, and be content only to be made a fool with other reasonable people. I hear Sir Sampson. You know your cue? I'll to your master. [Exit.]

Enter Sir Sampson and Buckram.

Sir S. D'ye see, Mr. Buckram, here's the paper signed with his own hand.

Buck.

Buck. Good, sir. And the conveyance is ready drawn in this box, if he be ready to sign and seal.

Sir S. Ready! body o' me, he must be ready: his sham sickness shan't excuse him.—O, here's his scoundrel.—*Sirrah*, where's your master?

Fer. Ah, sir, he's quite gone!

Sir S. Gone! what, he's not dead?

Fer. No, sir, not dead.

Sir S. What, is he gone out of town? run away? ha! has he trick'd me? Speak, varlet.

Fer. No, no, sir, he's safe enough, sir, an he were but as sound, poor gentleman! He is indeed here, sir, and not here, sir.

Sir S. Hey-day, rascal, do you banter me? *sirrah*, d'ye banter me?—Speak, *sirrah*; where is he? for I will find him.

Fer. Would you could, sir; for he has lost himself.—Indeed, sir, I have almost broke my heart about him—I can't refrain tears when I think on him, sir: I'm as melancholy for him as a passing-bell, sir; or a horse in a pound.

Sir S. A pox confound your similitudes, sir:—Speak to be understood; and tell me in plain terms what the matter is with him, or I'll crack your fool's scull.

Fer. Ah, you've hit it, sir; that's the matter with him, sir; his scull's crack'd, poor gentleman! he's stark mad, sir.

Sir S. Mad!

Buck. What, is he *non compos*?

Fer. Quite *non compos*, sir.

Buck. Why then, all's obliterated, *Sir Sampson*. If he be *non compos mentis*, his act and deed will be of no effect; it is not good in law.

Sir S. Oons, I won't believe it; let me see him, sir.—Mad! I'll make him find his senses.

Fer. Mr. Scandal is with him, sir; I'll knock at the door. [*Goes to the scene, which opens and discovers Valentine and Scandal. Valentine upon a couch disorderly dressed.*]

Sir S. How now? what's here to do?

Val. Ha! who's that?

[*Starting.*]

Scand. For Heaven's sake, softly, sir, and gently; don't provoke him.

Val.

Val. Answer me, who's that? and that?

Sir S. Gads bobs, does he not know? is he mischievous? I'll speak gently. — *Val, Val,* dost thou not know me, boy? not know thy own father, *Val*? I am thy own father; and this, honest Brief Buckram, the lawyer.

Val. It may be so—I did not know you—the world is full.—There are people that we do know, and people that we do not know; and yet the sun shines upon all alike.—There are fathers that have many children; and there are children that have many fathers—'tis strange! But I am Honesty, and come to give the world the lie.

Sir S. Body o'me, I know not what to say to him.

Val. Why does that lawyer wear black?—does he carry his conscience without-side? Lawyer, what art thou? dost thou know me?

Buck. O Lord, what must I say?—Yes, sir.

Val. Thou liest; for I am Honesty. 'Tis hard I cannot get a livelihood amongst you. I have been sworn out of Westminster Hall the first day of every term—Let me see—no matter how long—But I'll tell you one thing; it is a question that would puzzle an arithmetician, if I should ask him, whether the Bible saves more souls in Westminster Abbey, or damns more in Westminster Hall?—For my part, I am Honesty, and can't tell; I have very few acquaintance.

Sir S. Body o'me, he talks sensibly in his madness—Has he no intervals?

Jer. Very short, sir.

Buck. Sir, I can do you no service while he's in this condition. Here's your paper, sir.—He may do me a mischief if I stay.—The conveyance is ready, sir, if he recover his senses. [Exit.

Sir S. Hold, hold, don't you go yet.

Sand. You'd better let him go, sir; and send for him if there be occasion: for I fancy his presence provokes him more.

Val. Is the lawyer gone? 'Tis well; then we may drink about without going together by the ears.—Heigh ho! what o'clock is it? My father here! your blessing, sir.

Sir S. He recovers!—Bless thee, *Val*!—How dost thou do, boy?

Val.

Val. Thank you, sir, pretty well.—I have been a little out of order. Won't you please to sit, sir?

Sir S. Ay, boy.—Come, thou shalt sit down by me.

Val. Sir, 'tis my duty to wait.

Sir S. No, no: come, come, sit thee down, honest

Val. How dost thou do? let me feel thy pulse—Oh, pretty well now, Val. Body o'me, I was sorry to see thee indisposed: but I am glad thou art better, honest Val.

Val. I thank you, sir.

Scand. Miracle! The monster grows loving. [*Aside.*]

Sir S. Let me feel thy hand again, Val. It does not shake—I believe thou canst write, Val. Ha, boy? thou canst write thy name, Val?—Jeremy, step and overtake Mr. Buckram; bid him make haste back with the conveyance,—quick! [*Exit Jeremy.*]

Scand. That ever I should suspect such a heathen of any remorse. [*Aside.*]

Sir S. Dost thou know this paper, Val? I know thou'rt honest, and will perform articles.

[*Shows him the paper, but holds it out of his reach.*]

Val. Pray let me see it, sir; you hold it so far off, that I can't tell whether I know it or no.

Sir S. See it, boy? Ay, ay, why thou dost see it—'tis thy own hand, Vally. Why, let me see, I can read it as plain as can be: look you here [*Reads.*] *The condition of this obligation*—Look you, as plain as can be, so it begins—And then at the bottom—*As witness my hand,* VALENTINE LEGEND, in great letters. Why, 'tis as plain as the nose on one's face. What, are my eyes better than thine? I believe I can read it farther off yet—let me see. [*Stretches his arm as far as he can.*]

Val. Will you please to let me hold it, sir?

Sir S. Let thee hold it, say'st thou?—Ay, with all my heart—What matter is it who holds it? What need any body hold it?—I'll put it in my pocket, Val, and then nobody need hold it. [*Puts the paper in his pocket.*] There, Val: it's safe enough, boy.—But thou shalt have it as soon as thou hast set thy hand to another paper, little Val.

Enter Jeremy and Buckram.

Val. What, is my bad genius here again? Oh no, 'tis the lawyer with an itching palm; and he's come to be scratched.—

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featched.—My nails are not long enough.—Let me have a pair of red hot tongs quickly, quickly; and you shall see me set St. Dunstan, and lead the devil by the nose.

Bar. I. O Lord, let me be gone! I'll not venture myself with a madman. [Runs out.]

Ed. Ha, ha, ha! you need not run so fast. Honestly will not overtake you.—Ha, ha, ha! the rogue found me out to be *un faux pas* presently.

Sir S. O Lord! what a vesation is here! I know not what to do or say, or which way to go.

Ed. Who's that, that's out of his way? I am Honestly, and I set him right.—Harkce, friend, the strait road is the worst way you can go.—He that follows his nose always, will very often be led into a flake. *Probatum est.*—

But what are you for? religion or politics? There's a couple of topics for you, no more like one another than oil and singeing; and yet these two beaten together by a state cook, make sauce for the whole nation.

Sir S. What the devil had I to do, ever to beget sons? why did I ever marry?

Ed. Because thou wert a monster, old boy. The two greatest monsters in the world, are a man and a woman. What's thy opinion?

Sir S. Why my opinion is, that these two monsters joined together make yet a greater; that's a man and his wife.

Ed. Ah, a'! Truepenny! say'st thou so? Thou hast nicked it.—But it is wonderful strange, Jeremy.

Jer. What is, sir?

Ed. That grey hair should cover a green head—and I make a fool of my father. What's here! *Erra Pater*, or a bearded Sibyl? If Prophecy comes, Honestly must give place. [Exit Valentine and Jeremy.]

Enter Foresight, Mrs. Foresight, and Mrs. Frail.

For. What says he? What did he prophesy? Ha, Sir Sampson! Bless us! how are we?

Sir S. Are we? A pox o' your prognostication! Why, we are look as we used to be.—Ours, that you could not foresee that the moon would predominate, and my son be mad!—Where's your opposition, your trines, and your quadrates?—What did your Cardan and your Ptolemy tell you? Your Mellalahah and your Longomonta-

mus,

'nus, your harmony of chiromancy with astrology!' Ah! pox on't, that I who know the world, and men and manners, who don't believe a syllable in the sky and stars, and sun and almanacks, and trash, should be directed by a dreamer, an omen-hunter, and defer business in expectation of a lucky hour! when, body o'me! there never was a lucky hour after the first opportunity. [Exit.]

For. Ah, Sir Sampson, Heaven help your head! — This is none of your lucky hour—*Nemo omnibus horis sapit!*—What, is he gone, and in contempt of science? Ill stars and unconvertible ignorance attend him!

Scand. You must excuse his passion, Mr. Foresight; for he has been heartily vexed. — His son is *Non compos mentis*, and thereby incapable of making any conveyance in law; so that all his measures are disappointed.

For. Ha! say you so?

Mrs. F. What, has my sea lover lost his anchor of hope then? [aside to Mrs. Foresight.]

Mrs. For. O sister, what will you do with him?

Mrs. F. Do with him? Send him to sea again in the next foul weather.—He's used to an inconstant element, and won't be surprised to see the tide turned.

For. Wherein was I mistaken, not to foresee this?

[Considers.]
Scand. Madam, you and I can tell him something else that he did not foresee, and more particularly relating to his own fortune! [aside to Mrs. Foresight.]

'Mrs. For. What do you mean? I don't understand you.

'Scand. Hush, softly—the pleasures of last night, my dear; too considerable to be forgot so soon.

'Mrs. For. Last night? and what would your impudence infer from last night? Last night was like the night before, I think.

'Scand. 'Sdeath, do you make no difference between me and your husband?

'Mrs. For. Not much—he's superstitious; and you are mad, in my opinion.

'Scand. You make me mad.—You are not serious?—pray recollect yourself.

'Mrs. For. O yes, now I remember, you were very impertinent and impudent — and would have come to bed to me.

'Scand.

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Scand. And did not?

Mrs. For. Did not. With what face can you ask the question?

Scand. This I have heard of before, but never believed. I have been told, she had that admirable quality of forgetting to a man's face in the morning, that she had lain with him all night; and denying that she had done favours, with more impudence than she could grant them. [*Aside.*] Madam, I'm your humble servant, and honour you.—You look pretty well, Mr. Foresight. How did you rest last night?

For. Truly, Mr. Scandal, I was so taken up with broken dreams and distracted visions, that I remember little.

Scand. 'Twas a very forgetting night.—But would you not talk with Valentine? Perhaps you may understand him; I am apt to believe, there is something mysterious in his discourse, and sometimes rather think him inspired than mad.

For. You speak with singular good judgment, Mr. Scandal, truly.—I am inclining to your Turkish opinion in this matter, and do reverence a man whom the vulgar think mad. Let us go to him.

Mrs. F. Sister, do you go with them; I'll find out my lover, and give him his discharge, and come to you.—*[Exit Scandal, Mr. and Mrs. Foresight.]* On my conscience, here he comes!

Enter Ben.

Ben. All mad, I think.—Fleth, I believe all the *Calentures* of the sea are come ashore, for my part.

Mrs. F. Mr. Benjamin in choler!

Ben. No, I'm pleased well enough, now I have found you.—Mefs, I have had such a hurricane on your account yonder!

Mrs. F. My account?—Pray, what's the matter?

Ben. Why, father came, and found me squabbling with yon chitty-faced thing, as he would have me marry—so he asked what was the matter.—He asked in a furlly sort of a way.—It seems brother Val ~~is~~ gone mad, and so that put'n into a passion; but what did I know that? what's that to me?—So he asked in a furlly sort of manner—and, God, I answered 'en as furlily. What thof he be my father,

father, I an't bound prentice to 'en: so, faith I told'n in plain terms, if I were minded to marry, I'd marry to please myself, not him; and for the young woman that he provided for me, I thought it more fitting for her to learn her sampler, and make dirt-pies than to look after a husband; for my part, I was none of her man—I had another voyage to make, let him take it as he will.

Mrs. F. So then, you intend to go to sea again?

Ben. Nay, nay, my mind run upon you—but I would not tell him so much.—So he said, he'd make my heart ache; and if so be that he could get a woman to his mind, he'd marry-himself. Gad, says I, an you play the fool and marry at these years, there's more danger of your head's aching than my heart!—He was woundy angry when I giv'n that wipe—he had'nt a word to say; and so I left'n, and the green girl together; mayhap the bee may bite, and he'll marry her himself—with all my heart!

Mrs. F. And were you this undutiful and graceless wretch to your father?

Ben. Then why was he graceless first?—If I am undutiful and graceless, why did he beget me so? I did not beget myself.

Mrs. F. O impiety! how have I been mistaken! What an inhuman mercilefs creature have I set my heart upon! O, I am happy to have discovered the shelves and quicksands that lurk beneath that faithless smiling face!

Ben. Hey-toss! what's the matter now? why you ben't angry, be you?

Mr. F. O see me no more — for thou wert born among rocks, suckled by whales, cradled in a tempest, and whistled to by winds; and thou art come forth with fins and scales, and three rows of teeth, a most outrageous fish of prey.

Ben. O Lord, O Lord, she's mad, poor young woman! Love has turned her senses; her brain is quite overset.—Well-a-day! how shall I do to set her to rights?

Mrs. F. No, no, I am not mad, monster; I am wise enough to find you out.—Hadst thou the impudence to aspire at being a husband, with that stubborn and disobedient temper?—You, that know not how to submit to a father, presume to have a sufficient stock of duty to undergo

undergo a wife? I should have been finely fobbed indeed, very finely fobbed!

Ben. Harkce, forsooth; if so be that you are in your right senses, d'ye see, for aught as I perceive I'm like to be finely fobbed—if I have got anger here upon your account, and you are tacked about already!—What d'ye mean, after all your fair speeches, and stroaking my cheeks, and kissing and hugging, what would you sheer off so? would you, and leave me aground?

Mrs. F. No, I'll leave you adrift, and go which way you will.

Ben. What, are you false-hearted then?

Mrs. F. Only the wind's changed.

Ben. More shame for you!—The wind's changed? It is an ill wind blows nobody good.—Mayhap I have a good riddance on you, if these be your tricks.—What did you mean all this while to make a fool of me?

Mrs. F. Any fool, but a husband.

Ben. Husband! Gad, I would not be your husband, if you would have me, now I know your mind; thof you had your weight in gold and jewels, and thof I loved you never so well.

Mrs. F. Why canst thou love, Porpus?

Ben. No matter what I can do; don't call names.—I don't love you so well as to bear that, whatever I did.—I'm glad you threw yourself, mistress:—let them marry you as don't know you.—Gad, I know you too well, by sad experience; I believe he that marries you will go to sea in a hen-pecked frigate—I believe that, young woman! and mayhap may come to an anchor at *Cuckold's Point*; so there's a dash for you, take it as you will; mayhap you may hollow after me when I won't come to. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. F. Ha, ha, ha! no doubt on't. [*Sings.*] 'My true love is gone to sea' [*Enter Mrs. Forelight*] O sister, had you come a minute sooner, you would have seen the resolution of a lover.—Honest Tar and I are parted;—and with the same indifference that we met.—'On my life, I am half vexed at the insensibility of a brute I despised.'

Mrs. For. What then, he bore it most heroically?

Mrs. F. Most tyrannically—'for you see he has got
the

‘the start of me; and I the poor forsaken maid am left complaining on the shore.’ But I’ll tell you a hint that he has given me. Sir Sampson is enraged, and talks desperately of committing matrimony himself.—If he has a mind to throw himself away, he can’t do it more effectually than upon me, if we could bring it about.

Mrs. For. O hang him, old fox! he’s too cunning; besides, he hates both you and me.—But I have a project in my head for you, and I have gone a good way towards it. I have almost made a bargain with Jeremy, Valentine’s man, to sell his master to us.

Mrs. F. Sell him? how?

Mrs. For. Valentine raves upon Angelica, and took me for her; and Jeremy says will take any body for her that he imposes on him.—Now I have promised him mountains, if in one of his mad fits he will bring you to him in her stead, and get you married together, and put to bed together—and after consummation, girl, there’s no revoking. And if he should recover his senses, he’ll be glad at least to make you a good settlement.—Here they come; stand aside a little, and tell me how you like the design.

Enter Valentine, Scandal, Foresight, and Jeremy.

Scand. And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him? [*To Jeremy.*

Jer. Yes, sir; he says he’ll favour it, and mistake her for Angelica.

Scand. It may make us sport.

For. Mercy on us!

Val. Hush!—interrupt me not—I’ll whisper prediction to thee, and thou shalt prophesy.—I am Honesty, and can teach thy tongue a new trick.—I have told thee what’s past—Now I’ll tell what’s to come!—Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow?—Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive through craft and fools through fortune; and Honesty will go as it did, frost-nipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

Scand. Ask him, Mr. Foresight.

For. Pray what will be done at court?

Val. Scandal will tell you—I am Honesty; I never come there.

For.

For. In the city?

Val. Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches, at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters, as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh! things will go methodically in the city. The clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horned herd buzz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades; and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee-houses will be full of smoke and stragem. And the cropt prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may ten to one dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks.—But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

For. I am married.

Val. Poor creature! Is your wife of Covent-garden parish?

For. No; St. Martin in the Fields.

Val. Alas; poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shrivelled; his legs dwindled, and his back bowed. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis.—Change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle, and be boiled anew; come forth with labouring, callous hands, a chine of steel and *Atlas's* shoulders. Let *Taliacotius* trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon; and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! that a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet! ha, ha, ha!

For. His frenzy is very high now, Mr. Scandal.

Scand. I believe it is a spring tide.

For. Very likely truly; you understand these matters.—Mr. Scandal, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things which he has uttered.—His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

Val. Oh, why would Angelica be absent from my eyes so long?

Fer. She's here, sir.

Mrs. For. Now, sister.

Mrs.

Mrs. F. O Lord, what must I say?

Scand. Humour him, madam, by all means.

Val. Where is she? Oh, I see her!—She comes like riches, health, and liberty, at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch.—O' welcome, welcome!

Mrs. F. How d'ye, sir? can I serve you?

Val. Harkee—I have a secret to tell you—Endymion and the moon shall meet us upon Mount Latmos, and we'll be married in the dead of night.—But say not a word.—Hymen shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy water, that he may fold his egling tail, and Argus's hundred eyes be shut, ha? Nobody shall know but Jeremy.

Mrs. F. No, no, we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

Val. The sooner the better—Jeremy, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us.—Jeremy, I can tell you news. Angelica is turned nun; and I am turned friar: and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope.—Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part—for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project; and we won't see one another's faces, till we have done something to be ashamed of—and then we'll blush once for all.

Enter Tattle and Angelica.

Jer. I'll take care, and—

Val. Whisper.

Ang. Nay, Mr. Tattle, if you make love to me, you spoil my design; for I intend to make you my confident.

Scand. How's this! Tattle making love to Angelica!

Tatt. But, madam, to throw away your person, such a person! and such a fortune, on a madman!

Ang. I never loved him till he was mad; but don't tell any body so.

Tatt. Tell, madam? alas, you don't know me.—I have much ado to tell your ladyship how long I have been in love with you—but, encouraged by the impossibility of Valentine's making any more addresses to you, I have ventured to declare the very inmost passion of my heart. Oh, madam, look upon us both. There you see the ruins of a poor decayed creature!—Here, a complete lively figure,

with youth and health, and all his five senses in perfection, madam; and to all this, the most passionate lover—

Ang. O, fie for shame, hold your tongue. A passionate lover, and five senses in perfection! When you are as mad as Valentine, I'll believe you love me; and the maddest shall take me.

Val. It is enough. Ha! who's there?

Mrs. F. O Lord, her coming will spoil all. [*to Jeremy.*]

Jer. No, no, madam; he won't know her; if he should, I can persuade him.

Val. Scandal, who are these? Foreigners? If they are, I'll tell you what I think.—Get away all the company but Angelica, that I may discover my design to her. [*Whispers.*]

Scand. I will—I have discovered something of Tattle, that is of a piece with Mrs. Frail. He courts Angelica; if we could contrive to couple them together—

Hark'ce—

[*Whispers.*]

Mrs. For. He won't know you, cousin; he knows nobody.

For. But he knows more than any body.—Oh, niece, he knows things past and to come, and all the profound secrets of time.

Tatt. Look you, Mr. Foresight; it is not my way to make many words of matters, and so I shan't say much. But in short, d'ye see, I will hold you a hundred pounds now, that I know more secrets than he.

For. How? I cannot read that knowledge in your face, Mr. Tattle.—Pray, what do you know?

Tatt. Why, d'ye think I'll tell you, sir?—Read it in my face! No, sir, it is written in my heart; and safer there, sir, than letters written in juice of lemon, for no fire can fetch it out. I am no blab, sir.

Val. Acquaint Jeremy with it; he may easily bring it about.—They are welcome, and I'll tell them so myself. [*To Scandal.*] What, do you look strange upon me?—Then I must be plain. [*Coming up to them.*] I am Honestly, and hate an old acquaintance with a new face.

[*Scandal goes aside with Jeremy.*]

Tatt. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. You? Who are you? I hope not.

Tatt. I am Jack Tattle, your friend.

Val.

Val. My friend! what to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lie with my wife. I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then what employment have I for a friend?

Tatt. Ha! a good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

Ang. Do you know me, Valentine?

Val. Oh, very well.

Ang. Who am I?

Val. You're a woman—one to whom Heaven gave beauty, when it grafted roses on a briar. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white, a sheet of lovely spotless paper, when you were first born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long, that I found out a strange thing; I found out what a woman was good for.

Tatt. Ay, pr'ythee, what's that?

Val. Why, to keep a secret.

Tatt. O Lord!

Val. O, exceeding good to keep a secret: for though she should tell, yet she is not believed.

Tatt. Ha! good again, faith.

Val. I would have music.—Sing me the song that I like——

' S O N G .

I.

' *I Tell thee, Charmion, could I time retrieve,
And could again begin to love and live,
To you I should my earliest offering give;
I know my eyes would lead my heart to you,
And I should all my vows and oaths renew;
But, to be plain, I never would be true.*

II.

' *For, by our weak and weary truth, I find,
Love hates to center in a point assign'd;
But runs with joy the circle of the mind;
Then never let us chain what should be free,
But for relief of either sex agree:
Since women love to change, and so do we.*

' No more; for I am melancholy.' [Walls musing.
Jer.

Jer. [*Jeremy and Scandal whisper.*] I'll do't, sir.

Scand. Mr. Foresight, we had best leave him. He may grow outrageous, and do mischief.

For. I will be directed by you.

Jer. [*to Mrs. Frail.*] You'll meet, madam. — I'll take care every thing shall be ready.

Mrs. F. Thou shalt do what thou wilt; in short, I will deny thee nothing.

Tatt. Madam, shall I wait upon you? [*To Angelica.*

Ang. No, I'll stay with him. — Mr. Scandal will protect me. Aunt, Mr. Tattle desires you would give him leave to wait upon you.

Tatt. Pox on't, there's no coming off, now she has said that—Madam, will you do me the honour?

Mrs. For. Mr. Tattle might have used less ceremony!

[*Exit Mrs. Frail, Mr. and Mrs. Foresight and Tattle.*
Scand. Jeremy, follow Tattle. [*Exit Jeremy.*

Ang. Mr. Scandal, I only stay till my maid comes, and because I had a mind to be rid of Mr. Tattle.

Scand. Madam, I am very glad that I overheard a better reason which you gave to Mr. Tattle; for his impertinence forced you to acknowledge a kindness for Valentine, which you denied to all his sufferings and my solicitations. So I'll leave him to make use of the discovery; and your ladyship to the free confession of your inclinations.

Ang. Oh Heavens! you won't leave me alone with a madman?

Scand. No, madam; I only leave a madman to his remedy. [*Exit.*

Val. Madam, you need not be very much afraid, for I fancy I begin to come to myself.

Ang. Ay, but if I don't fit you, I'll be hang'd! [*Aside.*

Val. You see what disguises love makes us put on. Gods have been in counterfeited shapes for the same reason; and the divine part of me, my mind, has worn this masque of madness, and this motley livery, only as the slave of love, and menial creature of your beauty.

Ang. Mercy on me, how he talks! — Poor Valentine!

Val. Nay, faith, now let us understand one another, hypocrisy apart. — The comedy draws towards an end; and let us think of leaving acting, and be ourselves; and,
since

since you have loved me, you must own, I have at length deserved you should confess it.

Ang. [*sighs.*] I would I had loved you !—for, Heaven knows, I pity you ; and, could I have foreseen the bad effects, I would have striven ; but that's too late !

Val. What sad effects ? what's too late ?—My seeming madness has deceived my father, and procured me time to think of means to reconcile me to him, and preserve the right of my inheritance to his estate ; which otherwise, by articles, I must this morning have resigned.—And this I had informed you of to-day, but you were gone before I knew you had been here.

Ang. How ! I thought your love of me had caused this transport in your soul ; which, it seems you only counterfeited for mercenary ends and sordid interest.

Val. Nay, now you do me wrong ; for, if any interest was considered, it was yours ; since I thought I wanted more than love, to make me worthy of you.

Ang. Then you thought me mercenary—But how am I deluded, by this interval of sense, to reason with a madman ?

Val. Oh, 'tis barbarous to misunderstand me longer.

Enter Jeremy.

Ang. Oh, here's a reasonable creature—sure he will not have the impudence to persevere !—Come, Jeremy, acknowledge your trick, and confess your master's madness counterfeit.

Fer. Counterfeit, madam ! I'll maintain him to be as absolutely and substantially mad, as any freeholder in Bedlam. Nay, he's as mad as any projector, fanatic, chemist, lover, or poet, in Europe.

Val. Sirrah, you lie ; I am not mad.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha ! you see he denies it.

Fer. O Lord, madam, did you ever know any madman mad enough to own it ?

Val. Sot, can't you apprehend ?

Ang. Why, he talked very sensibly just now.

Fer. Yes, madam ; he has intervals : but you see he begins to look wild again now.

Val. Why you thick-skulled rascal, I tell you the farce is done, and I'll be mad no longer.

[*Beats him.*]

Ang.

Ang. Ha, ha, ha! is he mad or no, Jeremy?

Jer. Partly, I think—for he does not know his own mind two hours.—I'm sure I left him just now in the humour to be mad: and I think I have not found him very quiet at the present. [*One knocks.*] Who's there?

Pal. Go for, you sot. I'm very glad that I can move your mirth, though not your compassion.

Ang. I did not think you had apprehension enough to be suspicious; but madmen show themselves most by over-pretending to a sound understanding, as drunken men do by over-acting sobriety. I was half inclining to believe you, till I accidentally touched upon your tender part. But now you have restored me to my former opinion and compassion.

Jer. Sir, your father has sent, to know if you are any better yet.—Will you please to be mad, sir, or how?

Pal. Stupidity! you know the penalty of all I'm worth must pay for the confession of my senses. I'm mad, and will be mad, to every body but this lady.

Jer. So;—just the very back-side of truth.—But lying is a figure in speech, that interlards the greatest part of my conversation.—Madam, your ladyship's woman.

Enter Jenny.

Ang. Well, have you been there?—Come hither.

Jenny. Yes, madam; Sir Sampson will wait upon you presently. [*Aside to Angelica.*

Pal. You are not leaving me in this uncertainty?

Ang. We do say nothing but a madman complain of uncertainty: if certainty and expectation are the joys of life.—Society is an insipid thing; and the overtaking and pursuing of it, discovers the folly of the chase. Never let us know one another better; for the pleasure of a meeting is in doing, when we come to shew our faces.—But I tell you two things before I leave you; I am not the man to take me for; and you are mad, and do not know. [*Exeunt Angelica and Jenny.*

Pal. I am a little you can expect nothing but a ridicule. That's my profession, and the moral of my lesson.

Jer. What, is he not come again, sir? I hope you understood our mistress where she went?

Pal.

Val. Understood! she is harder to be understood than a piece of Egyptian antiquity, or an Irish manuscript; you may pore till you spoil your eyes, and not improve your knowledge.

Jer. I have heard them say, sir, they read hard Hebrew books backwards. May be you begin to read at the wrong end!

Val. They say so of a witch's prayer; and dreams and Dutch almanacks are to be understood by contraries. 'But there is regularity and method in that; she is a medal without a reverse or inscription, for indifference has both sides alike.' Yet while she does not seem to hate me, I will pursue her, and know her if it be possible, in spite of the opinion of my satirical friend, who says,

*That women are like tricks by flight of hand;
Which, to admire, we should not understand.*

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

A Room in Foresight's House.

Enter Angelica and Jenny.

Ang. **W**HERE is Sir Sampson? did you not tell me he would be here before me?

Jenny. He's at the great glass in the dining-room, madam, setting his cravat and wig.

Ang. How! I'm glad on't.—If he has a mind I should like him, it's a sign he likes me; and that's more than half my design.

Jenny. I hear him, madam.

Ang. Leave me; and, d'ye hear, if Valentine should come, or send, I am not to be spoken with.

[*Exit Jenny.*]

Enter Sir Sampson.

Sir S. I have not been honoured with the commands of a fair lady a great while.—Odd, madam, you have revived me—not since I was five and thirty.

Ang. Why, you have no great reason to complain, Sir Sampson; that is not long ago.

Sir S. Zooks, but it is, madam, a very great while to a man that admires a fine woman as much as I do.

Ang. You're an absolute courtier, Sir Sampson.

Sir S. Not at all, madam. Odsbud, you wrong me: I am not so old neither, to be a bare courtier, only a man of words. Odd, I have warm blood about me yet, and can serve a lady any way.—Come, come, let me tell you, you women think a man old too soon, faith and troth you do. Come, don't despise fifty; odd, fifty, in a hale constitution, is no such contemptible age!

Ang. Fifty a contemptible age! not at all: a very fashionable age, I think—I assure you, I know very considerable beaux, that set a good face upon fifty.—Fifty! I have seen fifty in a side-box, by candle-light, out-blossom five-and-twenty.

Sir S. Outsides, outsides; a pize take them, mere outsides. Hang your side-box beaux; no, I'm none of those, none of your forced trees, that pretend to blossom in the fall; and bud when they should bring forth fruit. I am of a long-lived race, and inherit vigour. None of my ancestors married till fifty; yet they begot sons and daughters till fourscore. I am of your patriarchs, I, a branch of one of your Antediluvian families, fellows that the flood could not wash away. Well, madam, what are your commands? Has any young rogue affronted you, and shall I cut his throat? or——

Ang. No, Sir Sampson, I have no quarrel upon my hands—I have more occasion for your conduct than your courage at this time. To tell you the truth, I'm weary of living single, and want a husband.

Sir S. Odsbud, and it is pity you should!——Odd, would she would like me! then I should hamper my young rogues: odd, would she would; faith and troth, she's devilish handsome! [*Aside.*]——Madam, you deserve a good husband! and 'twere pity you should be thrown away upon any of these young idle rogues about the town. Odd, there's ne'er a young fellow worth hanging—that is, a *very* young fellow——Pize on them, they never think beforehand of any thing—and if they commit matrimony, 'tis as they commit murder; out of a frolic; and are ready to hang themselves, or to be hanged by the law the next morning.—Odsso, have a care, madam.

Ang. Therefore I ask your advice, Sir Sampson. I have: fortune

fortune enough to make any man easy that I can like; if there were such a thing as a young agreeable man, with a reasonable stock of good-nature and sense—for I would neither have an absolute wit, nor a fool.

Sir S. Odd, you are hard to please, madam: to find a young fellow that is neither a wit in his own eye, nor a fool in the eye of the world, is a very hard task. But, faith and troth, you speak very discreetly; 'for I hate both a wit and a fool.

'*Ang.* She that marries a fool, Sir Sampson, forfeits the reputation of her honesty or understanding; and she that marries a very witty man, is a slave to the severity and insolent conduct of her husband. I should like a man of wit for a lover, because I would have such an one in my power: but I would no more be his wife, than his enemy; for his malice is not a more terrible consequence of his aversion, than his jealousy is of his love.

'Sir S. None of old Foresight's Sibyls ever uttered such a truth. Odsbud, you have won my heart.' I hate a wit; I had a son that was spoilt among them; a good hopeful lad, till he learnt to be a wit—and might have risen in the state.—But, a pox on't, his wit ran him out of his money, and now his poverty has run him out of his wits.

Ang. Sir Sampson, as your friend, I must tell you, you are very much abused in that matter—he's no more mad than you are.

Sir S. How, madam! would I could prove it!

Ang. I can tell you how that may be done—but it is a thing that would make me appear to be too much concerned in your affairs.

Sir S. Odsbud, I believe she likes me! [*Aside.*]—Ah, madam, all my affairs are scarce worthy to be laid at your feet; and I wish, madam, they were in a better posture, that I might make a more becoming offer to a lady of your incomparable beauty and merit.—If I had Peru in one hand, and Mexico in t'other, and the Eastern empire under my feet; it would make me only a more glorious victim, to be offered at the shrine of your beauty.

Ang. Bless me, Sir Sampson, what's the matter?

Sir S. Odd, madam, I love you—and if you would take my place in a husband—

Val. Hold, hold, Sir Sampson, I asked your advice for a husband, and you are giving me your content.—I was indeed thinking to propose something like it in jest, to satisfy you about Valentine: for if a match were formally concluded between you and me, it would oblige him to the exercise of madness, in apprehension of losing me: for, you know, he has long pretended a passion for me.

Sir S. Odzooka, a most ingenious contrivance—if we were to go through, without! But why must the match only be *pretended*, and not done?—Odd, let it be a real contract.

Val. Odd, Sir Sampson, what would the world say?
Sir S. Say? They would say you were a wise woman, and I a good man.—Odd, madam, I'll love you as long as I live; and leave you a good jointure when I die.

Val. Ay; but that is not in your power, Sir Sampson, for when Valentine confesses himself in his senses, he must make over his inheritance to his younger brother.

Sir S. Odd, you're cunning, a wary baggage. Faith and troth, I like you the better.—But, I want you, I have a promise in the obligation in favour of myself.—Body o' me, I have a trick to turn the settlement upon the ill-nature of our two bodies begotten.—Odzooka, let us find children, and I'll find an estate!

Ang. Will you?—Will, do you find the estate, and leave the other to me!

Sir S. O rogue! but I'll trust you. And will you consent? Is it a match then?

Ang. Let me consult my lawyer concerning this obligation; and if I find what you propose practicable, I'll give you my answer.

Sir S. With all my heart. Come in with me, and I'll lend you the hand.—You shall consult your lawyer, and I'll consult a parson.—Odzooka, I'm a young man; Odzooka, I'm a young man, and I'll make it appear.—Odd, you're devilish handsome. Faith and troth, you're very handsome; and I'm very young, and very jolly.—Odzooka, hully, you know how to choose! and to do so.—Odd, I think we are very well met.—Give me
your

your hand ; odd, let me kiss it ; 'tis as warm and as soft—as what ?—odd, as t'other hand !—Give me t'other hand ; and I'll mumble them, and kiss them, till they melt in my mouth.

Ang. Hold, Sir Sampson—You're profuse of your vigour before your time. You'll spend your estate before you come to it.

Sir S. No, no, only give you a rent-roll of my possessions—Ah ! baggage !—I warrant you for little Sampson. Odd, Sampson is a very good name for an able fellow. Your Sampsons were strong dogs from the beginning.

Ang. Have a care, and don't over-act your part.—If you remember, Sampson, the strongest of the name, pulled an old house over his head at last.

Sir S. Say you so, huffy ?—Come, let's go then ; odd, I long to be pulling too. Come away—Odso, here's somebody coming.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Tattle and Jeremy.

Tatt. Is not that she, gone out just now ?

Jer. Ay, sir, she's just going to the place of appointment. Ah, sir, if you are not very faithful and close in this business, you'll certainly be the death of a person that has a most extraordinary passion for your honour's service.

Tatt. Ay, who's that ?

Jer. Even my unworthy self, sir.—Sir, I have had an appetite to be fed with your commands a great while—And now, sir, my former master having much troubled the fountain of his understanding, it is a very plausible occasion for me to quench my thirst at the spring of your bounty.—I thought I could not recommend myself better to you, sir, than by the delivery of a great beauty and fortune into your arms, whom I have heard you sigh for.

Tatt. I'll make thy fortune ; say no more.—Thou art a pretty fellow, and canst carry a message to a lady, in a pretty soft kind of phrase, and with a good persuading accent.

Jer. Sir, I have the seeds of rhetoric and oratory in my head—I have been at Cambridge.

Tatt. Ay ; 'tis well enough for a servant to be bred at an university ; but the education is a little too pedantic

for a gentleman. I hope you are secret in your nature, private, close, ha?

Jer. O sir, for that, sir, 'tis my chief talent; I'm as secret as the head of Nilus.

Tatt. Ay? who's he, though? A privy-counsellor?

Jer. O ignorance! [*Aside.*]—A cunning Egyptian, sir, that with his arms could over-run the country, yet nobody could ever find out his head quarters.

Tatt. Close dog! a good whoremaster, I warrant him!—The time draws nigh, Jeremy, Angelica will be veiled like a nun; and I must be hooded like a friar; ha, Jeremy?

Jer. Ay, sir, hooded like a hawk, to seize at first sight upon the quarry. It is the whim of my master's madness to be so dressed; and she is so in love with him, she'll comply with any thing to please him. Poor lady! I'm sure she'll have reason to pray for me, when she finds what a happy change she has made, between a madman and so accomplished a gentleman.

Tatt. Ay, faith, so she will, Jeremy: You're a good friend to her, poor creature!—I swear I do it hardly so much in consideration of myself, as compassion to her.

Jer. 'Tis an act of charity, sir, to save a fine woman with thirty thousand pounds from throwing herself away.

Tatt. So 'tis, faith!—I might have saved several others in my time; but egad I could never find in my heart to marry any body before.

Jer. Well, sir, I'll go and tell her my master's coming; and meet you in half a quarter of an hour, with your disguise, at your own lodgings. You must talk a little madly;—she won't distinguish the tone of your voice.

Tatt. No, no, let me alone for a counterfeiter.—I'll be ready for you. [*Exit Jeremy.*]

Enter Miss Prue.

Miss P. O, Mr. Tattle, are you here? I'm glad I have found you. I have been looking up and down for you like any thing, till I'm as tired as any thing in the world.

Tatt. O pox! how shall I get rid of this foolish girl?

[*Aside.*]

Miss P. O, I have pure news, I can tell you pure news—

news—I must not marry the seaman now—My father says so. Why won't you be my husband? You say you love me! and you won't be my husband. And I know you may be my husband now, if you please.

Tatt. O fie, miss! who told you so, child?

Miss P. Why, my father—I told him that you loved me.

Tatt. O fie, miss! why did you do so? and who told you so, child?

Miss P. Who? Why you did; did not you?

Tatt. O pox, that was yesterday, miss; that was a great while ago, child. I have been asleep since; slept a whole night, and did not so much as dream of the matter.

Miss P. Pshaw! O but I dreamt that it was so though.

Tatt. Ay, but your father will tell you that dreams come by contraries, child. O fie! what, we must not love one another now.—Pshaw, that would be a foolish thing indeed!—Fie, fie! you're a woman now, and must think of a new man every morning, and forget him every night.—No, no, to marry is to be a child again, and play with the same rattle always: O fie, marrying is a paw thing!

Miss P. Well, but don't you love me as well as you did last night then?

Tatt. No, no, child, you would not have me.

Miss P. No? Yes but I would though.

Tatt. Pshaw, but I tell you, you would not.—You forget you are a woman, and don't know your own mind.

Miss P. But here's my father, and he knows my mind.

Enter Foresight.

For. O, Mr. Tattle, your servant, you are a close man; but methinks your love to my daughter was a secret I might have been trusted with!—or had you a mind to try if I could discover it by my art?—Hum, ha! I think there is something in your physiognomy, that has a resemblance of her; and the girl is like me.

Tatt. And so you would infer, that you and I are alike—What does the old prig mean? I'll banter him, and laugh at him, and leave him. [*Aside.*]—I fancy you have a wrong notion of faces.

For. How? what? a wrong notion! how so?

Tatt. In the way of art, I have some taking features, not obvious to vulgar eyes, that are indication of a sudden

9. LOVE FOR LOVE.

none of good fortune, is the lottery of wives; and persons of great beauty and great fortune, so called alone for me, by a private image of destiny, keep forever from the power of good fortune, from all admirers, and the share themselves.

For. How? I will make it appear, that what you say is impossible.

Tam. Sir, I beg your pardon, I am mistaken—

For. For what?

Tam. To be married, sir—married.

For. Ay, but pray take me along with you, sir.

Tam. No, sir; it is to be done privately—I never make confidants.

For. Well; but my consent, I mean.—You won't marry my daughter without my consent?

Tam. What, Sir? I am an absolute stranger to you and your daughter, sir.

For. Hey day! What time of the noon is this?

Tam. Very true, sir; and desire to continue so. I have no more love for your daughter, than I have likeness of you, and I have a secret in my heart, which you would be glad to know, and I shan't know; and yet you shall know it too, and be sorry for it afterwards. I'd have you know, sir, that I am acknowledging at the place, and ascertaining the night. And I'm going to be married just now, yet did not know of it half an hour ago; and the lady flays for me, and does not know of it yet.—There's a mystery for you.—I know you love to untie difficulties. Or if you can't solve this; stay here a quarter of an hour, and I'll come and explain it to you. [Exit.

Mrs P. O father, why will you let him go? Won't you make him to be my husband?

For. Mercy on us, what do these lunacies portend? Alas! he's mad, churl, stark wild.

Mrs P. What, and must not I have e'er a husband then? What, must I go to bed to nurse again, and be a child as long as she's an old woman? Indeed, but I won't. For, now my mind is set upon a man, I will have a man home way or other. * Oh! methinks I'm
* look when I think of a man; and if I can't have one, I
* would go to sleep all my life; for when I'm awake, it
* makes

' makes me wish and long; and I don't know for what
' —and I'd rather be always asleep, than sick with
' thinking.'

For. O fearful ! I think the girl's influenced too.—
Huffy, you shall have a rod.

Miss P. A fiddle of a rod ! I'll have a husband ; and
if you won't get me one, I'll get one for myself. I'll
marry our Robin the butler : he says he loves me ; and
he's a handsome man, and shall be my husband : I war-
rant he'll be my husband, and thank me too ; for he told
me so.

Enter Scandal, Mrs. Foresight, and Nurse.

For. Did he so ?—I'll dispatch him for it presently !
Rogue !—Oh, Nurse, come hither.

Nurse. What is your worship's pleasure ?

For. Here take your young mistress, and lock her up
presently, till farther orders from me.—Not a word,
huffy—Do what I bid you. No reply : away. And bid
Robin make ready to give an account of his plate and
linen, d'ye hear ? Be gone, when I bid you.

[Exit Nurse and Miss Prue.]

Mrs. For. What's the matter, husband ?

For. 'Tis not convenient to tell you now——*Mr.*
Scandal, Heaven keep us all in our senses !—I fear there
is a contagious frenzy abroad. How does Valentine ?

Scand. O, I hope he will do well again.—I have a
message from him to your niece Angelica.

For. I think she has not returned since she went abroad
with Sir Sampson. Nurse, why are you not gone ? *[En-
ter Ben.]* Here's Mr. Benjamin ; he can tell us if his
father be come home.

Ben. Who ? Father ? Ay, he's come home with a
vengeance.

Mrs. For. Why, what's the matter ?

Ben. Matter ! Why, he's mad.

For. Mercy on us ! I was afraid of this.

Ben. And there's a handsome young woman, she, as
they say brother Val. went mad for, she's mad too, I
think.

For. O my poor niece ! my poor niece ! is she gone
too ? Well, I shall run mad next.

Mrs.

Bird. Sir, it is drawn according to your directions; there's not the least cranny of the law undispatched.

For. Lawyer, I believe there's many a cranny and leak undischarged in your conscience!—If to be that one had a pump to your bottom, I believe we should discover a foul hold. They say a witch will tail in a sieve—but I believe the devil would not venture aboard your conscience. And that's for you.

Sir S. Hold your tongue, sirrah.—How now? who's there?

Enter Tattle, and Mrs. Frail.

Mrs. F. O, sister, the most unlucky accident!

Mrs. For. What's the matter?

Tatt. O the two most unfortunate poor creatures in the world we are!

For. Bless us! how so?

Mrs. F. Ah, Mr. Tattle and I, poor Mr. Tattle and I are—I can't speak it out.

Tatt. Nor I——But poor Mrs. Frail and I are——

Mrs. F. Married.

For. Married! How?

Tatt. Suddenly——before we knew where we were——that villain Jeremy, by the help of disguises, trick'd us into one another.

For. Why, you told me just now, you went hence in haste to be married!

Ang. But, I believe Mr. Tattle meant the favour to me, I thank him.

Tatt. I did, as I hope to be saved, madam; my intentions were good.——But this is the most cruel thing, to marry one does not know how, nor why, nor wherefore.—The devil take me, if ever I was so much concerned at any thing in my life.

Ang. 'Tis very unhappy, if you don't care for one another.

Tatt. The least in the world——that is, for my part, I speak for myself. Gad, I never had the least thought of serious kindness—I never liked any body less in my life. Poor woman! Gad, I'm sorry for her too; for I have no reason to hate her neither; but I believe I shall lead her a damned sort of a life.

Mrs. For. He's better than no husband at all—though he's a coxcomb.

[To Frail]

Mrs. F. [*to her*] Ay, ay, it's well it's no worse.—Nay, for my part, I always despised Mr. Tattle of all things; nothing but his being my husband could have made me like him less.

Tatt. Look you there, I thought as much!—Pox on't, I wish we could keep it secret; why I don't believe any of this company would speak of it.

Ben. If you suspect me, friend, I'll go out of the room.

Mrs. F. But, my dear, that's impossible; the parson and that rogue Jeremy will publish it.

Tatt. Ay, my dear, so they will, as you say.

Ang. O you'll agree very well in a little time; custom will make it easy for you.

Tatt. Easy! Pox on't, I don't believe I shall sleep to-night.

Sir S. Sleep, quotha! No, why, you would not sleep on your wedding night? I'm an older fellow than you, and don't mean to sleep.

Ben. Why, there's another match now, as thof a couple of privateers were looking for a prize, and should fall foul of one another. I'm sorry for the young man with all my heart. Look you, friend, if I may advise you, when she's going—for that you must expect, I have experience of her—when she's going, let her go. For no matrimony is tough enough to hold her; and if she can't drag her anchor along with her, she'll break her cable, I can tell you that.—Who's here? the madman?

Enter Valentine, Scandal, and Jeremy.

Val. No; here's the fool; and, if occasion be, I'll give it under my hand.

Sir S. How now?

Val. Sir, I'm come to acknowledge my errors, and ask your pardon.

Sir S. What, have you found your senses at last then? In good time, sir.

Val. You were abused, sir; I never was distracted.

For. How? not mad! Mr. Scandal?

Scand. No, really, sir; I'm his witness, it was all counterfeit.

Val. I thought I had reasons—but it was a poor contrivance: the effect has shewn it such.

Sir

Sir S. Contrivance ! what to cheat me ? to cheat your father ! Sirrah, could you hope to prosper ?

Fal. Indeed, I thought, sir, when the father endeavoured to undo the son, it was a reasonable return of nature.

Sir S. Very good, sir.—Mr. Buckram, are you ready ?—Come, sir, will you sign and seal ?

Fal. If you please, sir ; but first I would ask this lady one question.

Sir S. Sir, you must ask me leave first.—That lady ! No, sir ; you shall ask that lady no questions, till you have asked her blessing, sir ; that lady is to be my wife.

Fal. I have heard as much, sir ; but I would have it from her own mouth.

Sir S. That's as much as to say, I lie, sir ; and you don't believe what I say.

Fal. Pardon me, sir. But I reflect that I very lately counterfeited madness : I don't know but the frolic may go round.

Sir S. Come, chuck, satisfy him, answer him.—Come, Mr. Buckram, the pen and ink.

Buck. Here it is, sir, with the deed ; all is ready.

[Val. goes to Ang.

Ang. 'Tis true, you have a great while pretended love to me ; nay, what if you were sincere ? Still you must pardon me, if I think my own inclinations have a better right to dispose of my person, than yours.

Sir S. Are you answered now, sir ?

Fal. Yes, sir.

Sir S. Where's your plot, sir ? and your contrivance now, sir ? Will you sign, sir ? Come, will you sign and seal ?

Fal. With all my heart, sir.

Scand. 'Sdeath, you are not mad indeed ? to ruin yourself ?

Fal. I have been disappointed of my only hope ; and he that loses hope may part with any thing. I never valued fortune, but as it was subservient to my pleasure ; and my only pleasure was to please this lady : I have made many vain attempts ; and find at last that nothing
but

but my ruin can effect it; which, for that reason, I will sign to.—Give me the paper.

Ang. Generous Valentine! [*Aside.*

Buck. Here is the deed, sir.

Val. But where is the bond, by which I am obliged to sign this?

Buck. Sir Sampson, you have it.

Ang. No, I have it; and I'll use it, as I would every thing that is an enemy to Valentine. [*Tears the paper.*

Sir S. How now?

Val. Ha!

Ang. Had I the world to give you, it could not make me worthy of so generous and faithful a passion. Here's my hand; my heart was always yours, and struggled very hard to make this utmost trial of your virtue.

[*To Val.*

Val. Between pleasure and amazement, I am lost—but on my knees I take the blessing.

Sir S. Oons, what is the meaning of this?

Ben. Mefs, here's the wind changed again. Father, you and I may make a voyage together now!

Ang. Well, Sir Sampson, since I have played you a trick, I'll advise you how you may avoid such another. Learn to be a good father, or you'll never get a second wife. I always loved your son, and hated your unforgiving nature. I was resolved to try him to the utmost; I have tried you too, and know you both. You have not more faults than he has virtues; and it is hardly more pleasure to me, that I can make him and myself happy, than that I can punish you.

Val. If my happiness could receive addition, this kind surprise would make it double.

Sir S. Oons, you're a crocodile!

For. Really, Sir Sampson, this is a sudden eclipse.

Sir S. You're an illiterate old fool; and I'm another.

Tatt. If the gentleman is in disorder for want of a wife, I can spare him mine.—Oh, are you there, sir? I am indebted to you for my happiness. [*To Jeremy.*

Jer. Sir, I ask you ten thousand pardons: it was an arrant mistake.—You see, sir, my master was never mad, nor any thing like it—Then how can it be otherwise?

Val. Tattle, I thank you; you would have interposed

LOVE FOR LOVE.

between me and heaven; but Providence laid purgatory in your way. You have but justice.

Sam. I hear the fiddles that Sir Sampson provided for your wedding; methinks it is pity, they should not be employed when the match is so much intended. Valentine, though it be morning, we may have a dance.

Val. Any thing, my friend; every thing that looks like joy and transport.

Sam. Call them, Jeremy.

Val. I have done dissembling now, Valentine; and if that coldnets which I have always worn before you should turn to an extreme fondness, you must not suspect it.

Val. I'll prevent that suspicion—for I intend to doat to that immoderate degree, that your fondness shall never distinguish itself enough to be taken notice of. If ever you seem to love too much, it must be only when I can't love enough.

Val. Have a care of promises: you know you are apt to run more in debt than you are able to pay.

Val. Therefore I yield my body as your prisoner, and make your bid on't.

Sam. 'The music stays for you.' [*A dance.*]

[*Val.* *Val.*] Well, madam, you have done exemplary justice, in punishing an inhuman father, and rewarding a faithful lover: but there is a third good work, which I, in particular, must thank you for: I was an infidel to your sex, and you have converted me—for now I am convinced that all women are not, like fortune, blind in bestowing favours, either on those who do not merit, or who do not want them.

Val. It is an unreasonable accusation, that you lay up on our sex. You tax us with injustice, only to cover your own want of merit. You would all have the reward of love; but few have the constancy to stay till it becomes your due. Men are generally hypocrites and infidels:—they pretend to worship, but have neither zeal nor faith. How few, like Valentine, would persevere even to martyrdom, and sacrifice their interest to their constancy! In admiring me, you miss the novelty.

The miracle is—say it, that we find

A lover true: not that a woman's kind.







